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Masters in Art

A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATED
MONOGRAPHS

❦

Vol. 1

VAN DYCK
TITIAN · VELASQUEZ
HOLBEIN · BOTTICELLI
REMBRANDT · REYNOLDS · MILLET
GIOVANNI BELLINI
MURILLO · HALS
RAPHAEL

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Van Dyck

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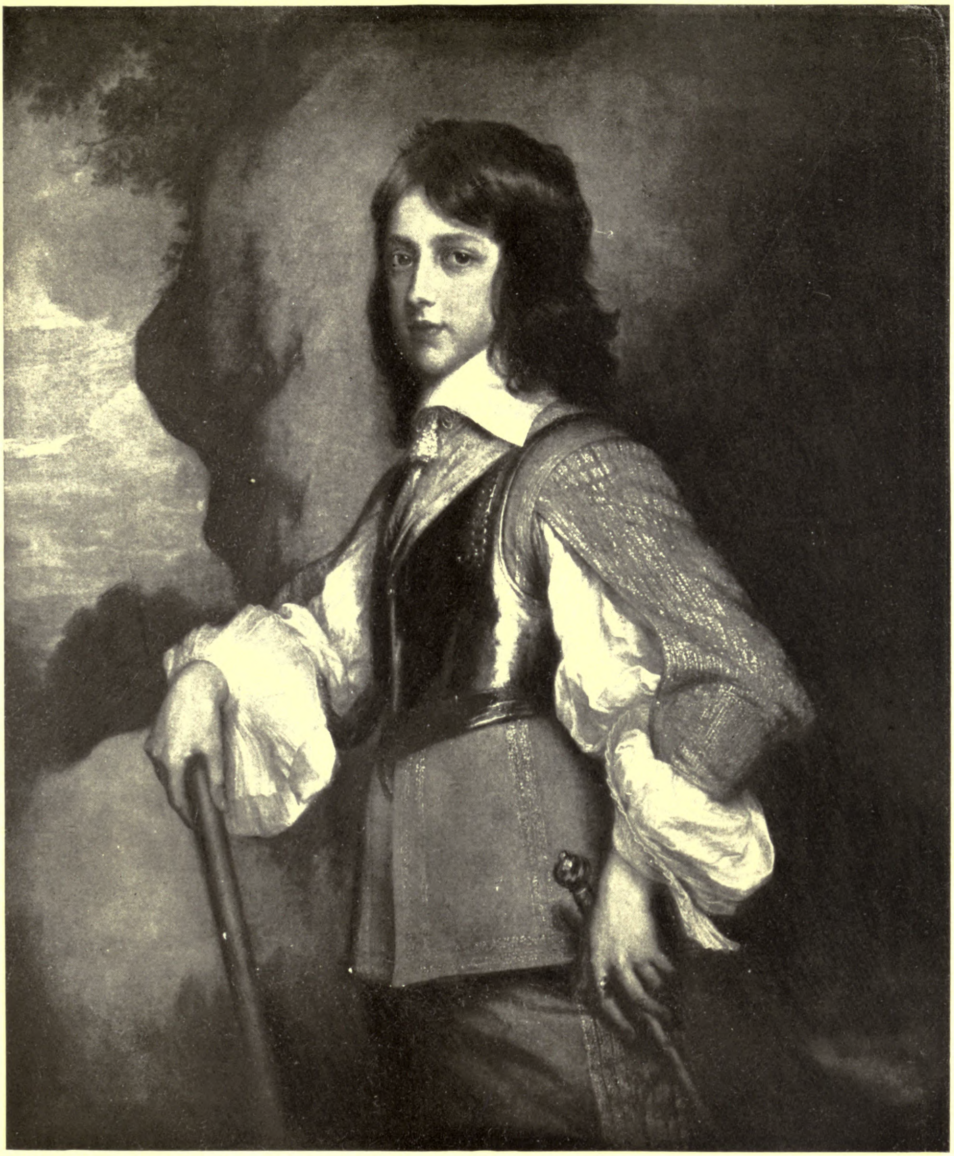

MASTERS IN ART PLATE I

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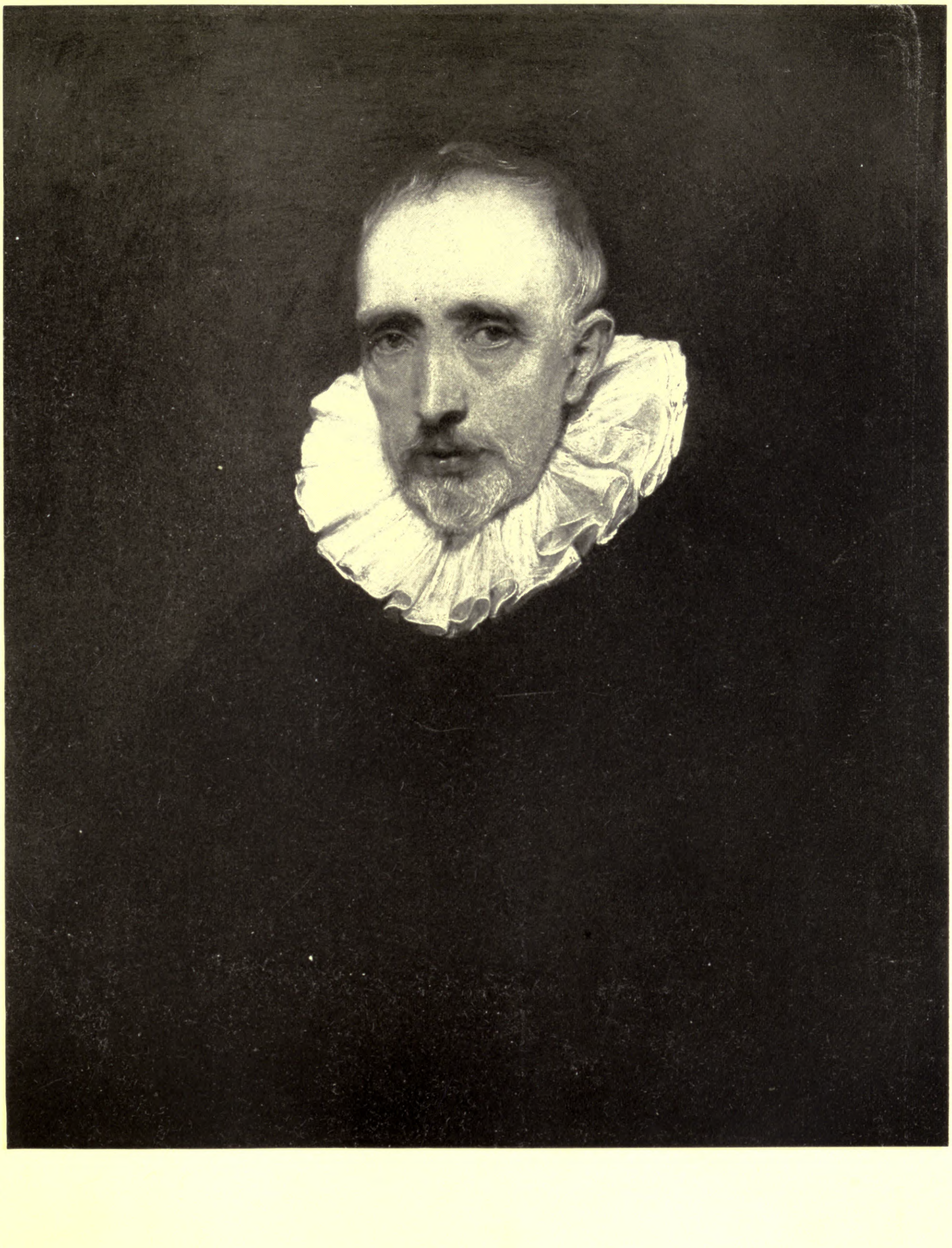
VAN DYCK
WILLIAM II. OF NASSAU
THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG



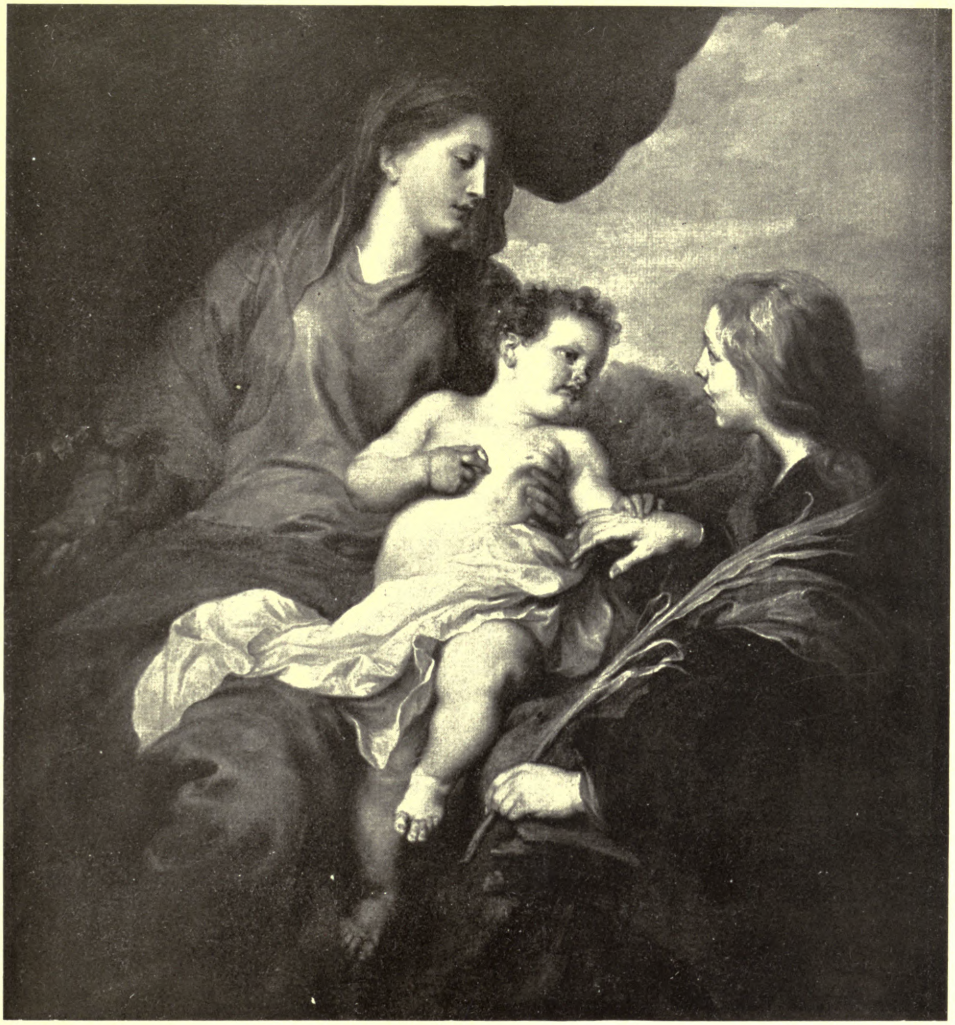
MASTERS IN ART PLATE II

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

VAN DYCK

PORTRAIT OF CORNELIUS VAN DER GEEST

NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



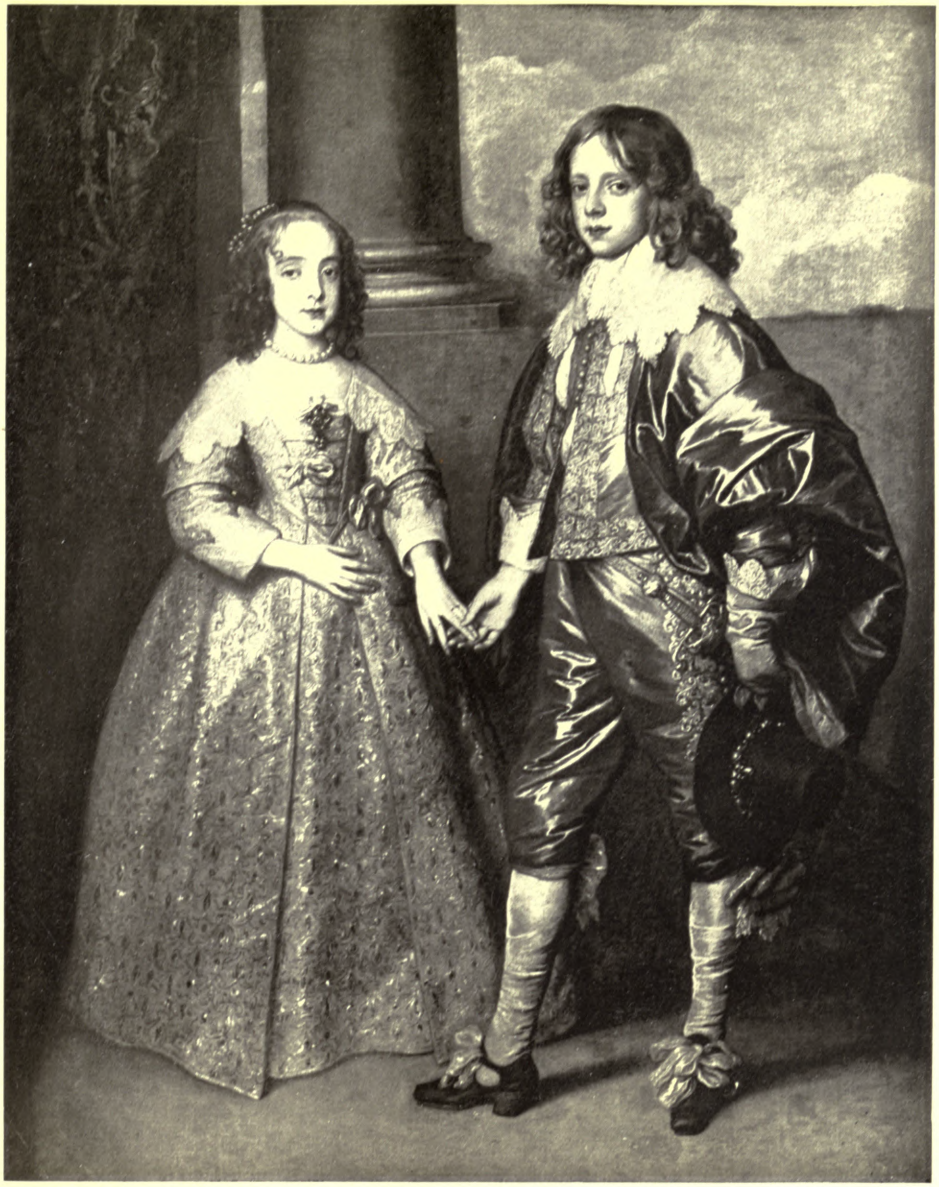
MASTERS IN ART PLATE III

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

VAN DYCK

MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHARINE

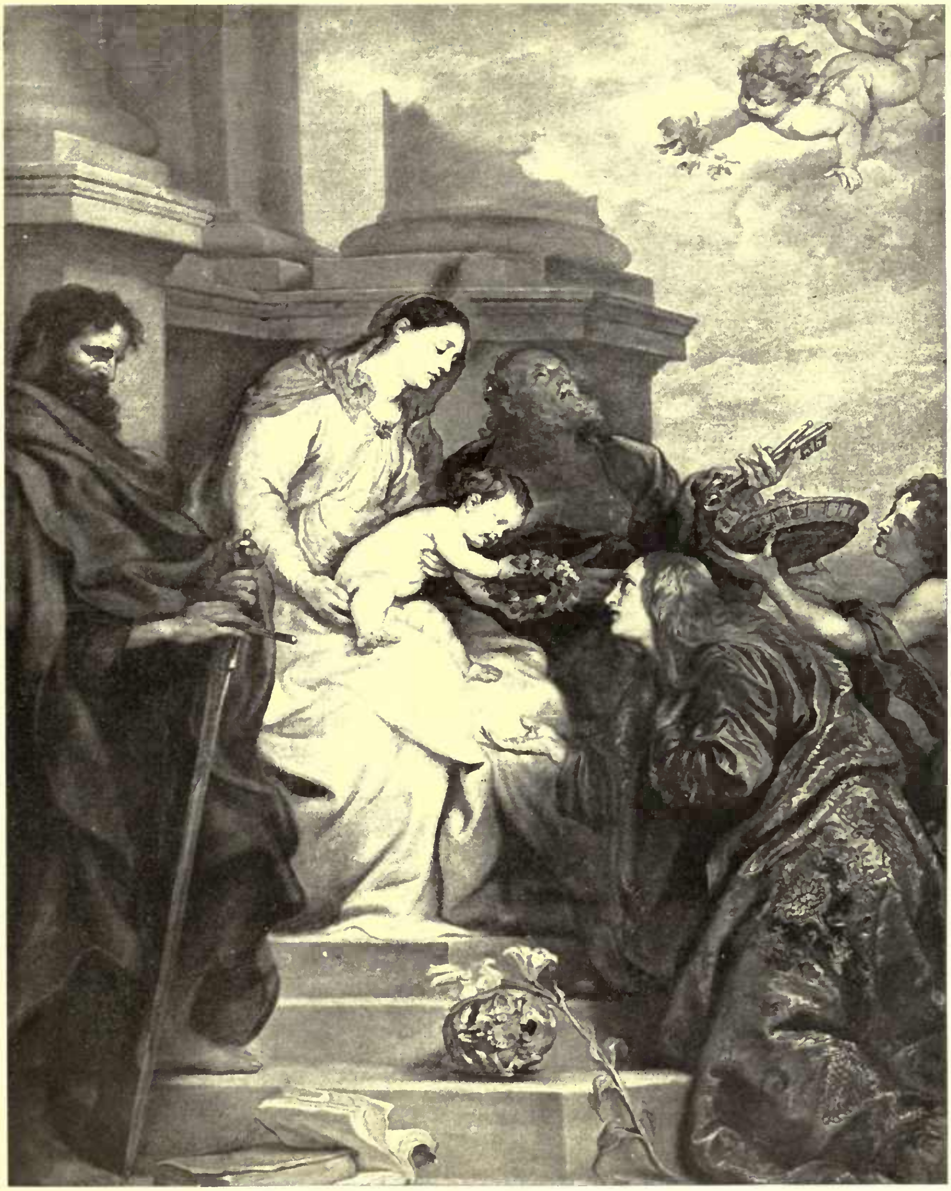
ROYAL GALLERY, BUCKINGHAM PALACE



MASTERS IN ART PLATE IV

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

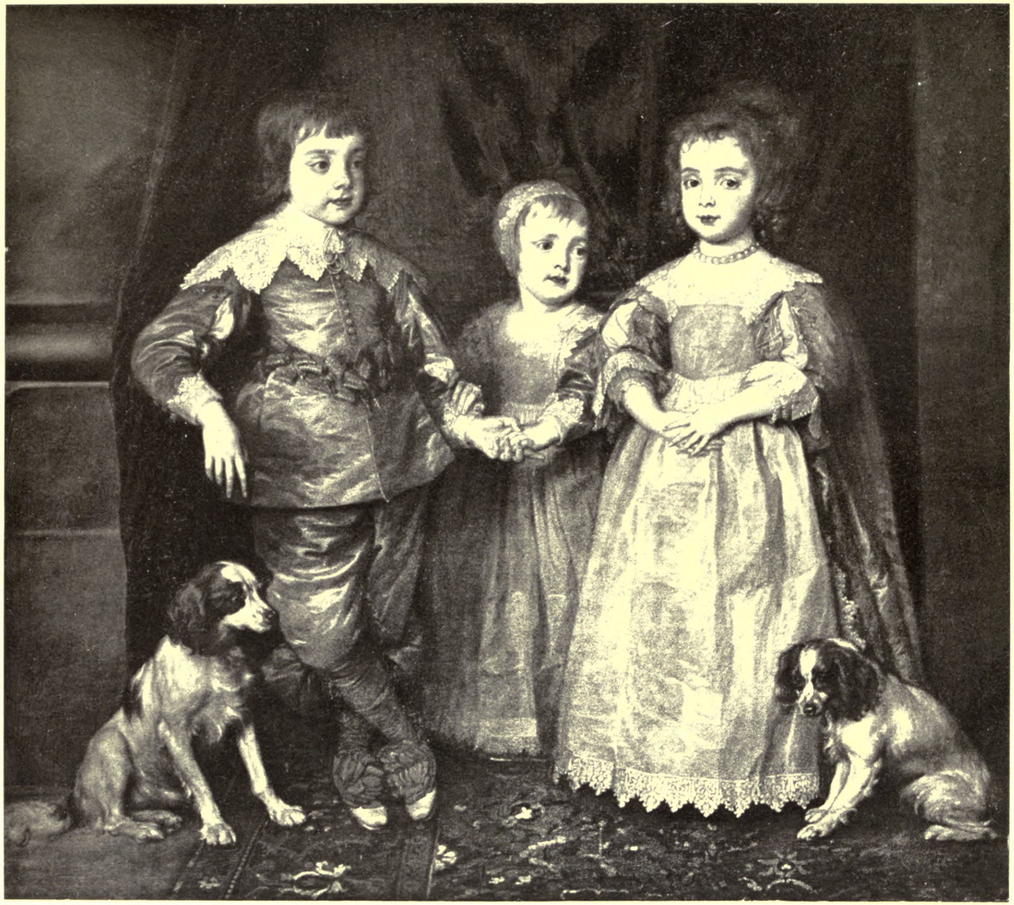
VAN DYCK
WILLIAM II. OF ORANGE AND MARY STUART OF ENGLAND
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM



MASTERS IN ART PLATE V

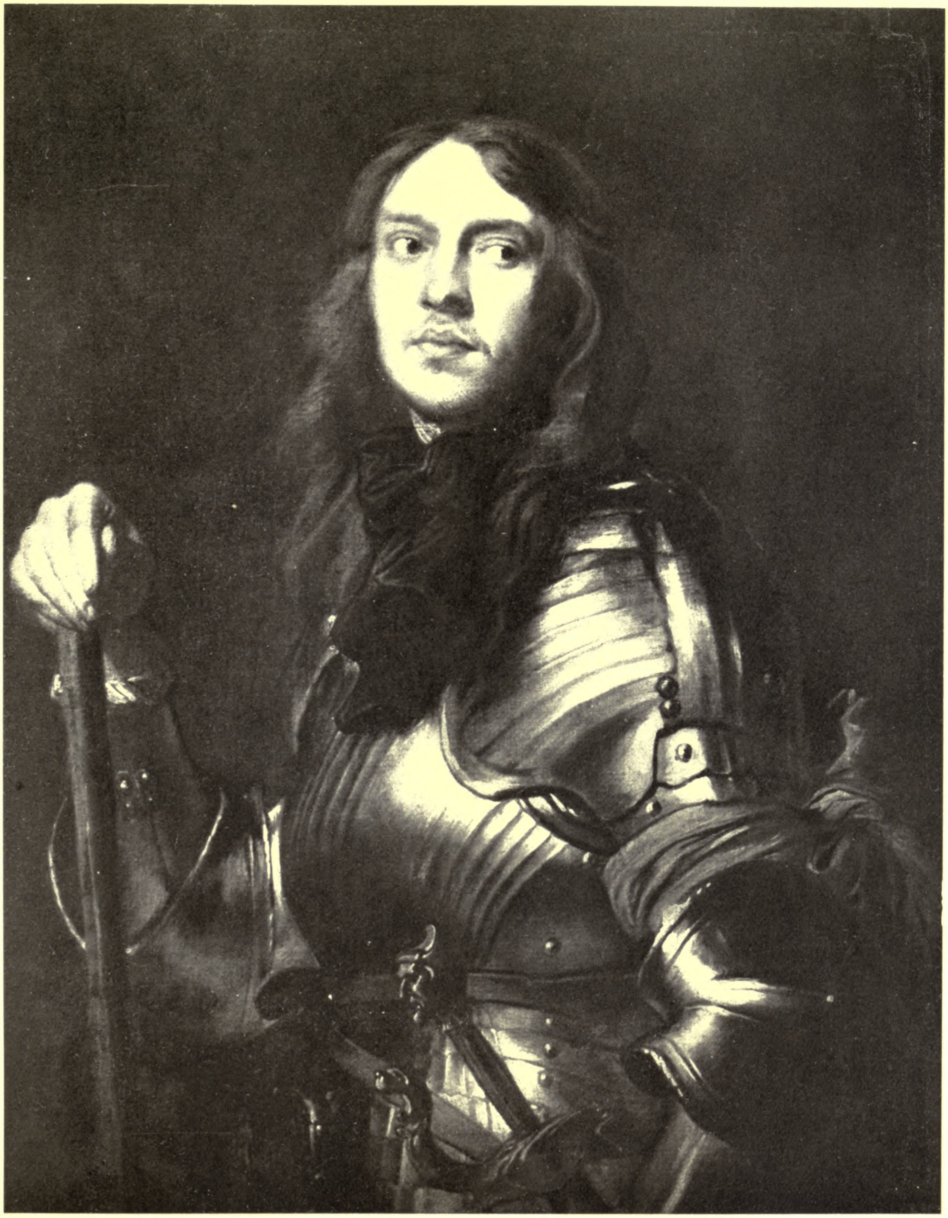
PHOTOGRAPH BY LOWY

VAN DYCK
CORONATION OF ST. ROSALIE
IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VI
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

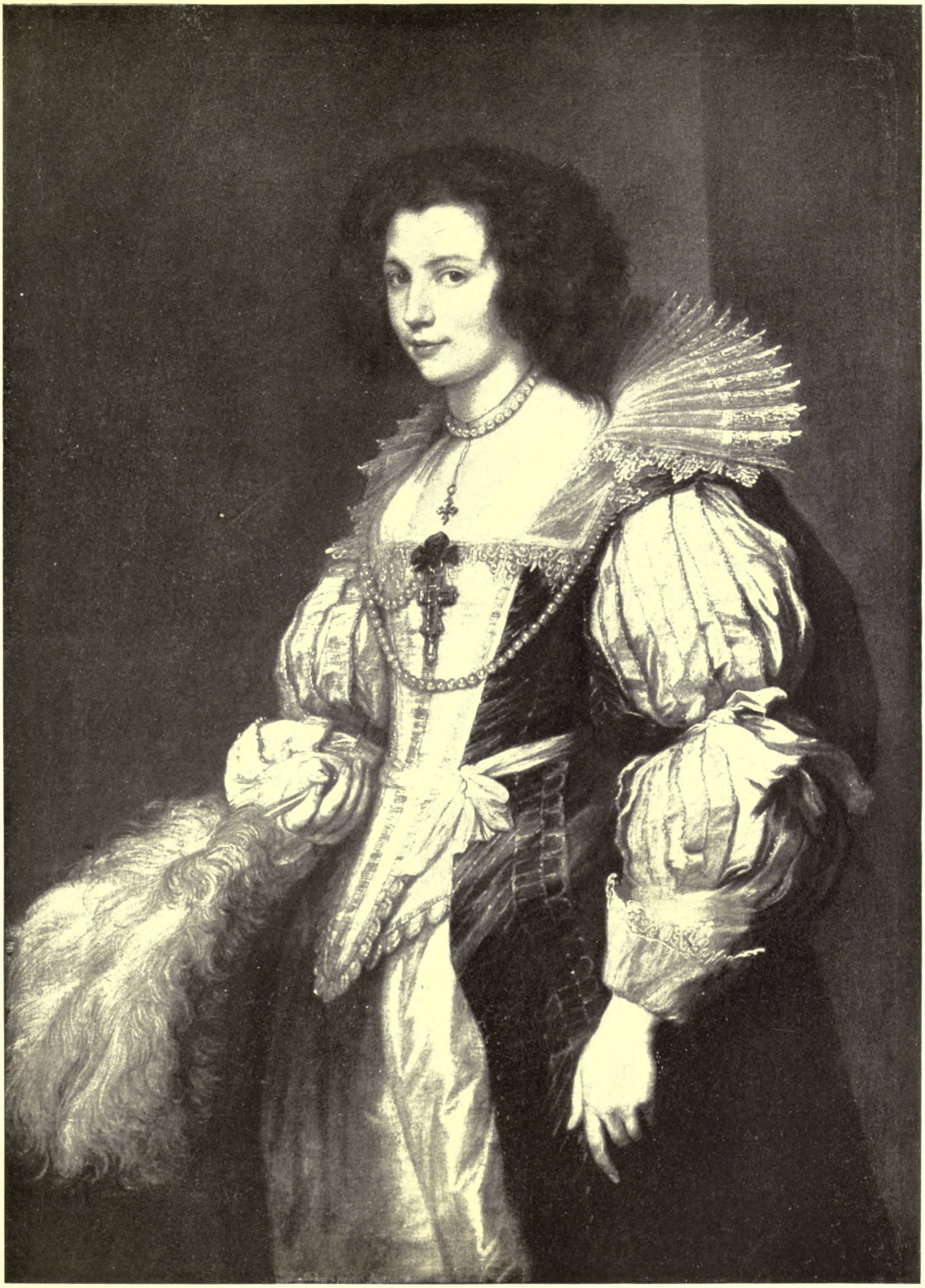
VAN DYCK
THREE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I. OF ENGLAND
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VII

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

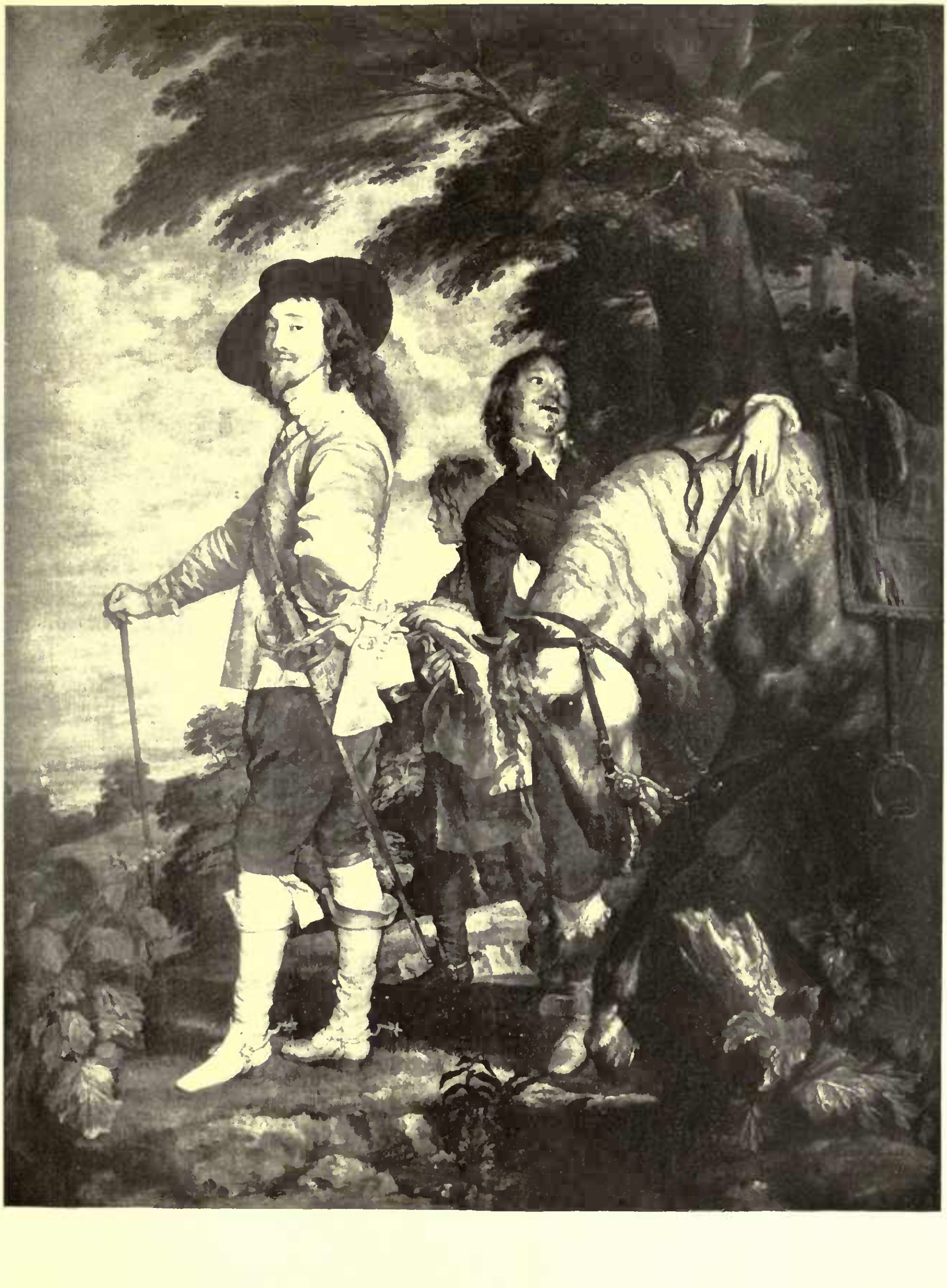
VAN DYCK
A MAN IN ARMOR
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN



MASTERS IN ART PLATE VIII

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

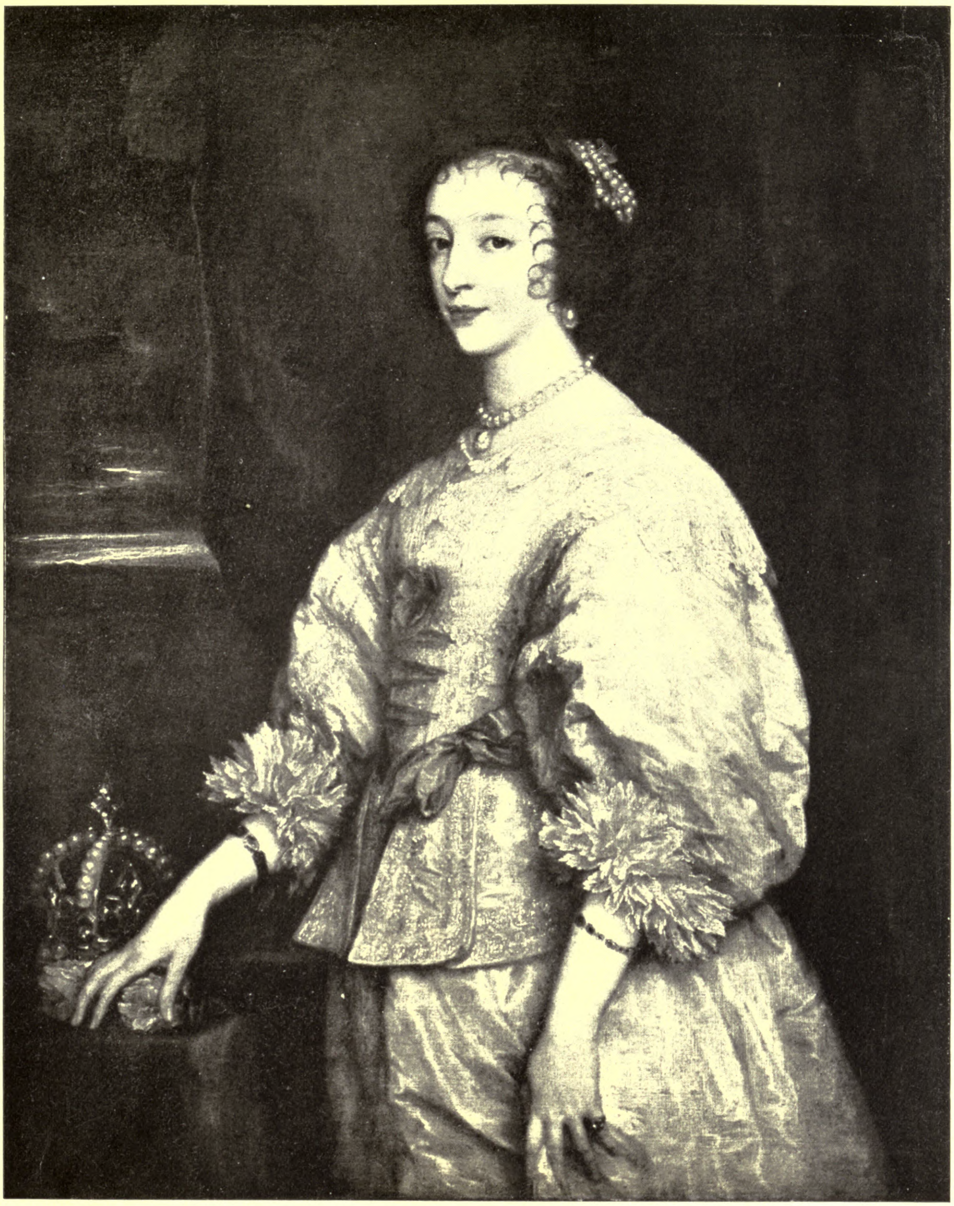
VAN DYCK
MARIE LOUISE VON TASSIS
LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY, VIENNA



MASTERS IN ART PLATE IX

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

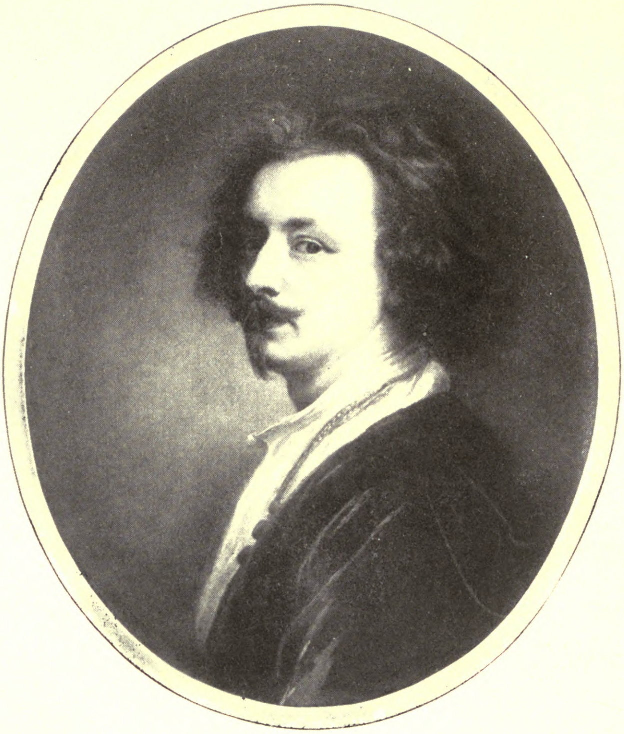
VAN DYCK
CHARLES I. KING OF ENGLAND
LOUVRE, PARIS



MASTERS IN ART PLATE X

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

VAN DYCK
HENRIETTA MARIA, WIFE OF CHARLES I.
ROYAL GALLERY, WINDSOR



PORTRAIT OF VAN DYCK BY HIMSELF LOUVRE, PARIS

Van Dyck painted no less than thirteen portraits of himself. From them it is evident that his person was handsome, for, though rather below the middle height in stature, he was well proportioned and graceful in his carriage, his features were clear cut, his eyes bright. He had a light moustache, and wore his curly fair hair long.

Anthony Van Dyck

BORN 1599: DIED 1641
FLEMISH SCHOOL

A. J. WAUTERS "LA PEINTURE FLAMMANDE"

ANTHONY VAN DYCK was born at Antwerp in 1599. When but ten years old he was apprenticed to Van Balen; at fifteen he entered the studio of Rubens, and at nineteen became a member of the Guild of Antwerp painters, an honor said to be unprecedented in the case of so young an artist.

Inspired by the example of his master, he turned his attention to the composition of ideal and sublime subjects. How precocious his talent was can be seen by the works painted at this early stage of his career; for example, the picture in the Museum of the Prado, Madrid, "The Betrayal of Christ," and the famous "St. Martin" in the church at Saventhem, both of which were suggested by compositions of Rubens.

After a visit to London, the young artist set out for Italy, in October, 1621, accompanied by the Chevalier Vanni, and bearing cordial letters of recommendation from Rubens. He visited Genoa, Rome, Florence, Venice, Turin, Palermo, and finally returned to Genoa. In Venice he was so strongly impressed by the power and charm of Titian and Tintoretto that he was temporarily diverted from the absorbing influence of Rubens, and it was from the Venetian school that he learned the art of raising a physiognomy to the dignity of a type by indicating its leading characteristics, its distinctive features. In Rome he was employed by the Barberini and the Colonna families. The full-length portrait of Cardinal Bentivoglio (Pitti Palace, Florence), painted at this time, attracted general attention to the "pittore cavalieresco," as he was called by the Italians, and this picture is still regarded as one of his finest works. Upon his return to Genoa Van Dyck was accorded a warm welcome by the patrician families of that city, and painted there the fifty portraits still to be seen in the Rosso Palace and in the Durazzo-Pallavicini, the Balbi, the Spinola, and the Cattaneo galleries,—portraits which still remain unsurpassed to this day.

At the beginning of the year 1625 he returned to Antwerp, leaving behind him more than a hundred works which alone would suffice to immortalize his name. He had at this time barely reached his twenty-seventh year. It was during the six or seven years which he passed in his native country, after his return from Italy, that he painted some of his most important and most carefully executed works. The great altar-pieces to be seen to-day in many of the churches of Belgium were produced in rapid succession. Again and again he painted the "Holy Family," "The Madonna," "The Crucifixion," and the "Pietà,"—pictures full of a touching religious feeling and enthusiasm.

It was at this time, too, that he painted a series of fine portraits, among which may be mentioned those of a number of his fellow artists, as well as many of those which are now in the Munich Gallery. In the meantime he was called to The Hague by the Prince of Orange, and to Brussels by the town council. The Archduchess Isabella, whose portraits are in the museums of Parma, Turin, Vienna, and Paris, appointed him her painter. Marie de Medici, driven from France, visited him in his studio; and the Flemish, Spanish, and French nobility deemed it an honor to be painted by him. All this vast number of important works seemed in no way to exhaust his powers of production, and it was at this same period that he executed those incomparable etchings which form the celebrated series of the hundred portraits (*Icones centum*) known as the "Iconography of Van Dyck." It is evident that, though the Italian period of his career was brilliant and fruitful, the Antwerpian period far surpassed it. These were in fact the most nobly laborious years in the life of the artist. It was, however, at this time that he was irresistibly drawn to a scene of action outside of his native town, and more in harmony with his talent. The Court of Whitehall, which he had already visited in 1620, attracted him. In the year 1627 he is thought to have made a second journey to London, but had failed to obtain an audience with the king, and now, in 1632, he went again to England. This time fortune smiled upon him, and Van Dyck felt himself at last in his right sphere. On his presentation to Charles I. he at once obtained permission to paint the king and queen, and a large picture of the royal family which he soon afterwards completed, and which is now in the Gallery of Windsor, crowned his reputation. He was appointed painter to the Court, received the honor of knighthood, and was given an annual pension of £200. Apartments were reserved for him at Blackfriars, a summer residence at Eltham was placed at his disposal, and both the king and queen employed him constantly. About thirty-eight portraits of Charles I. and over thirty-five of Queen Henrietta exist. The equestrian portraits of the king at Windsor, and in the National Gallery, London, the full-length portrait in the Louvre, those of the queen in the galleries of Windsor, St. Petersburg, Dresden, etc., and the groups of the royal children at Turin, Windsor, Dresden, and Berlin are masterpieces.

With the exception of a short stay in Brussels and in Antwerp in 1634, Van Dyck and his pupils worked in England for seven years, with indefatigable ardor. He painted portraits of all the principal personages who figured at the Court of Whitehall. There are over three hundred and fifty of his works in the private galleries of Great Britain. No other country can show so fine a collection of his paintings as England.

The last two years of Van Dyck's life seem to have been less active and more troubled. They were spent almost entirely in travelling, in the company of his young wife, the granddaughter of Lord Ruthven. It has been repeatedly stated that Van Dyck, no longer able to support the expenses of his princely establishment, had recourse to the practice of alchemy, and that his last days were spent in search of the philosopher's stone. M. Guiffrey, however, in his life of the artist, refutes this piece of historical gossip, and states that excess of work, perhaps also excess of pleasure, was the real cause of his premature death. Anthony Van Dyck died in London in 1641, aged only forty-two years.— FROM THE FRENCH.

WILLIAM HOOKHAM CARPENTER "PICTORIAL NOTICES"

THERE is a pleasing anecdote which proves that Van Dyck's superiority over his fellow students was felt and acknowledged even by themselves. It was the custom of Rubens, after the labors of the day, to mount his horse and ride into the country for an hour or two. When gone, his pupils, anxious to see the work on which he had been engaged, were in the habit of besetting his old and faithful servant with entreaties to admit them into the painting-room of their master, which, it appears, he sometimes ventured to do. In their eagerness, on some occasion, Diepenbéke was, by an untoward accident, jostled against the picture, and a most important portion injured. They were in the utmost consternation, not knowing how to remedy the evil; but after a short consultation the proposal was made by John Van Hoek that Van Dyck should endeavor to restore what had been defaced. To this, though with no little hesitation, he assented; and he effected the reparation so much to the satisfaction of his comrades, that they flattered themselves with the hope of escaping detection; but the keen eye of Rubens speedily traced the working of another hand, and, summoning the young men, he desired to know the occasion of it, when one of them stepped forward and frankly stated the circumstance as it had happened. Rubens is said to have been so well pleased with this honest acknowledgment, and so well satisfied with the restoration, as to have suffered the affair to pass over without further comment.

Descamps, in his Life of Van Dyck, states this to have happened to the celebrated picture of the "Descent from the Cross" in the cathedral at Antwerp, and points out the arm of the Magdalen, and the throat and chin of the Virgin, as the parts restored by Van Dyck. Mensaert tells us ("Le Peintre amateur et curieux") that when he visited the Church of St. Augustin in the same city, and was looking at the altar of the choir, the anecdote was related to him, and the breast of St. Sebastian was shown him as being the work of the pupil.

JULES GUIFFREY "ANTOINE VAN DYCK"

VAN DYCK, on leaving his native town, presented Rubens with his "Christ in the Garden of Olives" and with the portrait of Rubens' wife. The master, not to be outdone in generosity by his pupil, made him a present of a white horse, on which our traveller set out for Italy. Some weeks later, Rubens, having heard nothing of him, became uneasy at his silence. He made inquiries, and soon learned that his pupil had stopped, after two or three days' journey, at the little village of Saventhem, not far from Brussels, enslaved by the charms of a young peasant-girl, or as others have it, a miller's daughter. He was forgetting everything under the influence of his passion. Yet, in order to gratify the wishes of his fair friend, he had executed two chapel-paintings for the church in the village where love kept him prisoner. Such was the origin of the "Virgin and Child Jesus," long since vanished, and the famous "St. Martin," which remains to this day on one of the altars of the church.

Naturally uneasy as to the consequences of such an adventure, Rubens set out immediately, and by his forcible remonstrances at length dispelled the charm and persuaded his disciple to proceed on his journey.

Such is the fable which has been repeated for two centuries. It is really a pity to have to state that there is scarcely a word of truth in the whole story.—FROM THE FRENCH BY WILLIAM ALISON.

A. HOUBRAKEN "DE GROOTE SCHOUBURGH"

THERE is an amusing account of a visit paid by Van Dyck when at Haarlem to Frans Hals. He had made repeated calls with the view of seeing this artist, whose portraits he much admired. Hals was rarely to be found but at a tavern. However, on Van Dyck sending word that a stranger waited to have his portrait painted, Hals made his appearance, and being told he could have only two hours to execute the picture in, he seized his palette and brushes, and taking the first canvas that came in his way, commenced and finished his labor in the given time. The visitor, when allowed to see it, expressed his approval, at the same time observing that painting a portrait appeared a very simple process, and that he would like to be allowed to try what he could do, requested the astonished painter to take the seat he had occupied. It soon appeared plain to Hals that he had before him one well skilled in the materials he was using; great, however, was his surprise when he beheld the performance; he immediately embraced the stranger, at the same time crying out, "You are Van Dyck; no person but he can do what you have now done!"

HORACE WALPOLE "ANECDOTES OF PAINTING"

HEARING of the favor King Charles showed to the arts, Van Dyck came to England, and lodged with his friend Geldorp, a painter, hoping to be introduced to the king: it is extraordinary that he was not. He went away chagrined; but His Majesty, soon learning what a treasure had been within his reach, ordered Sir Kenelm Digby, who had sat to Van Dyck, to invite him over. He came, and was lodged among the king's artists at Blackfriars. Thither the king went often by water, and viewed his performances with singular delight, frequently sitting to him himself, and bespeaking pictures of the queen, his children, and his courtiers, and conferring the honor of knighthood on him at St. James's, July 5, 1632. This was soon attended by the grant of an annuity of £200 a year for life. The patent is preserved in the rolls, and dated 1633, in which he is styled painter to His Majesty. . . .

Van Dyck was indefatigable, and keeping a great table, often detained the persons who sat to him to dinner, for an opportunity of studying their countenances, and of retouching their pictures again in the afternoon. Sir Peter Lely told Mrs. Beale that Laniere assured him he had sat seven entire days to him morning and evening, and that, notwithstanding, Van Dyck would not once let him look at the picture till he was content with it himself. This was the portrait that determined the king to invite him to England a second time.

WILLIAM HOOKHAM CARPENTER "PICTORIAL NOTICES"

EARLY accustomed to witness the superior scale on which the establishment of Rubens had been conducted, and living for the most part during his residence in Italy in the palaces of his patrons, he imbibed a high relish for the elegances and refinements of life; and he suffered himself to be led, while in Rome, to the adoption of so ostentatious a style of dress and equipage that he acquired the appellation of "il pittore cavalieresco." And now that fortune showered down on him such abundance of wealth, this feeling displayed itself on a most extravagant scale, inducing him to enter into a foolish competition with men of the highest rank, not only in his dress and equipage, but also in the arrangements of his household. He was liberal in his patronage of talented and ingenious men, more particularly those of the musical profession, being himself fond of music; and as a consequence of the king's frequent visits to him, his house became the general resort of the noblemen and gentlemen who formed the court, as well as of all such as sought patronage from it. There was thus brought together an assemblage of rank and talent of the most agreeable kind; and a visit to the painting-room of Van Dyck was considered indispensable in the day's routine of the fashionables of the time. . . . It is said that on one occasion, when the king was sitting, the Earl of Arundel, lord steward of the household, incidentally speaking to him on the subject of finance, Charles addressed himself to Van Dyck, "And you, Sir Knight, know you what it is to want three or four thousand pounds?" "Yes, sire," replied the painter; "he who keeps his house open for his friends, and his purse for his mistresses, will soon find a vacuum in his coffers."

DE PILES "COURS DE PEINTURE"

THE famous Jabac, a man known to every lover of the fine arts, who was one of Van Dyck's friends, and who had his portrait done by him three times, has related to me that one day, speaking to that painter of the small amount of time which he spent over his portraits, he received the reply that he had worked hard as a beginner, and had laboured over his works, both for the sake of reputation and to acquire quickness in execution, against the time when he should work for his living. This is what he described as Van Dyck's usual method: he appointed a certain day and hour for the person he had to paint, and never worked longer than one hour at a time upon each portrait, whether in rubbing-in or finishing; when his clock told the hour, he rose and made a bow to the sitter, as much as to say that enough was done for that day, and then arranged the day and hour for the next sitting, after which his servant came to prepare fresh brushes and palette, while he received another person to whom he had given an appointment. He thus worked at several portraits in one day with extraordinary expedition. After having lightly sketched the face, he put the sitter in an attitude which he had previously meditated, and with gray paper and black and white crayons he drew, in a quarter of an hour, the figure and drapery, which he arranged in a grand manner and with exquisite taste. He then handed over the drawing to skilful persons whom he had about him, to paint it from the sitter's own clothes, which were sent on purpose at Van Dyck's request. The assistants having done their best with the draperies from nature, he went lightly over them, and soon produced by his genius the art and truth which we there admire. As for the hands, he had in his employment persons of both sexes who served as models.

The Art of Van Dyck

CRITICISMS BY FROMENTIN, CARPENTER, GUIFFREY, JAMESON
HEAD, HYMANS, VAN DYKE, KUGLER, BARRY, TAINE, HAZLITT

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN "LES MAITRES D'AUTREFOIS"

IT is thus I should imagine a portrait of Van Dyck, sketched rapidly and with a broad pencil: —

A young prince of royal race, with everything in his favor, — beauty, elegance, rare gifts, precocious genius, a unique education, — beloved by his master, himself a master among his fellow-pupils, everywhere distinguished, everywhere sought after and fêted, in foreign lands even more than in his own country, the favorite and friend of kings; ever young, even in his riper years, never steady, even in his last days, talented, luxurious, charming, dissipated, reckless, in short, a *mauvais sujet*, adored, decried, calumniated; better in reality than his reputation, and forgiven everything on account of one supreme gift, one of the forms of genius, — grace. In a word, a Prince of Wales, dying upon his accession to the throne, who was by no means fitted to reign. . . .

There is always more sentimentality, and sometimes more true sentiment, in the fine Van Dyck than in the great Rubens. . . . He is less turbulent, never brutal; his expressions are more refined; he laughs but little, is often tender, but the passionate sob of a more violent nature is unknown to him. He never startles; he often corrects the roughnesses of his master; he is easy, because his talent is natural and facile; he is free and alert, but he is never carried away. In many instances his drawing is more correct than that of his teacher, especially when it pertains to some detail — an idle hand, a woman's wrist, a slender finger encircled by a ring. He has more restraint, more polish; — it might be said that he is better bred.

He was twenty-four years younger than Rubens. Nothing of the sixteenth century remained in him. He belonged to the first generation of the seventeenth, and the fact is apparent in his work. It is apparent, physically as well as morally, in the man and in the painter, in his own handsome face, and in his taste for the handsome faces of others; it is apparent above all in his portraits. In these we see that he belongs to the world — to the world of his day and hour. Never having created an imperious type to distract him from the real, he is true, he is exact, he sees correctly. Possibly he gives to all the personages who sat for him something of the grace of his own person; an air more noble, a style of dress more elegant, hands more uniformly beautiful and white. In every case he has, in a greater degree than his master, a feeling for fashion and for graceful draperies, a taste for silky stuffs, for satins, and laces, and ribbons, for plumes and ornamental swords.

His gentlemen are no longer cavaliers; they are chevaliers. The men of war have laid aside their armor and their helmets; they have become courtiers in silken doublet and hose, after the fashion of his time, and which he knew better than any one else how to reproduce. In his manner, his style, by the unique conformity of his nature with the spirit, the requirements and the elegances of his epoch, he is excelled by none in the art of painting his contemporaries. His portrait of Charles I. in the Louvre, from its deep feeling for model and subject, the familiarity and nobility of its style, the beauty of everything in this exquisite work, the drawing of the face, the coloring, the wonderful rarity and justness of the values, the quality of the handling, — his Charles I., I say (to select a single well-known example from his work), will bear comparison with the greatest. . . .

Posterity, ever just in its instincts, assigns to Van Dyck a place of his own between men of the first rank and men of the second. The order of precedence which should be given him in the procession of great men has never been exactly determined, but since his death, as during his life, he seems to have retained the privilege of being placed near the throne, and of being a distinguished presence there. — FROM THE FRENCH.

JULES GUIFFREY "ANTOINE VAN DYCK"

EVERY artist of eminence is possessed of an ideal, the expression of which he seeks unceasingly. This quest stamps his works with the characteristic mark of genius: originality. Anthony Van Dyck comes under this common law. Each of his works is marked with that original stamp, which consists, in his case, in the constant quest of elegance and distinction. Distinction — that is this artist's pre-eminent gift, his master-quality, which forms his individuality, and is indelibly stamped on all those glorious works, from the first tentative efforts of Rubens' pupil to the immortal portrayals of Charles I., his family and court. Whether belonging to the highest circles of society, or coming from the ranks of the simple middle-class folk of Antwerp, the sitter is endowed by Van Dyck's brush with the aristocratic mien. It might be thought that the painter had spent all his life in the society of nobles and patricians. Never does he portray even men whom he knew best, his most intimate friends, in the familiar unconstraint of daily occupations. Very rarely does the humor seize him to group them in an intimate domestic scene. All have prepared themselves for posing before posterity; all are anxious to give their descendants a lofty idea of their condition and manners. Not one is common; not one ventures to appear in working-dress in the simplicity of daily life. Nothing affects the immovable serenity of their persons; nothing troubles the unalterable placidity of their countenances. Let others depict the people of the taverns, the world of fairs and peasants. Van Dyck wished to be, and remains, the painter of the aristocracy. Nearly every person of rank who lived in the first part of the seventeeth century lives again in indelible traits in that gallery of portraits to which his talent has given the precision and importance of an historical monument.

The name of Van Dyck, nevertheless, hardly figures amongst those of the masters who shine in the first rank in the Pantheon of Art. He lacks the creative genius, the richness of invention, the dramatic instinct, that, in short, which constitutes a powerful originality. We see him in Rubens' studio. As long as he remains there he seems to aim at no other goal, to nurse no higher ambition, than faithfully to follow the master's examples; but the very exaggeration with which he imitates betrays his incapacity. Violence is substituted for dramatic passion; harmonious brilliancy of color gives place to tones which are crude, almost discordant. The most famous of the paintings of this period are, in short, only timid copies of canvases by Rubens.

Scarcely has our artist set foot on the shores of Italy, when Titian takes possession of him, and exercises an irresistible attraction and influence over his mind. This is the Italian period, characterized by vigorous contrasts and warm colors glowing in the Southern sun. The influence of the great Venetian colorists remains for some time after the traveller has returned to his own country; but little by little the recollections of Italy fade, or rather blend with the first instruction received in the school of Rubens. Soon there commences a new evolution of the artist's talent. His individual originality reveals itself. To what he has borrowed from his masters he adds a charm, a delicacy, drawn from his own resources. He thus stamps the works of this third period with a supreme distinction. . . .

The third and fourth periods are separated by almost imperceptible shades. Nevertheless, in the works painted in England, especially in those which date from the first years of his residence here, he reaches a sureness, a power of execution, quite new to him. Certain portraits of Charles I., or of his children, may be classed among the most finished works ever produced by art. . . .

His religious and historical compositions add but little to his reputation. Like many Flemish masters, he displays all his powers only when he finds himself directly face to face with nature. It is the painting of portraits which secures to him a conspicuous place among the masters of all ages and all countries. In this consists his glory and his incontestable superiority.— FROM THE FRENCH BY WILLIAM ALISON.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE "OLD DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS"

HIS subjects were substantially those of all the Flemish painters of his time. He painted sacred scenes for the Church, allegorical and historical pieces for courts, and portraits for the tenants of courts. He painted all figure subjects; but his great reputation was chiefly founded on his portrait painting, and it is as a portrait painter that he is known to us to-day. This special branch of painting he early adopted on the advice of Rubens, though Sir Joshua regretted that he did not devote himself to history painting, thinking that he might have excelled in that department. He certainly executed some admirable altar-pieces, besides many of an indifferent quality; but Rubens had gone before him in the field, and had said about all that Flanders was capable of saying. On the other hand, Rubens had been somewhat indifferent to portraiture, and Van Dyck had the opportunity of making this department quite his own. He was gifted with an eye that saw the elevated in the human presence, and in portraiture he conceived the idea of adding to this elevation the brilliant coloring of Rubens and the Venetians. This was a new departure, for the portrait up to that time had been usually regarded as something to be done in sober hues; though men like Bordone and Baroccio had made brilliant innovations that may have attracted Van Dyck's notice while in Italy. At any rate, he put into practice the idea of not only painting a portrait, but of adding to it brilliant decorative color, and making of it a picture. This, in the seventeenth century, was a happy conceit, and the result was an almost instantaneous success. Nobility liked the idea of being handed down to posterity in stately pose and glowing color, and Van Dyck soon found that the orders for portraits outran the orders for altar-pieces. Thus, partly by inclination and partly by circumstances (for he always had an empty pocket), he became a most famous painter of portraits. . . .

In composition Van Dyck had a faculty for borrowing wherever he could, and wherever he was compelled to invent, he invented. He helped himself to Rubens in Flanders, and to the Venetians in Italy. He borrowed, he added to, he recreated, and that in art is called originality. In the completed picture there was something of formality in the poses, a little of the academic in the contrasts, and no great inspiration to be observed anywhere. The surprises one meets with in Rubens are lacking in Van Dyck. He was limited in inventive power as compared with his master. Yet, when it came to the portrayal of the single figure, he rose to a lofty height, though he was not always free from errors caused by haste, or possibly by lack of skill in his assistants. He was usually beautifully clear in outline; and in the modeling of the forehead, the eyes, the nose,— especially the delicate modeling of the nose,— the chin, and the side of the jaw, he was superb. . . .

All of Van Dyck's figure-pictures were inclined to undue warmth in the flesh. After his Italian experience he grew hot in robes and in shadows, following with some exaggeration the warmth of Titian and Tintoretto. By way of relief he often put in masses of blue and other cool colors, with some sharpness of contrast; or he led the eye away from the main issue by sparkles and dashes of light and color on jewelry, embroidery, gold braids, rich garments. This became characteristic of his portraits as of his figure-pieces. Depth, warmth, and brilliancy in robe and costume, with architectural columns, looped-up draperies, and palatial furnishings, continued to show in his portraits from his Italian days to the end of his career. . . .

Van Dyck's handling was easy and rapid, after the style of Rubens; but never so effective, never so positive. He could drag broken whites about a forehead or down a nose or along a jaw with great skill and much facility; but his brush was never very pronounced. The loading is slight; he evidently did not wish it to be obtrusive. Vigor of touch was not quite in keeping with his delicacy of drawing and modeling, and he had no idea of shocking the taste of his sitters by too much evidence of the painter. Even in costumes he was smooth and somewhat shallow in pigment, anxious enough to gain a textural surface, but not disposed toward heavy impasto or thickness in modeling. Tradition tells us of the great care he took in preparing his grounds, in choosing pigments, and in the use of lights and shadows after the Rubens teaching. Doubtless this was true of his early work; but later on, when success came to him, he grew less careful, used a good deal of black, and painted flesh over dark grounds in such a way that many of his pictures have darkened in the heads and hands, and become opaque in the shadows. . . .

He left many pictures of varying merit, some of them superb, some merely good, some very indifferent through carelessness. Of pupils he had almost as many as Rubens, but he left no school. His art, however, was studied by painters who came after him, and his portraiture was the chief model of the English painters Reynolds, Gainsborough, Lawrence, and others. It was not a bad model, save as the brilliant is always more misleading with followers than the plain, the simple, and the true. Van Dyck's art was brilliant beyond question, though oftentimes in giving that quality he sacrificed something of sincerity and candor. The artificial in his pose and aristocratic bearing, the use of genteel hands for all his characters, the grandiose elegance of his accessory objects finally became mannerisms with him, but never disagreeable ones. We feel that the painter was often less free-spoken about the facts than he might have been; but we also feel that with all his conventionality and affectation he was a great painter — a prince of the royal blood, if not a king, in art.

PERCY RENDELL HEAD "VAN DYCK"

CONSIDERING the short term of Van Dyck's life, the number of works which issued from his hand is something prodigious. During his latter years he indulged in an excessive haste of execution, which, though to a great extent redeemed by his mastery of touch, has left some marks of carelessness on many of the English pictures. His portraits of men are as a rule more successful than those of women; he evidently shared that deficient sense of the best characteristics of female beauty which marks Rubens and all his school. His skill in dealing with such accessories of a portrait as dress, furniture, and the arrangements of the background is supreme. Everything is exactly subordinated and directed to its proper office of leading up to the central and all-important point, the face of the sitter. In regard, however, to one point on which many critics of the artist have dwelt with high praise, we cannot altogether echo their approval. His treatment of the hands in his portraits, which he always brought prominently into view, and which he was accustomed to paint, not from the sitter, but from models specially engaged, seems to us rather a fault than a merit. It is a trick which fails to be impressive, as failure always does attend the attempt of art to obtain an unnatural beauty at the expense of truth. When we see the countenance of a stern warrior or a thoughtful statesman attached to a pair of slender white hands, displayed with an air of complacent affectation, the effect verges closely on the ludicrous. In groups, again, Van Dyck is sometimes hardly successful. He had the power of strong centralism of effect, which is displayed to perfection in his best portraits of individuals; but his composition, even in historical painting, is sometimes weak; and the defect is yet more noticeable in a portrait group, where the absence of any governing dramatic idea increases the difficulty of harmonious arrangement.

F. T. KUGLER "HANDBOOK OF PAINTING"

THE sphere of invention assigned by nature to Van Dyck was far more limited than that she had bestowed on his great master. He possessed none of that fire which had enabled Rubens to grapple with the most terrible and momentary incidents, but he surpassed him in the intensity and elevation of expression which he gave to profound emotion. His feeling for nature was also of a more refined character than that of Rubens, and his drawing more correct. If his color also be less powerful and brilliant, truth is the gainer by the difference. In mastery of treatment the two may be fairly put on the same level. Van Dyck's qualities fitted him in the highest degree for the art of portraiture; and of all the masters belonging to the most developed period of art, he alone with Titian divides, in that walk, the first place. His portraits in truth possess the highest characteristics proper to their class. No one ever better succeeded in expressing, both in position and look, the ease proper to individuals of high station, nor also the charming unconsciousness of blooming childhood. At the same time the different epochs of his art are distinctly marked. The pictures executed before his visit to Italy, though already evincing a great proficiency in art, show, nevertheless, a certain dependence upon Rubens. In his historical pictures of this time his forms are strongly pronounced and have occasionally a clumsy look, the heads are coarsely realistic, and the flesh-tones yellowish and warm, in the style of Rubens. His portraits, also, of which many an undated specimen belongs doubtless to this period, unite the same yellowish and transparent local flesh-tone with a lively but simple feeling. The study of the great Italian masters inspired him gradually with a higher conception of form; and in his greater depth of coloring, and mainly in the brownish flesh-tones, we recognize the influence of Giorgione and Titian. Van Dyck's pictures painted in Genoa have a character of their own. The forms of the heads are at once simplified and ennobled, and the tones of the flesh, which incline to a reddish scale, are solid and less transparent than in his other pictures. Black and deep crimson predominate in his draperies, and the general effect is full and even solemn. . . .

His historical works, executed after his return to Antwerp in 1626, possess in the fullest degree the above-named qualities, but suffer from a too heavy brown tone in the shadows—the result of painting on a dark ground, which has come through, and which, in his larger pictures, Van Dyck had unfortunately adopted from the then prevailing custom in Italy. . . .

The portraits executed in the early part of his stay in England, from 1632, are happily imbued with the result of his Italian studies, and with his fresh impressions of Rubens' works, nor did the following year see any diminution in his warm tone and careful finish. In his later years Van Dyck gradually adopted a cooler and more silvery tone, and became far slighter in treatment.

MRS. JAMESON "HANDBOOK TO PUBLIC GALLERIES"

IN the imitation of that which he saw before him Van Dyck is unequalled. In rendering the texture of flesh, for instance, there is a wonderful mixture of softness and sharpness in the touch of his pencil; and in the delicate drawing of the features and the hands, in precision and correctness of form, he has never been exceeded; but in conveying the impression of *life*—life looking out at the eyes, and throbbing in the warm blood beneath the skin—he must yield to Titian, and, as I think, to Velasquez. Then for character, Titian gives us power, subtlety, passion; Van Dyck excels in the expression of high breeding and cultivated intellect. His women do not charm by their loveliness, but by their quiet, unaffected, amiable grace; and then they have such beautiful hands, and hold them out to be admired with such an elegant consciousness. His men are "the glass of fashion and the mould of form." Cavaliers, courtiers, counts, princes, prelates,—these he painted to perfection, and you never forget for a moment their rank and their conventional claims to respect.

JULES GUIFFREY "ANTOINE VAN DYCK"

VAN DYCK'S full-length portraits are much less numerous than his half- or three-quarter-length figures. Later on, when he is appointed painter to the Court, and to the noble families of England, he has to submit to the requirements of his sitters. Full-length figures then become more common, especially when the models are women. Still, the latter offer certain opportunities. The brilliancy and play of color on satins, the variety of hues, admit of adorning the canvas and avoiding the dismal monochromatic aspect presented by a masculine costume composed of dark materials. . . .

When several of Van Dyck's portraits are placed together, the comparison betrays an evident lack of imagination. The artist rarely takes the trouble of inventing. Whilst each head preserves a distinct individual type, what monotony in attitude, in gesture, in the arrangement of the hands, in costume! All these details are treated with a superb disdain. Either a cloak, thrown over the shoulder, and almost entirely hiding the left arm, passes under the right arm, showing the forearm and hand (the arrangement most frequently adopted); or, if the figure be clothed in a plain doublet, one hand hangs carelessly by the side, whilst the other is arranged before the waist, or rests upon a table or some other support. Seldom or never is there any action. Figures like those of Liberti (Munich) or Ryckaert (Dresden), which escape this almost invariable rule, are rare exceptions. Do not seek in these impassive faces for any expression of joy or grief. All are shown preserving that calm, that imperturbable serenity characteristic of the true Fleming.

If we pass on to the rulers, princes, statesmen, and generals the rule which we have just laid down applies still more strictly. The form of the skull, the abundance or scarcity of hair, the size of the eyes, the shape of the nose, the presence of moustaches and beard, distinguish one from the other; but we cannot recognize them by their dress or action. They all stand upright before the spectator in the same portrait attitude, cuirass on breast, helmet by their side, the right hand resting on a commander's bâton, the left on the hip or on a sword-hilt. The portraits of women suggest similar remarks. These belong chiefly to the English period. The most beautiful women, the greatest ladies of the Court of Charles I., came one after the other to sit to him in his studio, so that the old mansions of the leading English families are full of these paintings. Now these elegant ladies, notwithstanding the endless varieties of feminine dress, show certain characteristics in common, which are almost invariable. In most cases the attitude is the same: the hands hang idly by the side, or rest on the waist. All display a profusion of jewels—natural enough, no doubt, among persons belonging to the most exalted nobility, attached to an elegant and luxurious Court. Nevertheless, the painter has overstepped the bounds of probability. When one reckons up the number of precious stones, especially pearls, with which he loads his models, one is forced to the conclusion that all the wealth of Great Britain would not have sufficed to pay for so many jewels.—FROM THE FRENCH BY WILLIAM ALISON.

WILLIAM HOOKHAM CARPENTER "PICTORIAL NOTICES"

AS an historical painter Van Dyck exhibits considerable skill in the composition of his pictures; the drawing of the figures is always correct, and for the most part graceful; the heads, displaying a refinement of feeling unusual in the Flemish school, are often full of exquisite expression and pathos. These qualities are the attributes of a great painter, and indispensable to the production of a work deserving to be called "one of the first pictures in the world;" for such was the judgment passed by Sir Joshua Reynolds on Van Dyck's picture of Christ crucified between the two thieves (Cathedral of Mechlin). His pictures, it is true, possess neither the fecundity of invention, the energy of action, nor the strength of expression which are to be found in the works of his master; but, as that accomplished critic Fuseli observes, "Van Dyck, more elegant, more refined, to graces which the genius of Rubens disdained to court, joined that exquisite taste which, in following the general principle of his master, moderated and adapted its application to his own pursuits."

Considerable difference will be found in the coloring of Van Dyck's pictures. Those which he painted in Italy and for some time after his return, partake of the richness and mellowness of tone visible in the works of Rubens and the Venetian masters, and may be pointed out as being in his first manner, which Reynolds observes "supposes the sun in the room." He afterwards infused into this, his first manner, a portion of the silveriness of color which pervades the productions of the Flemish school; and the pictures which he painted during the earlier period of his residence in England have this quality, being beautifully brilliant and delicate in the tints, at the same time that they are solid and firm in the painting. These may be described as in his second manner. And it is unpleasant to be obliged to add that his later pictures are meagre and slight, and bear evidence of little labor having been bestowed on them.

His execution at all times evinces great skill and dexterity: possessed of a perfect mastery over his materials, joined to his power of drawing, his works exhibit a vigor accompanied by a lightness in the handling which is entirely and peculiarly his own.

JAMES BARRY "LECTURE ON COLORING"

VAN DYCK'S pictures, particularly his portraits, were evidently painted at once, with sometimes a little retouching, and they are not less remarkable for the truth, beauty, and freshness of the tints, than for the spirited, masterly manner of their handling or execution. I could not offer to your consideration a more apposite and illustrious example of the success of this method of finishing as you go on, than the portraits of Van Dyck. They are everywhere to be met with in this country, and you may easily convince yourselves that his lights are sufficiently brilliant, forcible, and well embodied with color, and betray no want of that impasto which furnishes the apology for loading those parts. . . .

His style of design is much more correct and beautiful than that of Rubens. In his portraits, where he was not at liberty to avail himself, in any considerable degree, of the opposition of shadow (particularly on the flesh), the vigor of his effects was necessarily and judiciously brought about by mere chiaro-scuro, or opposition of the several colors proper to his object, and to the relatives which accompanied it. But whether his subjects be extensive or contracted, they exhibit such excellent principles of art, the tints of his carnations have such verity in themselves, and such value, from the hues which are so judiciously associated with them in the draperies and background, and the exquisite execution or conduct of his pencil is so very compatible with the most enlarged and consummate style of design and composition, that I know of no single model upon which your attention might be more properly engaged.

WILLIAM HAZLITT "TREATISE ON THE FINE ARTS"

THERE is a quality of flesh-color in Van Dyck which is to be found in no other painter, and which exactly conveys the idea of the soft, smooth, sliding, continuous, delicately varied surface of the skin. The objects in his pictures have the least possible difference of light and shade, and are presented to the eye without passing through any indirect medium. It is this extreme purity and silvery clearness of tone, together with the facility and precision of his particular forms, and a certain air of fashionable elegance, characteristic of the age in which he flourished, that places Van Dyck in the first rank of portrait-painters.

H. TAINE "PHILOSOPHY OF ART IN THE NETHERLANDS"

VAN DYCK has not, like Rubens, the love of power and of life for life itself; more refined, more chivalric, born with a sensitive and even melancholy nature, elegiac in his sacred subjects, aristocratic in his portraits, he depicts with less glowing and more sympathetic color noble, tender, and charming figures whose generous and delicate souls are filled with sweet and sad emotions unknown to his master.— FROM THE FRENCH BY JOHN DURAND.

HENRI HYMANS IN THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA"

VAN DYCK is one of the most brilliant figures in the history of art. That he should, in the same subjects chosen by Rubens, have attained the same degree of expression was scarcely possible. Rubens was exceptional precisely through the sweep and power of his imagination; but Van Dyck, applying the same principles to portrait painting, was no less exceptional. Titian, Raphael, Rembrandt, Velasquez, and Frans Hals are not, on the whole, superior to him in this branch. They often delight us with their technical excellence or penetrating study of individuality, but their conception remains entirely different from that of Van Dyck. With him, as with Rubens, physiognomical interpretation is so intimately connected with picturesque necessity that his portraits scarcely ever fail to leave an indelible impression on the mind. Burnet observes that with Van Dyck the union of the figure and the background seems to have been a principle, not only in respect of light and shade, but also of color. Thus the shapes of his lights are extended or doubled by means of a curtain in the background, etc. Hence Van Dyck, quite unlike the Dutch, is not what may be termed an intimate portraitist. In his eyes a prince, a warrior, a statesman, an artist, belong to the world and to posterity, and in the realization of this idea he attains a degree of excellence seldom, if ever, displayed before him. His works may be found lacking in solidarity or displaying an unnecessary amount of motion in attitude, but these defects are easily compensated by a sense of proportion, an elegance in outline, a variety of conception, united in his best works to the most able technic.

The Flemish School of Painting

1400 TO 1700

THE beginnings of art in the Netherlands are shrouded in obscurity, but, though sporadic examples of more or less merit were produced in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, it was not until the beginning of the fifteenth that a distinct Flemish school arose under the leadership of the brothers Hubert and Jan van Eyck. With their advent, however, the new school at once leaped into prominence with a suddenness chiefly due to the fact that the former, Hubert van Eyck, was the discoverer of the secret of mixing oil colors in varnish and applying them to the canvas after the modern fashion,—a discovery which greatly contributed to the technical perfection of painting, and which, for a time jealously guarded, drew immediate attention to the art of the Netherlands.

The earliest work of the Van Eycks and their numerous pupils display those characteristics which have since been considered distinctive of the Flemish school,—the leaning toward naturalism, the close imitation of external nature, a love for the homely and domestic, sensitiveness to color at the expense of purity and grace of line, perfection of finish, and, in the earlier period, a profound and exalted religious fervor. The backgrounds of their paintings were finished with the utmost care and delicacy, and crowded with minute details of architecture and landscape. Of these earlier masters Hans Memling was perhaps the greatest.

In the sixteenth century a gradual decline in the art of the Netherlands occurred; for the powerful influence of the Italian Renaissance brought about a change in the entire aspect of Flemish painting. It ceased to be national, for, in striving to imitate the art of

Italy, with which the Flemings had no innate sympathy, they sacrificed the racial characteristics of their art,—the keen observation of nature, the loving sympathy with every-day surroundings, the use of color as the principal means of expression. At the same time, and owing mainly to the sectarian disturbances of the period, all traces of that solemn religious feeling evident in the preceding era faded out, never to reappear.

Early in the seventeenth century this decadence was checked by the advent of the greatest of all Flemish painters, Rubens, who immediately formed a school of his own,—a school in which Van Dyck was the greatest pupil.

The style of Rubens, though eminently individual, shows a combination of the elements of the national characteristics influenced by a close study of Italian methods. What he gained from Italy was a grand style, a dramatic tone, an imposing and magnificent quality. To his own individuality was due the intense vitality with which he endowed his figures, and the audacity of his compositions. His Flemish nature is evinced in his coloring, his love for truth, his fondness for landscape, and in his frequent choice of *genre* subjects—perhaps also in his occasional coarseness.

After the death of Rubens in 1640 and the dispersion of his immediate pupils, the art of Flanders ceased to form a distinct school; and with the rise of Rembrandt, the artistic centre of the Netherlands was transferred to Holland.

THE FLEMISH SCHOOL OF PAINTING "SPECTATOR," VOL. 58

FLEMISH painting stands in an intermediate position, as far as its social and religious character is concerned, between the art of Italy and the art of Holland. One sees the prevailing influence of the Church conspicuous throughout the whole of Italian painting in its best periods, and, indeed, never more conspicuous than when the belief of the people was rapidly becoming undermined. In Flemish art one sees rather the influence of religion than the influence of the priesthood; there is a sturdiness about it, if one may speak so, which is a truly national characteristic; and as far as the technical qualities are concerned, one sees the comparative homeliness and simplicity of the artist's mind, leaning more and more to the literal reproduction of its subjects, but *not yet* finding a sufficient delight in the merely artistic pleasure which was so soon to surpass all other objects in the minds of Dutch painters. To the Fleming the subject is still a good deal, though he forms it out of the material which lies nearest to him.

MEMBERS OF THE FLEMISH SCHOOL

MELCHIOR BROEDERLAM, flourished 1382 to about 1400—Hubert van Eyck, born about 1366, died after 1426—Jan van Eyck, younger brother of Hubert, died after 1440—Margaret van Eyck, a younger sister of the above, died soon after Hubert—Petrus Christus, a pupil of the Van Eycks, flourished 1447–71—Dierick Bouts, about 1391–1475—Roger van der Weyden the elder, about 1400–64—Gerard van der Meire, about 1410 to after 1474—Hans Memling, about 1430, died before 1495—Roger van der Weyden the younger, about 1450–1529—Hugo van der Goes, flourished 1467, died 1482—Justus of Ghent, flourished 1451–70—Gheerardt David, about 1455–1523—Quintin Matsys, 1466–1531—Jan Gossart de Mabuse, 1470–1532—Bernard van Orley, 1470–1541—Jan Mostert, 1474–1556—Henri de Bles, 1480 to about 1550—Joachim da Patinir, born between 1485 and 1490, died 1524—Jan van Schoreel, 1495–1562—Michiel Coxcie, 1499–1592—Lambert Lombard (Sustermann), 1506 to after 1566—Marinus van Romerswale, flourished 1535 to after 1567—Pieter Pourbus, 1510–83—Antonij Mor (Antonio Moro), 1512–77—Pieter Breughel, about 1520–69—Paul Bril, 1556–1626—Pieter Breughel, 1564–1637—Peter Paul Rubens, 1577–1640—Frans Snyders, 1579–1657—Kasper de Crayer, 1582–1669—David Teniers, 1582–1649—Jan (called "Velvet") Breughel, about 1589 to about 1642—Jacob Jordaens, 1593–1678—

Lucas van Uden, 1595–1672 — Anthony Van Dyck, 1599–1641 — Adriaan van Utrecht, 1599–1652 — Philippe de Champaigne, 1602–74 — Jan Van Essen, 1606–65 — Jan Fyt, 1609–61 — David Teniers the younger, 1610–94 — Jacobus van Artois, 1613 to after 1684 — Gonzales Coques, 1614–84 — Pieter van der Faes (Sir Peter Lely), 1618–80 — Abraham Teniers, 1629–71 — Gerard de Lairesse, 1641–1711 — Cornelis Huysmans, 1648–1727 — Jan van Bloemen, 1662–1740.

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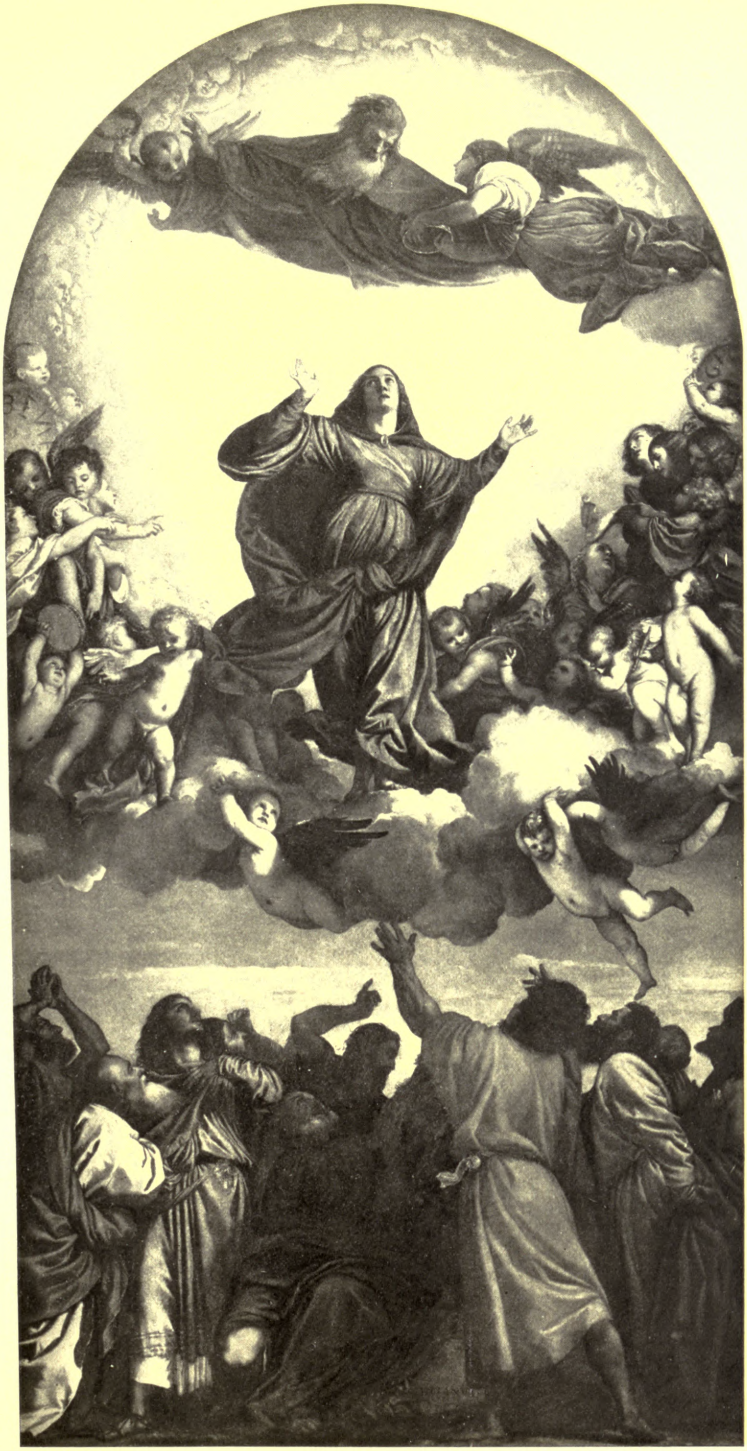
The Works of Van Dyck

SMITH'S "Catalogue Raisonné" (London, 1841) gives a list of upwards of nine hundred and fifty works by Van Dyck; and Guiffrey, in his "Antoine Van Dyck, sa vie et son œuvre," enumerates no fewer than fifteen hundred. To print a full catalogue in the present limited space would be a manifest impossibility, but we append a list of seventy of Van Dyck's most notable works. The reader in search of a complete list of his paintings, etchings, and drawings is referred to the authorities cited above.

Antwerp Museum: Pietà; Cesare Alessandro Scaglia; Crucifixion — Berlin Gallery: Children of Charles I. — Brera Gallery, Milan: St. Antony of Padua — Brignole Palace, Genoa: Marchese de Brignole-Sala — Buckingham Palace: Marriage of St. Catharine (Plate III) — Earl of Carlyle's Collection: Frans Snyders — Cassel Gallery: Snyders and His Wife; Van Merstraeten — Church at Courtrai: Elevation of the Cross — Earl Cowper's Collection: John, Count of Nassau, and Family; Siegen and His Family; The Balbi Children; John and Bernard Stuart — Dorchester House: Marchesa Balbi — Royal Gallery, Dresden: Three Children of Charles I. (Plate VI); Man in Armor (Plate VII) — Dulwich Gallery: Philip, Earl of Pembroke — National Gallery, Edinburgh: Lommellini Family — Hampton Court: Margaret Lemon — Hermitage Gallery, St. Petersburg: Elizabeth and Philadelphia Wharton; Snyders and His Family; William II. of Nassau (Plate I); Jan Van de Wouver; Holy Family with the Partridges — Lichtenstein Gallery, Vienna: Wallenstein (?); Marie Louise von Tassis (Plate VIII) — National Gallery, London: Cornelius Van der Geest (Plate II); Portrait of Charles I. — Louvre, Paris: Madonna and the Donors; The Marquis de Moncade; The Two Princes Palatine; Richardot and His Son; Charles I. of England (Plate IX); Portrait of Van Dyck (Page 20) — Mainwaring Collection: Thomas, Earl of Strafford, and His Secretary — Mansi Collection, Lucca: The Holy Family — Cathedral at Mechlin: Crucifixion — Munich Gallery: Repose in Egypt; Pietà; Wife of Collyns de Nole and Her Daughter; Burgomaster of Antwerp; Wife of Burgomaster of Antwerp; Henri Liberti — Duke of Newcastle's Collection: Armaud and Armide — Pitti Palace, Florence: Cardinal Bentivoglio — The Prado, Madrid: Van Dyck and the Earl of Bristol; The Count of Berg; Lady Oxford — Gallery of the Capitol, Rome: The Brothers de Wael — Ryk's Museum, Amsterdam: Prince of Orange and Princess Mary Stuart (Plate IV) — Earl Spencer's Collection: The Earls of Bristol and Bedford — Turin Gallery: Children of Charles I.; Prince Carignan — Imperial Gallery, Vienna: Coronation of St. Rosalie (Plate V); Samson and Delilah; The Virgin and St. Hermannus — Wallace Collection: Wife of Philippe Le Roy — Wilton House: Pembroke Family — Royal Gallery, Windsor: Children of Charles I.; Charles I. and His Family; Charles I. on Horseback; Thomas Carew and Sir William Killigrew; George, Duke of Buckingham, and His Brother, Lord Francis Villieir; Duchess of Richmond; Henrietta Maria (Plate X) — Chateau Worlitz: Princess of Orange.

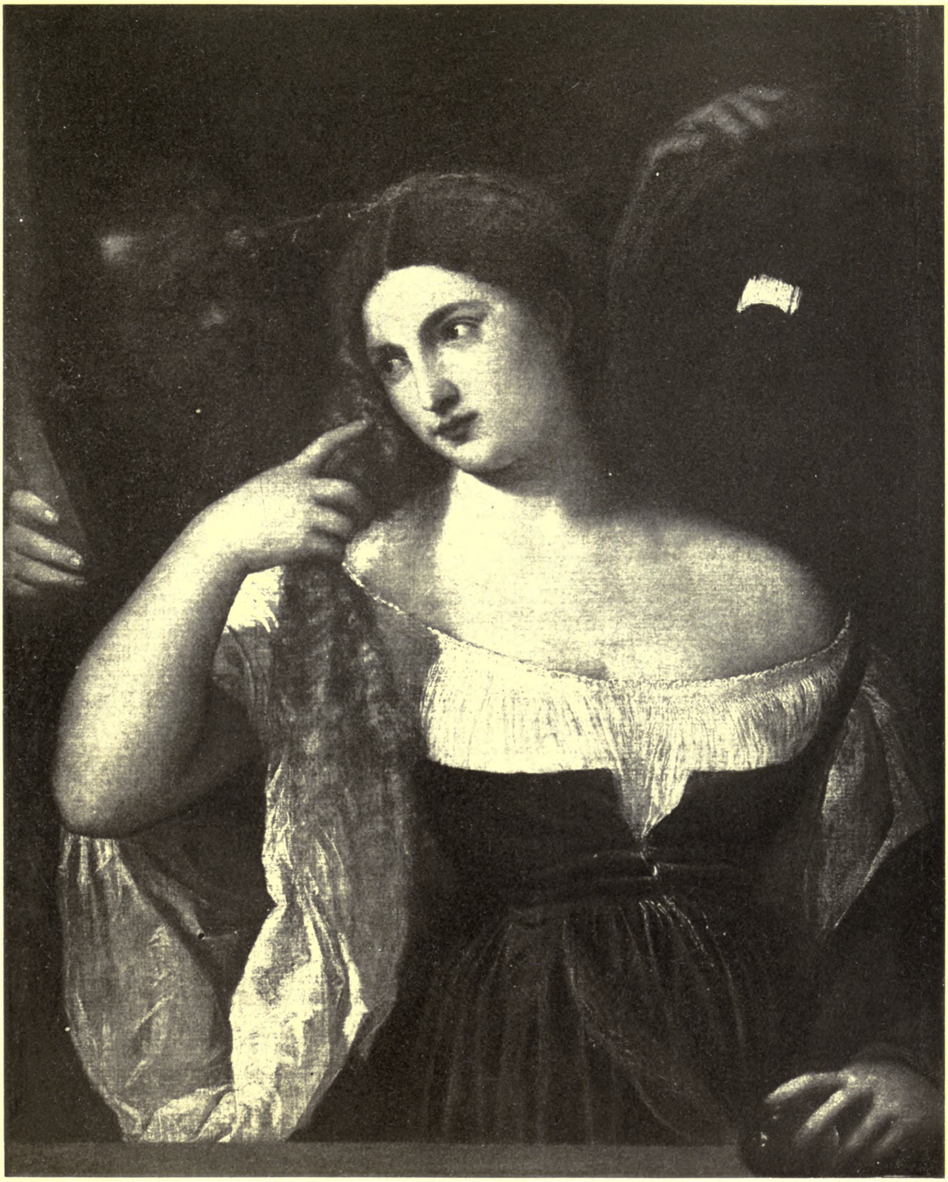
Titian

VENETIAN SCHOOL

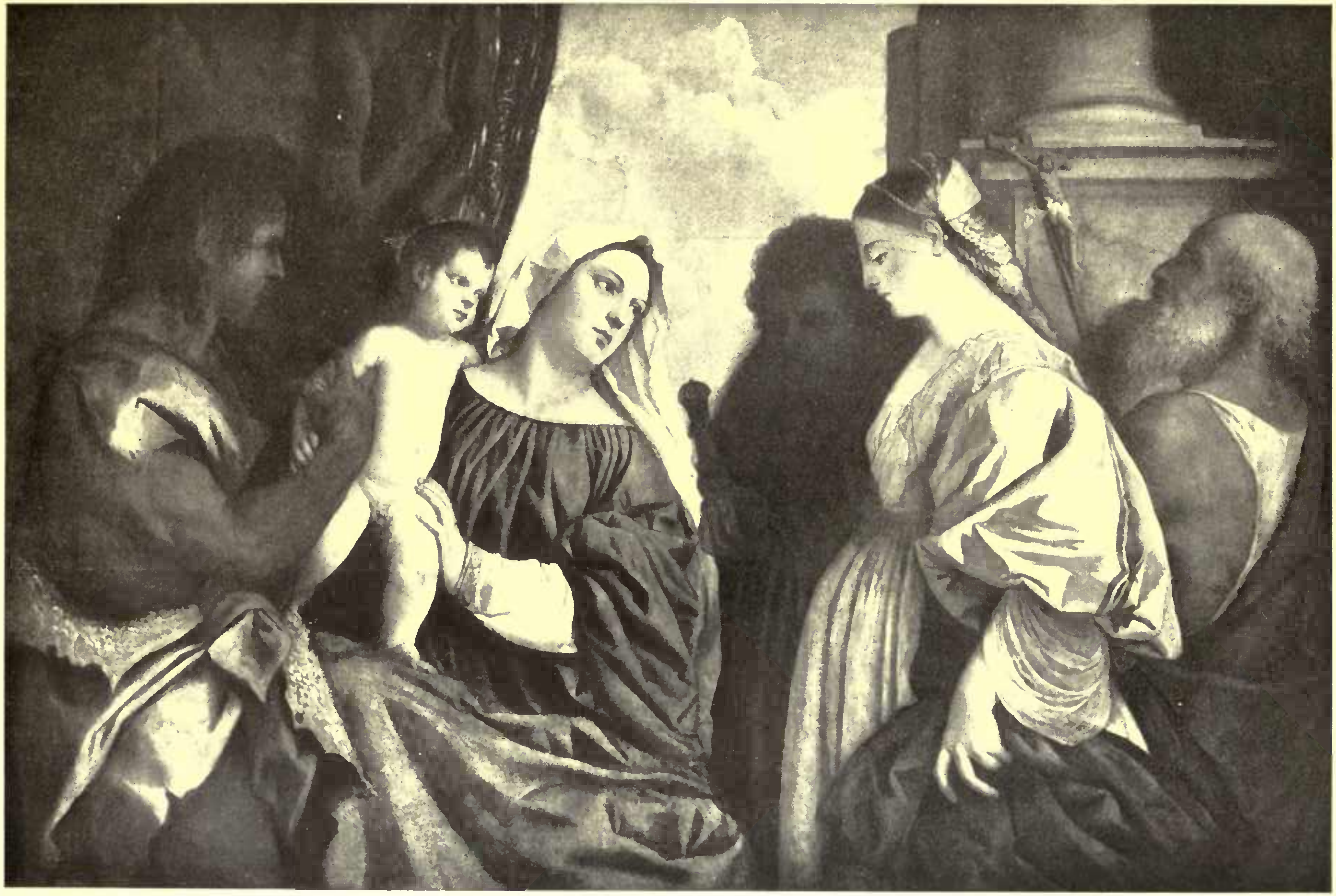


MASTERS IN ART. PLATE I.

TITIAN
THE ASSUMPTION
THE ACADEMY, VENICE

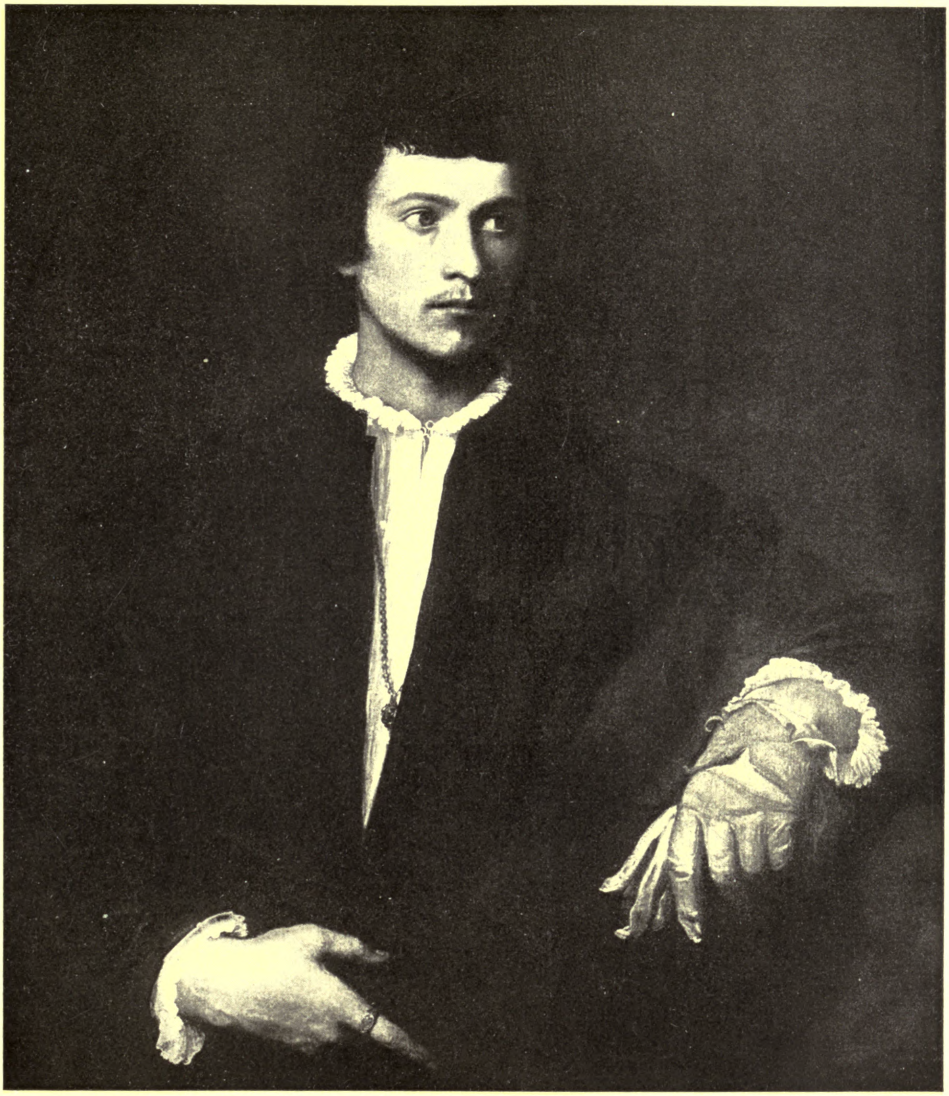


TITIAN
ALFONSO OF FERRARA AND LAURA DIANTI
LOUVRE, PARIS

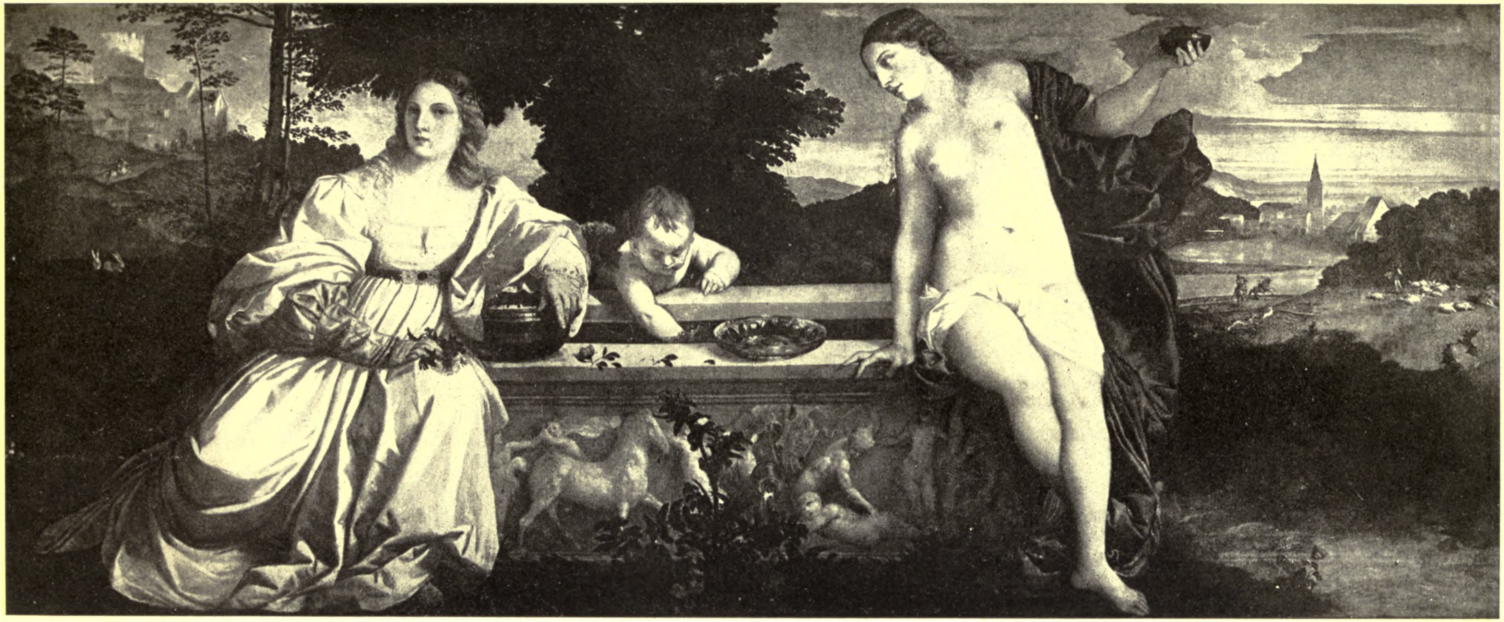


MASTERS IN ART. PLATE III.

TITIAN
MADONNA WITH FOUR SAINTS
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN

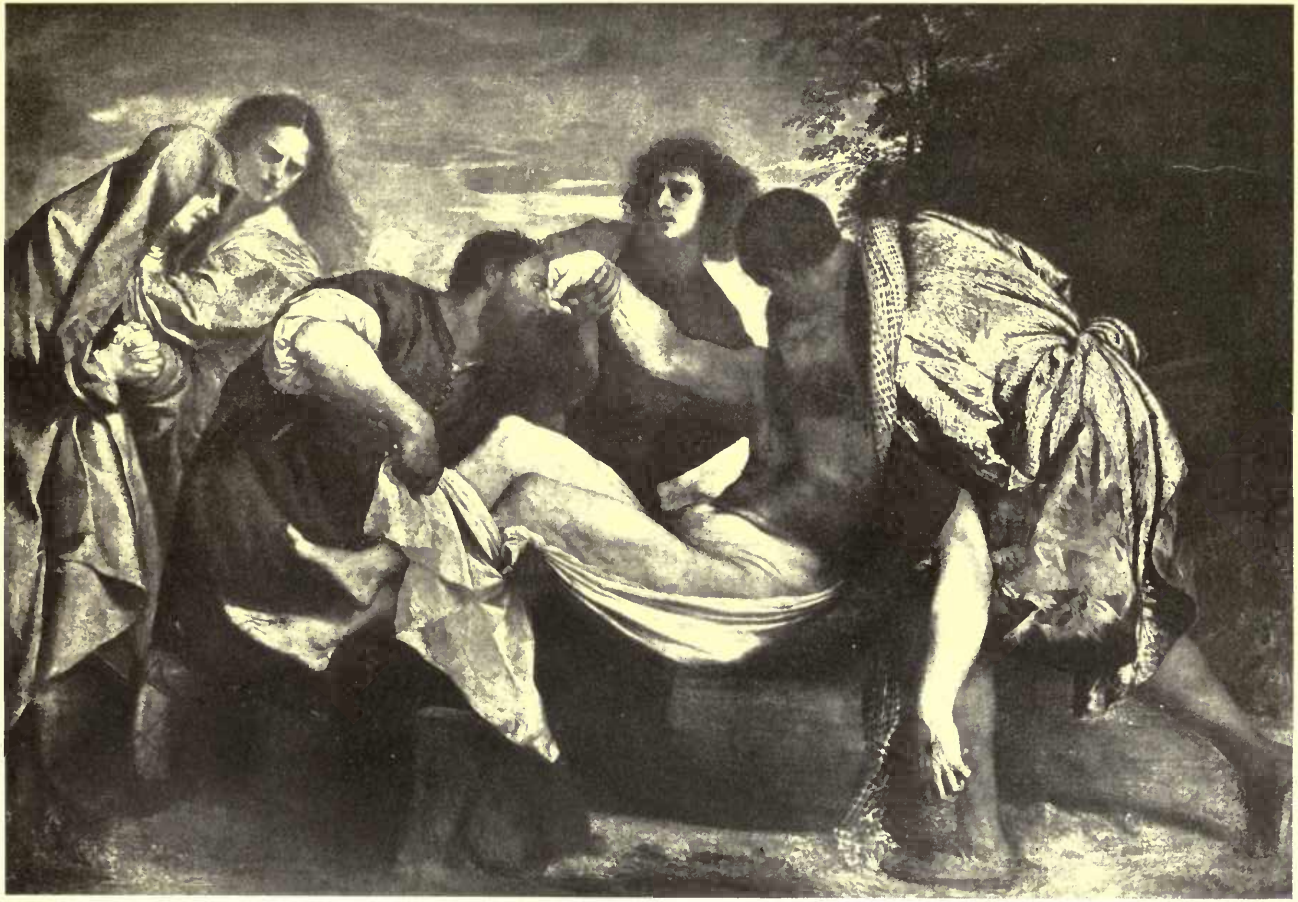


TITIAN
MAN WITH THE GLOVE
LOUVRE, PARIS



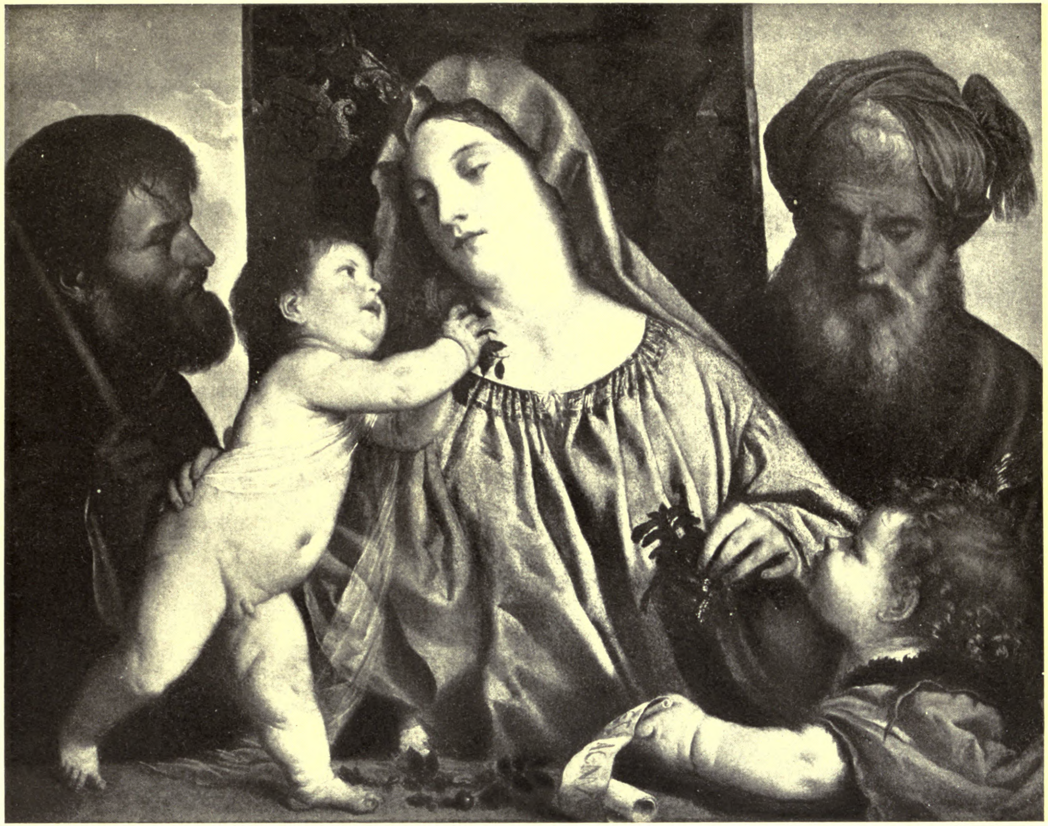
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE V.

TITIAN
SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE
BORGHESE GALLERY, ROME



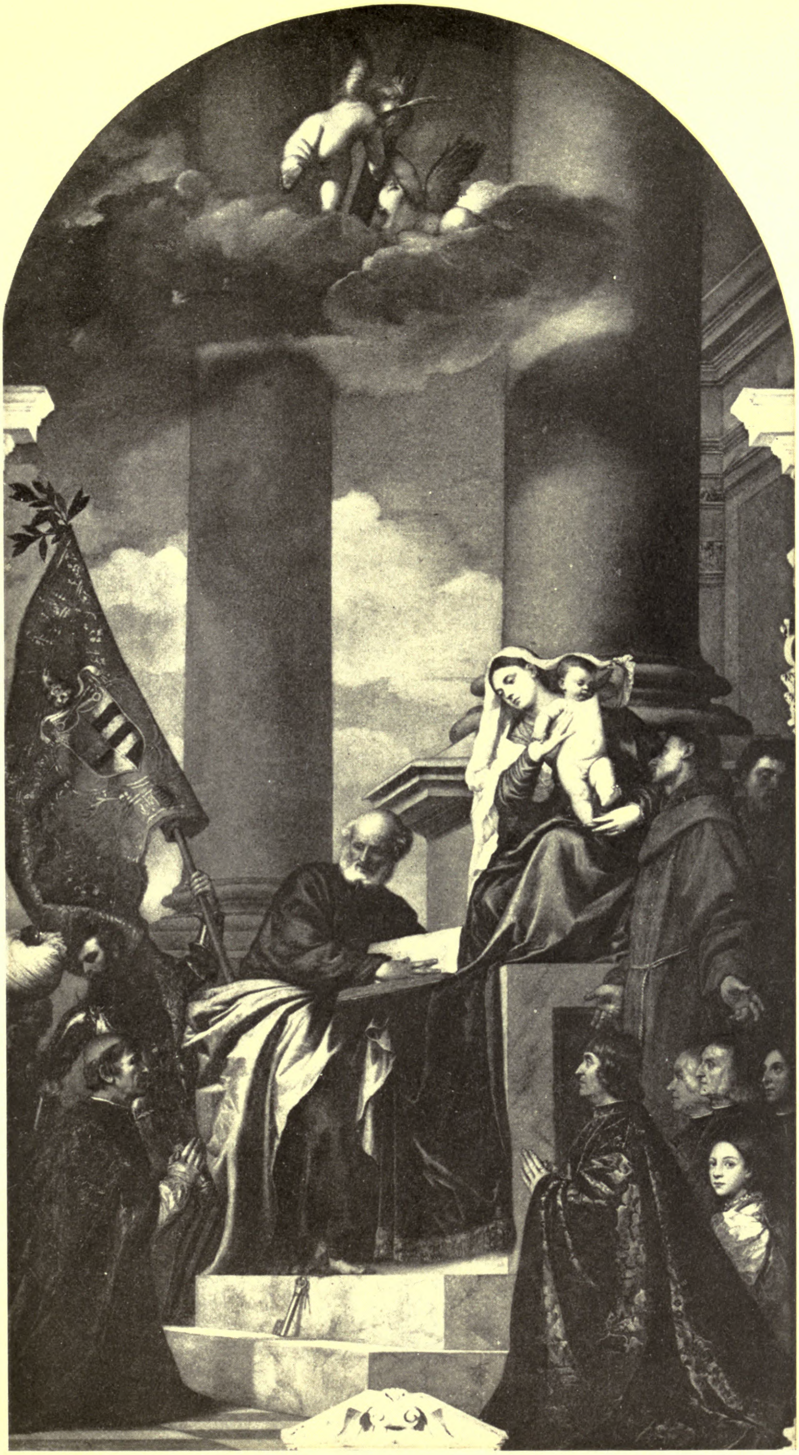
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VI.

TITIAN
THE ENTOMBMENT
LOUVRE, PARIS

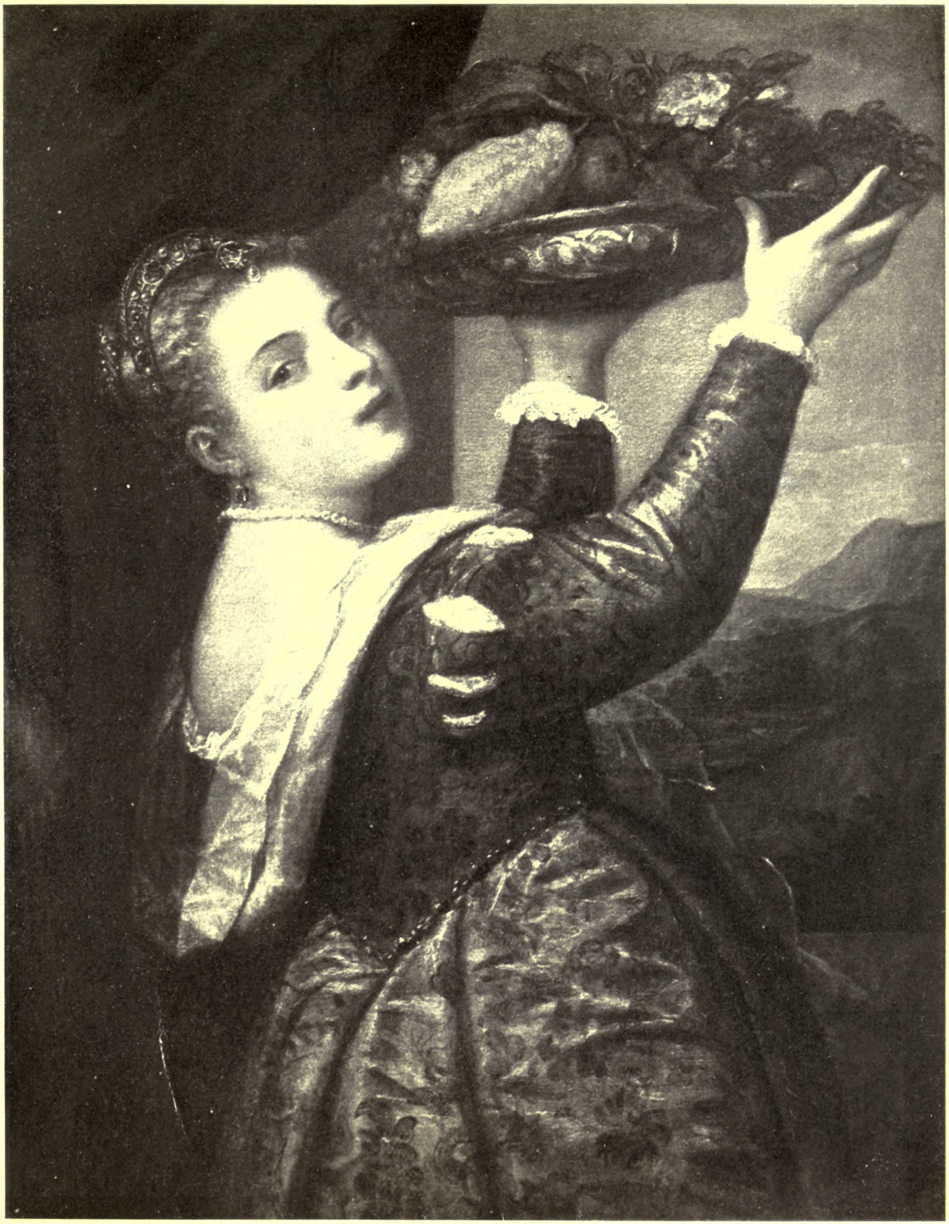


MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VII.

TITIAN
MADONNA WITH THE CHERRIES
IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA

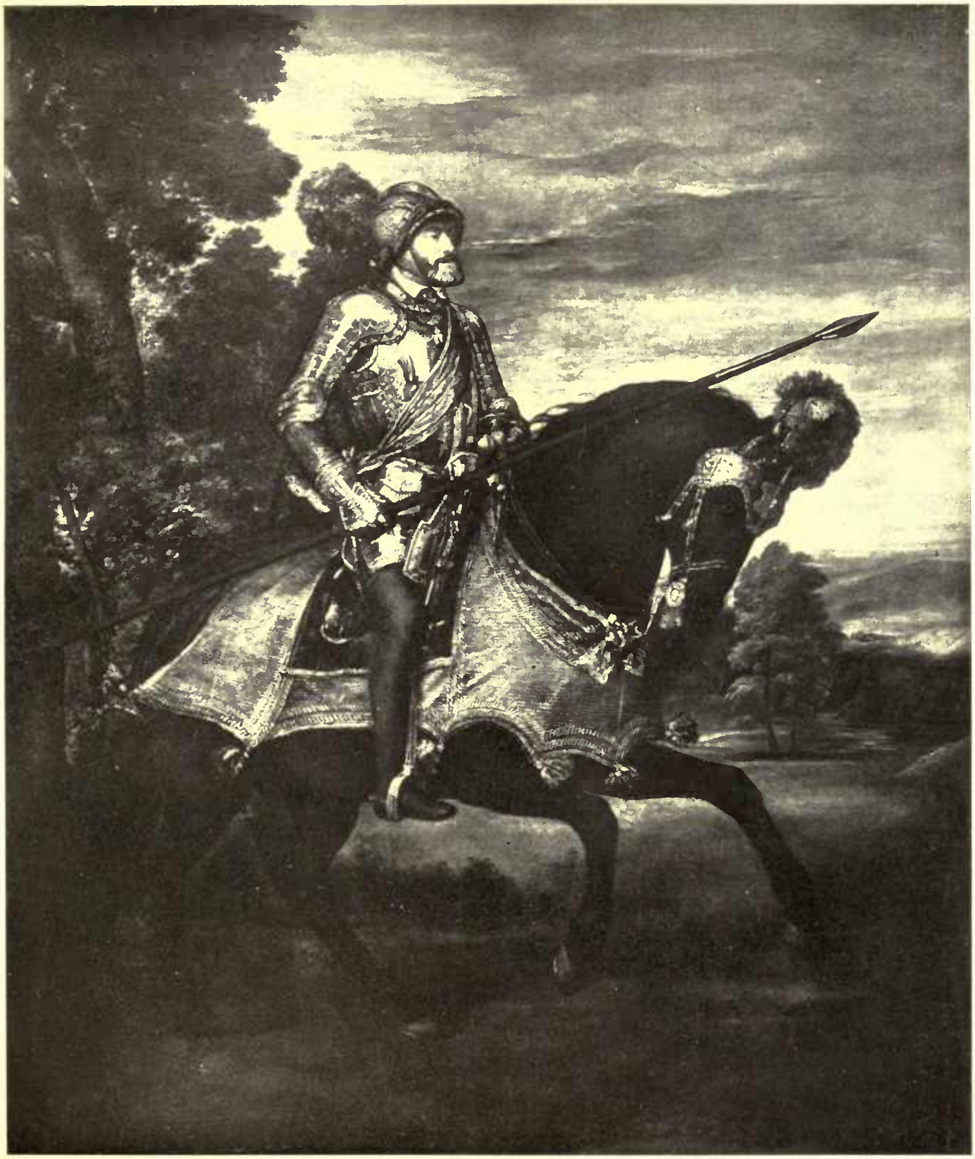


TITIAN
MADONNA OF THE PESARO FAMILY
FRARI, VENICE

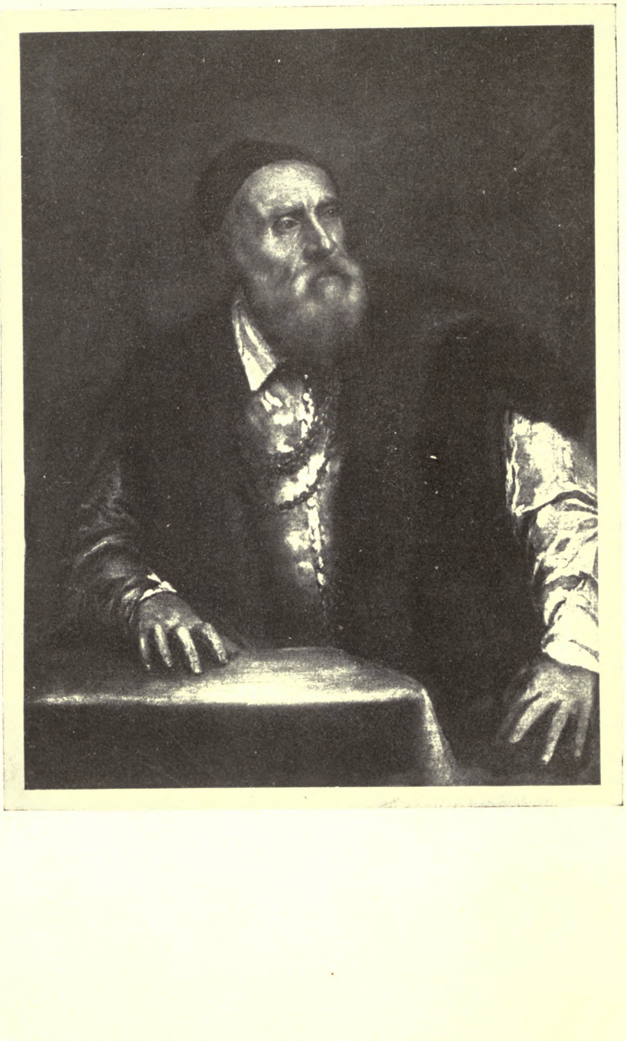


MASTERS IN ART. PLATE IX.

TITIAN
TITIAN'S DAUGHTER, LAVINIA
BERLIN GALLERY



TITIAN
CHARLES V. ON HORSEBACK
THE PRADO, MADRID



PORTRAIT OF TITIAN BY HIMSELF BERLIN GALLERY

Painted roughly, but with surprising skill, this portrait shows the artist clad in a doublet of changeable crimson with silvery damask sleeves, a pelisse of brown cloth, and a collar of brown musk. A white shirt collar and a black skull cap relieve the face—the only carefully modelled part of the painting. The forehead is high, with a bold, projecting brow, the strong arched nose finely cut, the eyes penetrating, the beard and moustache of a dubious grey. Round the neck are two twists of the chain indicating knightly rank. It is probable that this portrait was painted in 1542, when Titian was sixty-five years old.

Tiziano Vecelli

BORN 1477: DIED 1576
VENETIAN SCHOOL

M. M. HEATON "BRYAN'S DICTIONARY OF PAINTERS"

TIZIANO VECELLI (called Titian), the greatest painter of the Venetian school, was born at Pieve, in Cadore, a mountainous district of the Venetian or Carnic Alps. He was the son of Gregorio di Conte Vecelli, a member of an old family in Cadore, who, though not rich, was a man of some note in his province, "equally distinguished by his wisdom in the Council of Cadore, and by bravery as a soldier in the field." Titian was one of four children, and his birth took place, as seems certain from his own testimony, not later than 1477.

Showing an early disposition towards art, the young Titian was not brought up to law or to arms like the rest of his race, but was sent at an early age to Venice to learn painting. According to Dolce's statement, he was first placed with Sebastiano Zuccato, a Venetian mosaicist, from whose school he appears to have quickly passed into that of the Bellini, who were already at this time (about 1488) considered the chief masters in Venice. Dolce affirms that he first worked with Gentile, the elder brother, who disapproved of his bold and rapid style of drawing. This led him to seek the workshop of Giovanni Bellini, where he doubtless acquired that love for color and knowledge of its effects which became the predominant characteristic of his art. It was at this time also that he made the acquaintance of Palma Vecchio and Giorgione, the latter of whom especially exercised considerable influence over his style.

Probably Titian's first independent employment in Venice was as a house-painter — not in the sense in which we now use that term, but as it was understood at a time when the great nobles were accustomed to adorn the outside of their palaces with frescos. One of the earliest references to Titian's name in contemporary writings connects it with a work of this kind, a fresco of "Hercules," mentioned by Sansovino as painted outside the Morosini Palace, but no longer in existence. In the years 1507–1508 he was employed, in conjunction with Giorgione, on the decoration of the new Fondaco dei Tedeschi, or house of exchange for the German merchants in Venice, which had just before been rebuilt. Here, among other works, he painted a fresco, above the gateway, a large figure of "Judith," "Justice," or "Germania," for it has been called by all three names, which is spoken of by early critics as a remarkable work, but of which scarcely a trace now remains.

It would seem that Titian was advised to go to Rome and accept service under Leo X., but he was dissuaded from taking this step; and the letter is still extant, dated May 31, 1513, in which he offers himself to the Doge and Council of Venice to paint in the Hall of the Great Council, in the Ducal Palace. "I, Titian of Cadore,'' this letter begins, ''having studied painting from my childhood upwards, and desirous of fame rather than profit, wish to serve the Doge and Signori rather than his Highness the Pope and other Signori, who in past days and even now have urgently asked to employ me.'' He then begs to be employed on the ''canvas of the battle, which is so difficult that no one as yet has had the courage to attempt it,'' and asks for ''the first broker's patent for life that shall be vacant'' in payment. This request was granted, but it led to so much opposition on the part of Giovanni Bellini that the Council had to revoke its decree, and Titian did not get his patent (a sort of sinecure, or retaining fee, given to the best artist of the time in consideration of doing certain work) until after Bellini's death, in 1516. Before this, however, he had already begun the painting in the Hall of Council; but he could not for many years be got to finish the great battle-piece he had undertaken, and his delays led to much dissatisfaction on the part of the Council, and even from time to time to the revocation of his patent.

Much has been written concerning the intercourse of Titian with Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, and the friendship he formed with Ariosto, whom he met at that Prince's brilliant court. His first recorded journey to Ferrara was made in February, 1516, when he lodged with two assistants in the Castello of Ferrara, receiving weekly rations of ''salad, salt meat, oil, chestnuts, tallow candles, oranges, cheese, and five measures of wine.'' . . . It was in the same year as this visit to Ferrara that Titian received the commission for his great ''Assumption of the Virgin,'' now in the Academy at Venice. In 1523 Federigo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, was added to the list of Titian's noble patrons. No painter, indeed, was ever more favored by the great than Titian, and soon he numbered not only dukes and princes, but kings, popes and emperors among his employers and correspondents.

Of Titian's domestic life very little is known. His wife, who was named Cecilia, died in 1530, after having borne him three children,— his scapegrace son, Pomponio, who took priest's orders, and for whom he was always seeking benefices; Orazio, who followed his father's profession; and his beautiful daughter Lavinia, whom he has immortalized.

In 1531, the year after his wife's death, Titian left the house in the San Samuele quarter in Venice, where he had resided since 1516, and took another in the north-eastern suburb of Biri, where his children were brought up under the care of his sister. Here many distinguished visitors were received by him; but very often his profession called him away from Venice, and we find him at one time at Ferrara, at another at Mantua, and afterwards travelling in the interests of his noble patrons to Bologna, Augsburg, Milan, and other places.

The year 1530 is the date assigned by Vasari for Titian's first meeting with the Emperor Charles V. He received high honor at the Imperial Court, where he painted not only the Emperor himself many times, but also most of the great lords, ministers, and agents who surrounded him; receiving in return, besides a liberal number of gold scudi, other payment in the shape of grants and patents. By one of these he was created a Count Palatine of the Empire. He was likewise made a Knight of the Golden Spur, with all its privileges, one of which was the right of entrance to the Imperial Court at any time. In 1536 Titian was with the Emperor again, both at Mantua and Asti. At this time he obtained a grant of a pension on the treasury of Naples from the Emperor, which, however, was not paid for many years, although he ''bombarded the treasury with letters,'' and Aretino, in his name, ''moved heaven and earth'' for the same purpose. Much of Titian's work seems to have been paid for by his patrons in this unsatisfactory manner, giving rise to many heartburnings and disappointments, as is well seen in his letters, most of which have reference to these business details.

On Titian's return to Venice after his second visit to the Emperor, he found a rival in the field. Although his city was doubtless proud of his successes, it could scarcely brook his continual neglect of the work he had undertaken. The great battle-piece that he had promised was not yet accomplished, although Titian had held the office, and drawn the salary of the Senseria, ever since 1516. Accordingly, by a severe decree, he was called upon to refund all he had received during the time in which he had done no work, and there seemed every chance that Pordenone, who had already painted in the Public Library, would be installed in his place. This severity seems to have brought Titian to a sense of his obligations, and he immediately "threw upon canvas" his magnificent representation of the "Battle of Cadore," which unfortunately perished by fire in 1577, and is now only known to us at second hand.

In 1541 Titian was again with the Emperor at Milan, but seems to have returned quickly to Venice, where he entered upon many new engagements. He received several invitations to Rome, but he does not appear to have gone there until 1545, when he was received with great distinction by Paul III., by Cardinal Farnese, who had been for some time trying to lure him to the Holy City, and by his learned friend Cardinal Bembo. Rooms were assigned him in the Belvidere, that he might have easy access to the Farnese family, upon whose portraits he was engaged; and Vasari, whose acquaintance he had before made in Venice, undertook to show him the sights of the city. He likewise at this time made the acquaintance of Michelangelo, whose opinion of his work Vasari has reported. . . .

In the winter of 1548 we find Titian undertaking a long and fatiguing journey across the Alps, in order to join Charles V. at Augsburg. Aretino, in one of his letters, has described the scene that took place in Venice when he was about to depart; how every one tried to gain possession of some small work of his, thinking that henceforth he would not deign to paint for any one but the Emperor.

That Titian's powers, in spite of his age, were in full vigor at this time is shown by the amount of work he accomplished. His industry indeed to the very last is amazing. At this time in Augsburg, he not only painted the fine portrait of Charles V. on the field of Mühlberg, but likewise portraits of most of the other noble and princely personages who were then at the Imperial Court. But probably the chief object of Titian's call to Augsburg was to paint the portrait of the morose Prince who won the heart of Mary Tudor. A number of letters have been found in the Simancas Archives that passed between Titian and Philip II., most of them relating to commissions executed for that monarch, for whom, besides portraits, Titian painted several religious and mythological subjects. Spain, indeed, in the latter part of his life, received the greater number of his works.

Titian's splendid vigor of constitution and indomitable energy seem never to have failed, and it is not until the last years of his life that we see any signs of decay in his art. Vasari found him in 1566 with the brushes still in his hand, and even in 1574, when he was ninety-seven years of age, he was able to receive a royal visitor — Henry III. of France — with his wonted magnificence. It was not, indeed, until 1576, when he was only one year short of a hundred, that this prince of painters, who had "never received from heaven anything but favor and felicity" (so far at least as Vasari knew), succumbed at last to the terrible plague which desolated Venice in that year, and which within the course of a few days carried off also his painter-son, Orazio. The law by which the churches in Venice were closed to the plague-stricken was set aside in Titian's case, and he was honorably buried in the Church of the Frari, for which he had painted his great "Assumption," and his beautiful votive altar-piece, the "Madonna di Casa Pesaro."

GEORGIO VASARI "TITIAN OF CADORE"

TITIAN has some rivals in Venice, but not of any great ability, wherefore he has easily overcome them by the superiority of his art; while he has also rendered himself acceptable to the gentlemen of the city. He has gained a fair amount of wealth, his labors having always been well paid; and it would have been well if he had worked for his amusement alone during these latter years, that he might not have diminished the reputation gained in his best days by works of inferior merit, performed at a period of life when nature tends inevitably to decline and consequent imperfection.

In the year 1566, when Vasari, the writer of the present History, was at Venice, he went to visit Titian, as one who was his friend, and found him, although then very old, still with the pencil in his hand and painting busily. Great pleasure had Vasari in beholding his works and in conversing with the master. . . .

It may be affirmed, then, that Titian, having adorned Venice, or rather all Italy and other parts of the world, with excellent paintings, well merits to be loved and respected by artists, and is in many things to be admired and imitated also, as one who has produced, and is producing, works of infinite merit; nay, such as must endure while the memory of illustrious men shall remain.

H. TAINE "ITALY: FLORENCE AND VENICE"

IN attempting to picture Titian to ourselves we imagine a happy man, "the most fortunate and the most healthy of his species, heaven having awarded to him nothing but favors and felicities," first among his rivals, visited at his house by the kings of France and of Poland, favorite of the Emperor, of Philip II., of the doges, of Pope Paul III., of all the Italian princes; created a Knight and Count of the empire, overwhelmed with commissions, liberally compensated, pensioned, and worthily enjoying his good fortune. He lives in great state, dresses splendidly, and has at his table cardinals, seignors, the greatest artists and the ablest writers of the day. "Although not very learned," he is in his place in this high society, for he has "natural intelligence, while familiarity with courts has taught him every proper term of the Knight and of the man of the world," so well that we find him "very courteous, endowed with rare politeness, and with the sweetest ways and manners." There is nothing strained or repulsive in his character. His letters to princes and to ministers concerning his pictures and his pensions contain that degree of humility which then denoted the *savoir-vivre* of a subject. He takes men well and he takes life well; that is to say, that he enjoys life like other men, without either excess or baseness. He is no rigorist; his correspondence with Aretino reveals a boon companion, eating and drinking daintily and heartily, appreciative of music, of elegant luxury, and the society of pleasure-seeking women. He is not violent, nor tormented by immeasurable and dolorous conceptions; his painting is healthy, exempt from morbid questionings and from painful complications; he paints incessantly, without turmoil of the brain and without passion during his whole life. He commenced while still a child, and his hand was naturally obedient to his mind. He declares that "his talent is a special grace from heaven;" that it is necessary to be thus endowed in order to be a good painter, for otherwise "one cannot give birth to any but imperfect works;" that in this art "genius must not be agitated." Around him beauty, taste, education, the talents of others, reflect back on him as from a mirror the brightness of his own genius. His brother, his son Orazio, his two cousins Cesare and Fabrizio, his relative Marco di Titiano, are all excellent painters. His daughter Lavinia, dressed as Flora with a basket of fruit on her head, furnishes him with a model in the freshness of her carnation and in the amplitude of her admirable forms. His thought thus flows on like a broad river in a uniform channel; nothing disturbs its course, and its own increase satisfies him; he aims at nothing beyond his art, as did Leonardo or Michelangelo. "Daily he designs something in chalk or in charcoal;" a supper with Sansovino or Aretino makes the day complete. He is never in a hurry; he keeps his paintings a long time at home in order to study them carefully and render them still more perfect. His pictures do not scale off; he uses, like his master Giorgone, simple colors, "especially red and blue, which never deform figures." For eighty years and over he thus paints, completing a century of existence, a pestilence at last being the cause of his death; and the State sets aside its regulations in order to honor him with a public funeral. It would be necessary to revert to the brightest days of pagan antiquity in order to find a genius so well adapted to things around him, an expansion of faculties so natural and so harmonious, a similar concord of man with himself and with the world without.— TRANSLATED BY J. DURAND.

The Art of Titian

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS "RENAISSANCE IN ITALY"

THE greatest difficulty meets the critic who attempts to speak of Titian. To seize the salient characteristics of an artist whose glory it is to offer nothing over-prominent, and who keeps the middle path of perfection, is impossible. As complete health may be termed the absence of obtrusive sensation, as virtue has been called the just proportion between two opposite extravagances, so is Titian's art a golden mean of joy, unbroken by brusque movements of the passions — a well-tempered harmony in which no thrilling note suggests the possibility of discord. In his work the world and men cease to be merely what they are; he makes them what they ought to be; and this he does by separating what is beautiful in sensuous life from its alloy of painful meditation and of burdensome endeavor. The disease of thought is unknown in his kingdom; no divisions exist between the spirit and the flesh; the will is thwarted by no obstacles. When we think of Titian, we are irresistibly led to think of music. His "Assumption of the Madonna" (the greatest single oil-painting in the world, if we except Raphael's "Madonna di San Sisto") can best be described as a symphony — a symphony of color, where every hue is brought into harmonious combination — a symphony of movement, where every line contributes to melodious rhythm — a symphony of light without a cloud — a symphony of joy in which the heavens and earth sing Hallelujah. Tintoretto, in the Scuola di San Rocco, painted an "Assumption of the Virgin" with characteristic energy and impulsiveness. A group of agitated men around an open tomb, a rush of air and clash of seraph wings above, a blaze of glory, a woman borne with sidewise-swaying figure from darkness into light — that is his picture, all *brio*, excitement, speed. Quickly conceived, hastily executed, this painting bears the impress of its author's impetuous genius. But Titian worked by a different method. On the earth, among the apostles, there is action enough and passion; ardent faces straining upward, divesting themselves of their mantles, as though they too might follow her they love. In heaven is radiance, half eclipsing the archangel who holds the crown, and revealing the father of spirits in an aureole of golden fire. Between earth and heaven, amid choirs of angelic children, rises the mighty mother of the faith of Christ, who was Mary and is now a goddess, ecstatic yet tranquil, not yet accustomed to the skies, but far above the grossness and the incapacities of earth. Her womanhood is so complete that those for whom the meaning of the Catholic legend is lost may hail in her humanity personified.

The grand manner can reach no further than in this picture—serene, composed, meditated, enduring, yet full of dramatic force and of profound feeling. Whatever Titian chose to touch, whether it was classical mythology or portrait, history or sacred subject, he treated in this large and healthful style. It is easy to tire of Veronese; it is possible to be fatigued by Tintoretto. Titian, like Nature, waits not for moods or humors in the spectator. He gives to the mind joy of which it can never weary, pleasures that cannot satiate, a satisfaction not to be repented of, a sweetness that will not pall. The least instructed and the simple feel his influence as strongly as the wise or learned.

THE EDITORS "VASARI'S LIVES OF THE PAINTERS"

TITIAN stands at the head of the school of Venice as the typical representative of its strength and weakness. Color is the marking element of Venetian painting, just as form is that which dominates in Florentine art, and because Titian was the chief of a color-school it has become the custom to call him the greatest colorist who ever lived. Such characterization is not critical; Titian was the foremost artist of Venice, not because he was her greatest master of color, but because no other Venetian painter possessed so *many* of the essential qualities of great art in so full a measure. Rounded completeness is what stamps Titian as a master. Other painters may have equalled him in each single quality; Veronese painted as easily and freely, but had not his dramatic instinct; Tintoretto equalled his chiaroscuro, but had not his even excellence of execution; Velasquez had as much or more of breadth, but had not his splendor of color; Rubens's folk are as healthy and robust, but not as grand and beautiful; Vandyck's people are as elegant as those in Titian's most courtly portraits, but they are not as forceful and vital. Titian united all the qualities in an adequate degree; if ever an artistic equipment was *teres atque rotundus* it was that of Tiziano Vecellio; but above all else towered the artist's personality, his sense of serene grandeur informing his entire technical achievement, and setting him among the greatest artists who have lived in modern times. This grand feeling is not awful, as with Michelangelo, or profoundly poignant, as with Rembrandt; it partakes rather of stately nobility, such as belonged to "the most serene Republic" whose son he was; but it is always present in his work, and it saves him even when he is careless and unequal to himself. . . .

With Giorgione and Titian modern landscape grew into being. Pure and noble backgrounds had been seen in the work of Perugino and of the Umbrians, but here, in the pictures by the men who came from the mountain country between the Alps and the sea, there was a new expansion of Nature, which began, too, in such pictures as the "Entombment," to play a dramatic part, and to emphasize the human passions expressed by the figures. Passion was relegated by Titian wholly to his great compositions. This creator of an army of portraits was not a psychologist like Lotto; his portraits are almost too magnificently serene to seem fully characterized. They are all lords and ladies, for the Count Palatine and Knight of the Golden Spur was a true court painter; nevertheless, some of his people are so real that we seem to have known them personally, and such masterpieces as "The Man with the Glove," and more than one other, may rank with any that have been painted. With his qualities and his failings Titian incarnates his school. The musical simile comes instinctively in thinking of Venetian art, and in the music of the Adriatic city Titian's is that of the organ,—rounded, sonorous, deep, combining all tones in full-chorded harmony.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS "EARLY WORK OF TITIAN," "PORTFOLIO," 1897

THERE is no greater name in Italian art — therefore no greater in art — than that of Titian. If the Venetian master does not soar as high as Leonardo da Vinci or Michelangelo, those figures so vast, so mysterious, that clouds even now gather round their heads and half veil them from our view; if he has not the divine suavity, the perfect balance, not less of spirit than of answering hand, that makes Raphael an appearance unique in art, since the palmiest days of Greece; he is wider in scope, more glowing with the life-blood of humanity, more the poet-painter of the world and the world's fairest creatures than any one of these. Titian is neither the loftiest, the most penetrating, nor the most profoundly moved among the great exponents of sacred art, even of his time and country. Yet is it possible, remembering the "Entombment" of the Louvre, the "Assumption," the "Madonna di Casa Pesaro," the "St. Peter Martyr," to say that he has, take him all in all, been surpassed in this the highest branch of his art? Certainly nowhere else have the pomp and splendor of the painter's achievement at its apogee been so consistently allied to a dignity and simplicity hardly ever overstepping the bounds of nature. The sacred art of no other painter of the full sixteenth century — not even that of Raphael himself — has to an equal degree influenced other painters, and moulded the style of the world, in those great ceremonial altar-pieces in which sacred passion must perforce express itself with an exaggeration that is not necessarily a distortion of truth.

And then as a portraitist — we are dealing, be it remembered, with Italian art only — there must be conceded to him the first place as a limner both of men and women, though each of us may reserve a corner in his secret heart for some other master. One will remember the disquieting power, the fascination in the true sense of the word, of Leonardo; the majesty, the penetration, the uncompromising realism on occasion, of Raphael; the happy mixture of the Giorgionesque, the Raphaelesque, and later on the Michelangelesque, in Sebastiano del Piombo. Another will yearn for the poetic glamor, gilding realistic truth, of Giorgione; for the intensely pathetic interpretation of Lorenzo Lotto, with its unique combination of the strongest subjective and objective elements, the one serving to poetize and accentuate the other. Yet another will cite the lofty melancholy, the aristocratic charm, of the Brescian Moretto, or the marvellous power of the Bergamesque Moroni to present in their natural union, with no indiscretion of over-emphasis, the spiritual and physical elements which go to make up that mystery of mysteries, the human individuality. There is, however, no advocate of any of the great masters who, having vaunted the peculiar perfections in portraiture of his own favorite, will not end — with a sigh perhaps — by according the palm to Titian.

In landscape his pre-eminence is even more absolute and unquestioned. He had great precursors here, but no equal; and until Claude Lorrain long afterwards arose, there appeared no successor capable, like himself, of expressing the quintessence of Nature's most significant beauties without a too slavish adherence to any special set of natural facts. . . . Even the landscape of Giorgione has in it still a slight flavor of the ripe archaic just merging into full perfection. It was reserved for Titian to give in his early time the fullest development to the Giorgionesque landscape, as in the "Three Ages" and the "Sacred and Profane Love." Then, all himself, and with hardly a rival in art, he went on to unfold those radiantly beautiful prospects of earth and sky which enframe the figures in the "Worship of Venus," the "Bacchanal," and, above all, the "Bacchus and Ariadne," to give back his impressions of Nature in those rich backgrounds of reposeful beauty which so enhance the finest of the Holy Families and Sacred Conversations.

Thus, though there cannot be claimed for Titian that universality in art and science which the lovers of Leonardo's painting must ever deplore, since it lured him into a thousand side-paths, or the vastness of scope of Michelangelo, or even the all-embracing curiosity of Albrecht Dürer, it must be seen that as a *painter* he covered more ground than any first-rate master of the sixteenth century. . . .

Other Venetians may, in one or the other way, more irresistibly enlist our sympathies, or may shine out for the moment more brilliantly in some special branch of their art; yet, after all, we find ourselves invariably comparing them to Titian, not Titian to them, taking *him* as the standard for the measurement of even his greatest contemporaries and successors. . . .

He is the greatest painter of the sixteenth century, just because, being the greatest colorist of the higher order, and in legitimate mastery of the brush second to none, he makes the worthiest use of his unrivalled accomplishment, not merely to call down the applause due to supreme pictorial skill and the victory over self-set difficulties, but, above all, to give the fullest and most legitimate expression to the subjects which he presents, and through them to himself.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS "DISCOURSE XI"

RAPHAEL and Titian are two names which stand the highest in our art,—one for drawing, the other for painting. . . . It is to Titian we must turn our eyes to find excellence with regard to color, and light and shade, in the highest degree. He was both the first and the greatest master of this art. By a few strokes he knew how to mark the general image and character of whatever object he attempted; and produced, by this alone, a truer representation than his master Giovanni Bellini, or any of his predecessors, who finished every hair. His great care was to express the general color, to preserve the masses of light and shade, and to give by opposition the idea of that solidity which is inseparable from natural objects. When those are preserved, though the work should possess no other merit, it will have in a proper place its complete effect; but where any of these are wanting, however minutely labored the picture may be in detail, the whole will have a false and even an unfinished appearance, at whatever distance, or in whatever light, it can be shown. . . . This manner was then new to the world, but that unshaken truth on which it is founded has fixed it as a model to all succeeding painters.

WILLIAM HAZLITT "CRITICISMS ON ART"

IT is the intense personal character which, I think, gives the superiority to Titian's portraits over all others, and stamps them with a living and permanent interest. Of other pictures you tire, if you have them constantly before you; of his, never. For other pictures have either an abstracted look, and you dismiss them, when you have made up your mind on the subject as a matter of criticism; or an heroic look, and you cannot be always straining your enthusiasm; or an insipid look, and you sicken of it. But whenever you turn to look at Titian's portraits, they appear to be looking at you; there seems to be some question pending between you, as though an intimate friend or inveterate foe were in the room with you; they exert a kind of fascinating power; and there is that exact resemblance of individual nature which is always new and always interesting, because you cannot carry away a mental abstraction of it, and you must recur to the object to revive it in its full force and integrity. I would as soon have Raphael's, or most other pictures, hanging up in a collection, that I might pay an occasional visit to them: Titian's are the only ones that I should wish to have hanging in the same room with me for company!

PALMA GIOVANE IN BOSCHINI'S PREFACE TO "RICCHE MINIERE"

TITIAN prepared his pictures with a solid stratum of pigment, which served as a bed or fundament upon which to return frequently. Some of these preparations were made with resolute strokes of a brush heavily laden with color, the half tints struck in with pure red earth, the lights with white, modelled into relief by touches of the same brush dipped into red, black, and yellow. In this way he would give the promise of a figure in four strokes. After laying this foundation he would turn the picture to the wall, and leave it there perhaps for months, turning it round again after a time to look at it carefully, and scan the parts as he would the face of his greatest enemy. If at this time any portion of it should appear to him to have been defective, he would set to work to correct it, applying remedies as a surgeon might apply them, cutting off excrescences here, superabundant flesh there, redressing an arm, adjusting or setting a limb, regardless of the pain which it might cause. In this way he would reduce the whole to a certain symmetry, put it aside, and return again a third or more times, till the first quintessence had been covered over with its padding of flesh. It was contrary to his habit to finish at one painting, and he used to say that a poet who improvises cannot hope to form pure verses. But of "condiments" in the shape of last retouches he was particularly fond. Now and then he would model the light into half tint with a rub of his finger; or with a touch of his thumb he would dab a spot of dark pigment into some corner to strengthen it; or throw in a reddish stroke — a tear of blood, so to speak — to break the parts superficially. In fact, when finishing he painted much more with his fingers than with his brush.

JOHN RUSKIN "THE TWO PATHS"

WHEN Titian looks at a human being he sees at a glance the whole of its nature, outside and in; all that it has of form, of color, of passion, or of thought; saintliness and loveliness; fleshly body and spiritual power; grace, or strength, or softness, or whatsoever other quality, he will see to the full, and so paint, that, when narrower people come to look at what he has done, every one may, if he chooses, find his own special pleasure in the work. The sensualist will find sensuality in Titian; the thinker will find thought; the saint, sanctity; the colorist, color; the anatomist, form; and yet the picture will never be a popular one in the full sense, for none of these narrower people will find their special taste so alone consulted, as that the qualities which would ensure their gratification shall be sifted or separated from others; they are checked by the presence of the other qualities which ensure the gratification of other men. Thus, Titian is not soft enough for the sensualist,— Correggio suits him better; Titian is not defined enough for the formalist,— Leonardo suits him better; Titian is not pure enough for the religionist,— Raphael suits him better; Titian is not polite enough for the man of the world,— Van Dyke suits him better; Titian is not forcible enough for the lover of the picturesque,— Rembrandt suits him better. All are great men, but of inferior stamp, and therefore Van Dyke is popular, and Rembrandt is popular, but nobody cares much at heart about Titian; only there is a strange under-current of everlasting murmur about his name which means the deep consent of all great men that he is greater than they — the consent of those who, having sat long enough at his feet, have found in that restrained harmony of his strength there are indeed depths of each balanced power more wonderful than those separate manifestations in inferior painters: that there is a softness more exquisite than Correggio's, a purity loftier than Leonardo's, a force mightier than Rembrandt's, a sanctity more solemn even than Raphael's. . . .

There are three Venetians that are never separated in my mind — Titian, Veronese, and Tintoret. They all have their own unequalled gifts, and Tintoret especially has imagination and depth of soul which I think renders him indisputably the greatest *man;* but, equally indisputably, Titian is the greatest painter; and therefore the greatest painter who ever lived.

The Venetian School of Painting

1350 TO 1800

JOHN C. VAN DYKE "HISTORY OF PAINTING"

PAINTING began at Venice with the fabrication of mosaics and ornamental altar-pieces of rich gold stucco-work. The "Greek manner" — that is, the Byzantine — was practised early in the fifteenth century, but instead of lingering for a hundred years, as at Florence, it died a natural death in the first half of the fifteenth century. . . .

Venetian art practically dates from the Bellinis. Jacopo Bellini was a painter of considerable rank. His son Gentile Bellini was likewise a painter of ability, but the younger son, Giovanni Bellini, was the greatest of the family, and the true founder of the Venetian school.

But it was with the Venetian painters of the sixteenth century that a new art-motive was finally and fully adopted. This art-motive was not religion. For though the religious subject was still largely used, the religious or pietistic belief was not with the Venetians. It was not a classic, antique, realistic, or naturalistic motive. The Venetians were interested in all phases of nature, and students of nature, but they were not students of truth for truth's sake. What they sought primarily was the light and shade on a nude shoulder, the delicate contours of a form, the flow and fall of silk or brocade, the richness of a robe, a scheme of color or of light, the character of a face, the majesty of a figure. They were seeking effects of line, light, color — mere sensuous and pictorial effects, in which religion and classicism played secondary parts. They believed in art for art's sake; that painting was a creation, not an illustration; that it should exist by its pictorial beauties, not by its subject or story. . . . The Venetian conception was less austere, grand, intellectual, than pictorial, sensuous, concerning the beautiful as it appealed to the eye. And this was not a slight or unworthy conception. True, it dealt with the fulness of material life, but material life regarded as it was by the Venetians — a thing full-rounded, complete, harmonious, splendid — became a great ideal of existence.

In technical expression color was the note of all the school, with hardly an exception. This in itself would seem to imply a lightness of spirit, for color is associated in the popular mind with decorative gayety; but nothing could be further removed from the Venetian school than triviality. Color was taken up with the greatest seriousness, and handled in such masses and with such dignified power that while it pleased it also awed the spectator.

The most positive in influence upon his contemporaries of all the great Venetians was Giorgione. Technically he adopted the oil medium brought to Venice from Flanders by Antonello da Messina. Of light-and-shade he was a master, and in atmosphere excellent. He, in common with all the Venetians, is sometimes said to be lacking in drawing. The Venetians never cared to accent line, choosing rather to model in masses of light and shadow and color. Giorgione was a superior man with the brush, but not quite equal to his contemporary Titian — the painter easily first in the whole range of Italian art; in himself an epitome of all the excellencies of painting — the sum of Venetian skill, the crowning genius of Renaissance art. After the death of Giorgione, and his master, Bellini, Titian was the leader in Venice to the end of his long life, and though having few scholars of importance, his influence was spread through all North Italian painting. . . .

The restfulness and easy strength of Titian were not characteristics of his follower Tintoretto. It was Tintoretto's aim to combine the line of Michelangelo and the color of Titian; but without reaching up to either of his models he produced a powerful amalgam of his own. . . .

Paolo Veronese, the fourth great Venetian, came on the very crest of the Renaissance wave, when art, risen to its greatest height, was gleaming in that transparent splendor that precedes the fall. The decadence came after Paolo, but not with him. His art was the most gorgeous of the Venetian school. Those who came after brought about the decline by striving to imitate his splendor, and thereby falling into extravagance. . . .

These are the four great Venetians — the men of first rank. Beside them and around them were many other painters, placed in the second rank, who in any other time or city would have had first place.

MEMBERS OF THE VENETIAN SCHOOL

NICCOLO SEMITECOLO, flourished 1351–1400 — Lorenzo Veneziano, flourished 1357–79 — Stefano Veneziano, flourished 1369–81 — Jacobello del Fiore, flourished 1400–39 — Johannes Alemannus, flourished 1440 *sq.* — Jacopo Bellini, 1400?–1464 — Gentile Bellini, 1426?–1507 — Giovanni Bellini, 1428?–1516 — Giovanni Vivarini of Murano, flourished 1440–47 — Antonio Vivarini, flourished 1440–70 — Bartolomeo Vivarini, flourished 1459–98 — Alvise Vivarini, flourished 1464–1503 — Antonello da Messina, about 1444 to about 1493 — Carlo Crivelli, flourished 1468 to after 1500 — Mansueti, flourished 1494–1500 — Vittore Carpaccio, about 1450 to after 1522 — Marco Marziale, flourished 1492–1507 — Marco Basaiti, flourished 1470–1520 — Francesco Torbido (Moro), 1486–1546 — Vicenzo Catena, flourished 1495, died after 1531 — Cima da Conegliano, flourished 1489–1517 — Macrino d'Alba, flourished 1496–1508 — Bartolomeo Veneziano, flourished about 1505–30 — Marco Belli, flourished 1511 — Francesco Bissolo, flourished 1500–28 — Pellegrino da San Daniele, about 1465–1547 — Andrea Previtali, flourished 1506, died 1528 — Lorenzo Lotto, about 1476–1555 — Giorgio Barbarelli (Giorgione), 1477–1511 — Tiziano Vecellio, 1477–1576 — Jacopo Palma (Vecchio), 1480–1528 — Giov. Ant. Licinio (Pordenone), 1483–1539 — Sebastiano Luciani (Del Piombo), 1485–1547 — Girolamo da Treviso, 1497–1544 — Bonifacio (Bonifacio of Verona, died 1540, another Veronese Bonifacio, died 1553 a Venetian, painting after 1579) — Girolamo da Santacroce, flourished 1520–48 — Paris Bordone, 1500–71 — Jacopo da Ponte (Bassano), 1510–92 — Jacopo Robusti (Tintoretto), 1512–94 — Bernardino da Pordenone, 1520–70 — Andrea Schiavone, 1522–82 — Paolo Cagliari (Veronese), 1528–88 — Battista Zelotti, about 1532–92 — Jacopo Palma (Giovane), 1544–1628 — Alessandro Varotari (Padovanino), 1590–1650 — Sebastiano Ricci, 1660–1734 — Giov. Batt. Tiepolo, 1696–1770 — Antonio Canale (Canaletto), 1697–1768 — Francesco Zuccherelli, 1702–93 — Francesco Guardi, 1712–93 — Bernardo Bellotto, 1720–80.

The Works of Titian

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

"THE ASSUMPTION" ACADEMY: VENICE

THIS masterpiece of Titian's was originally painted for the high altar of the Church of the Frari, Venice, and in the Academy where it now hangs, is seen somewhat at a disadvantage. The colors, which were intended for the semi-darkness of a church, appear violent, and both outline and foreshortening suffer by being forced into view. It is, nevertheless, one of the most grandly impressive of the world's great pictures. "Venetian art," says Taine, "centres in this work, and perhaps reaches its climax."

"In 'The Assumption' the Virgin soars heavenward," writes Bernhard Berenson, "not helpless in the arms of angels, but borne up by the fulness of life within her, and by the feeling that the universe is naturally her own, and that nothing can check her course. The angels seem to be there only to sing the victory of a human being over his environment. They are embodied joys, acting on our nerves like the rapturous outburst of the orchestra at the end of 'Parsifal.'"

"ALFONSO OF FERRARA AND LAURA DIANTI" LOUVRE: PARIS

LAURA DIANTI, the daughter of a poor citizen of Ferrara, became the wife of Duke Alfonso I. It is thought that it is she who is here represented, standing behind a stone table arranging her hair. In the darkness of the background a man, who, from his resemblance to Titian's portrait of Alfonso of Ferrara, is supposed to be the Duke, holds with one hand a round mirror, the reflection of which is caught by a square one held in the other. The girl as she bends towards this mirror twists her long unbound hair of rippling gold. The prevailing colors in the picture are dark blue, myrtle green, and white. Hazlitt calls the work "a paragon of frank, cordial grace, and transparent brilliancy of coloring."

"MADONNA WITH FOUR SAINTS" ROYAL GALLERY: DRESDEN

"THE Madonna and Child with Four Saints" is an early work of Titian's, which, in spite of injury due to restoring, is still, as Morelli says, "a miracle of glowing color." The half-length figures are of life size. St. John the Baptist stands on the left of the Virgin, who presents the Infant Jesus to the adoration of St. Paul, St. Jerome, and the Magdalen. The latter, seen in profile, is richly dressed in white and green. Behind her is St. Jerome in red, with a crucifix in his hand. St. Paul stands farther back in the shadow.

"THE MAN WITH THE GLOVE" LOUVRE: PARIS

"THE Man with the Glove" is a portrait of an unknown personage. It formerly belonged to Louis the Fourteenth, and is now in the Louvre, Paris. According to Crowe and Cavalcaselle it was painted in Titian's middle period. W. M. Rossetti speaks of it as "the *ne plus ultra* of portraiture."

"SACRED AND PROFANE LOVE" BORGHESE GALLERY: ROME

THE picture known by the rather vague name of "Sacred and Profane Love" has long been regarded as purely an exquisite allegorical romance. Herr Franz Wickhoff, however, in the *Jahrbuch der Preussischen Kunstsammlungen* (1895) advances the theory, which he supports by strong arguments, that this picture illustrates an incident in the seventh book of the "Argonautica" of Valerius Flaccus, the Latin poet, where it is related that Medea the enchantress, daughter of Aeëtes, King of Colchis, unwilling to yield to her love for the Greek Jason, is visited by Venus, who pleads for the lover, and endeavors to persuade Medea to follow her to the wood where Jason is waiting. Titian has represented this scene as taking place in the open air. The dawn is just breaking, and rosy streaks appear on the horizon. A young woman richly dressed is seated on one side of the basin of a fountain, on the edge of which she has placed a costly casket. Her right hand is in her lap, and holds a bunch of magic herbs. "Deeply moved, she gazes fixedly before her," says Herr Wickhoff, "lending ear the while to the persuasive voice of another woman seated near. The form of this woman, around which flutters a red mantle, is of a marvellous beauty. She rests her right hand upon the fountain's edge, and with her left holds on high a vase from which issues a light smoke. Between the two women the god of Love is plashing in the water with his little hands."

Herr Wickhoff goes on to say that in the beautiful nude figure Venus is easily recognized, even were her son not there to indicate her presence. The woman to whom she speaks, and who though unwilling to yield blindly, still feels herself drawn by an irresistible power, is Medea, who betrayed the King, her father, and followed Jason, the stranger and enemy of her people.

"THE ENTOMBMENT" LOUVRE: PARIS

"THE Entombment" ranks as one of the grandest and most completely artistic pictures in the world. We see the body of Christ borne to the grave by Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, the former with his back to the spectator, the latter swaying the body towards the tomb. Between them is St. John the Evangelist. The Virgin and Mary Magdalen, whose yellow dress and flowing hair are stirred by the breeze, stand on the left. The head and shoulders of the Saviour are in shadow, but the lower part of the body, the white cloth as well as the faces of Joseph and John and of the two women, are illumined by a lurid light that breaks through a rift in the heavens. Darkness envelops the trees on the right, near which is the open sepulchre.

In richness of color, in line and concentration, the composition is especially fine. "To the study of this picture," says Kugler, "may be traced some of Van Dyck's highest inspirations."

"THE MADONNA WITH THE CHERRIES" IMPERIAL GALLERY: VIENNA

THIS early work of Titian's represents the Virgin with Christ and the boy Baptist between St. Joseph on the left and St. Zacharias on the right. The Infant Christ holds a bunch of cherries with both hands, while the Virgin, with an expression of infinite tenderness, looks into his face. Behind her is a red-and-gold embroidered cloth, and blue sky forms the background for the heads of the two Saints. It has been said that although Titian painted other pictures more important in size or in number of figures, none displays a tone "so lovely in its golden richness," or is more perfect, than this "Madonna with the Cherries."

"MADONNA OF THE PESARO FAMILY" CHURCH OF THE FRARI: VENICE

"THE Madonna of the Pesaro Family" was ordered by Jacopo Pesaro, titular Bishop of Paphos, to commemorate his victory over the Turks. The picture still stands as originally placed, on an altar of the Church of the Frari in Venice.

"Seven years elapsed," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "before Titian brought this miracle of skill to completion; but in those seven years he also brought to perfection the last and finest of all forms of presentation pictures, the noblest combination of the homely and devotional with palatial architecture—the most splendid and solemn union of the laws of composition and color with magic light and shade. . . . St. Peter, St. Francis, and St. Anthony of Padua implore the intercession of the Virgin in favor of the members of the Pesaro family. The Virgin sits on her throne, bending down in a graceful, kindly way, and directs her glance towards the kneeling Bishop, her white veil falling over one shoulder, but caught on the other by the Infant Christ, who peeps with delightful glee from beneath it at St. Francis, behind whom, in the background, is St. Anthony of Padua. To the left front of the throne St. Peter at a desk interrupts his reading, as he turns to look down at the Bishop, who kneels in prayer on the floor below. An armed knight with the standard of the church unfurled and a captive Turk bound by a rope symbolizes the victory of the Pesari. Near the Infant Christ on the right, St. Francis ecstatically looks up, and showing the marks of the stigmata in both hands, points at the same time downwards to Benedetto Pesaro, who kneels with the members of his family on the floor behind him. High up on a spray of clouds, two angels playfully sport with the cross. The light falls on the clouds, illumines the sky between the pillars, and sheds a clear glow on the angels, casting its brightest ray on the Madonna and the body of the Infant Christ. . . . To the various harmonizing elements of hue, of light and of shade, that of color superadded brings the picture to perfection — a sublime unity that shows the master who created it to have reached a point in art unsurpassed till now, and unattainable to those who came after him."

"TITIAN'S DAUGHTER, LAVINIA" BERLIN GALLERY

TITIAN many times painted his daughter, Lavinia,—"the person dearest to him in all the world." Two portraits of her are to be found in Dresden; one as a youthful bride, the other as a matron. In Madrid she is represented as Salome, carrying the head of John the Baptist on a charger. In Earl Cowper's collection (London) she holds aloft a casket of jewels. The last two are in a great measure repetitions of the canvas in Berlin, where she raises with both hands to the level of her forehead a silver dish of fruit and flowers. In this picture she is dressed in yellowish silk. Her auburn hair is brushed off the temples and held by a jewelled diadem, and around her neck is a string of pearls. "Fully in keeping," say Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "with the idea that Titian had before him the image of his child, is the natural and unconstrained movement, the open face and modest look."

The picture has suffered from varnish and retouching, but, to quote again from the above-named authorities, "this is in the main a grand creation of Titian's."

"CHARLES V. ON HORSEBACK" PRADO GALLERY: MADRID

"THE Portrait of the Emperor Charles V.," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "was safely taken to Spain, and subsequently rescued from the fire of the Palace of Pardo, and now hangs in the gallery of Madrid. Coinciding in every respect with the descriptions of contemporary historians, it represents the Emperor, cantering — large as life — on a brown charger, towards the Elbe, which runs to the right, reflecting the dull light of a grey sky, remnant of the fog which at early morn overhung the field of Mühlberg. Tall forest trees form a dark background to the left. The brightest light catches the face, the white collar and gorget, and the polished surface of the armor. The black eye and bent nose, the pale skin, dark moustache, and short grey beard are well given; and the features, though blanched and sallow, show the momentary gleam of fire which then animated the worn frame of the Kaiser. That Charles was not distinguished by grandeur or majesty of shape is very evident; nor has Titian tried to falsify nature by importing flattery into the portrait; but the seat of the Emperor is natural and good, his movement is correct. The horse is also true; and we pass over defects of hip and leg to dwell with the more pleasure on the character and expression of the countenance."

A LIST OF TITIAN'S PAINTINGS, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ANCONA Museum: Crucifixion — Ancona, S. Domenico: Madonna with Saints and Donor — Antwerp Museum: Alexander VI. Presenting Baffo to St. Peter — Berlin Gallery: Infant Daughter of Roberto Strozzi; Portrait of Titian (Page 20); The Artist's Daughter, Lavinia (Plate IX) — Boston, U. S. A., Mrs. J. L. Gardner: The Rape of Europa — Brescia, Church of S. Nazaro e Celso: Altar-Piece — Cobham Hall, Lord Darnley's Collection: Portrait of Ariosto — Dresden, Royal Gallery: Madonna with Four Saints (Plate III); Tribute Money; Lavinia as Bride; Lavinia as Matron; Portrait of a Man; Lady with a Vase; Lady in Red Dress — Florence, Pitti Palace: "La Bella;" Pietro Aretino; Magdalen; Portrait of Young Man; Philip II.; Ippolito de Medici; Full-length Portrait of a Man; Head of Christ; "Tommaso Mosti" — Florence, Uffizi Gallery: Eleanora Gonzaga, Duchess of Urbino; Flora; Madonna with St. Antony Abbot; Fr. Maria della Rovere, Duke of Urbino; Venus (*bis*); Portrait of Beccadelli — Genoa, Balbi-Senarega: Madonna with Saints and a Donor — Hampton Court: Portrait of Man; Portrait of Man — London, National Gallery: Holy Family and Shepherd; Bacchus and Ariadne; "Noli me Tangere;" Madonna with SS. John and Catherine — London, Bridgewater House: Holy Family; "The Three Ages;" Venus Rising from the Sea; Diana and Actæon; Calisto — Madrid, The Prado: Madonna with Two Saints; Bacchanal; Venus Worship; Alfonso of Ferrara; Charles V. and his Dog; Philip II. in Armor; The Forbidden Fruit; Charles V. on Horseback (Plate X); Danaë; Venus, and Youth Playing Organ; Salome; Trinity; Knight of Malta; Entombment; Sisyphus; Prometheus; St. Margaret; Philip II. Offering Infant Don Fernando to Victory; Allocution of Alfonso d'Avalos; Religion Succored by Spain; Portrait of Titian; Portrait of Man; The Empress Isabel — Maniago: Portraits of Irene and of Emilia di Spilimbergo — Medole, Cathedral: Christ Appearing to His Mother — Milan, Brera Gallery: St. Jerome; Antonio Porcia — Munich Gallery: Vanitas; Portrait of Man; Portrait of Charles V.; Madonna; Christ Crowned with Thorns — Naples Museum: Danaë; Philip II.; Paul III., Ottaviano and Cardinal Farnese — Padua, Scuola del Santo (Frescos): St. Anthony Granting Speech to an Infant; The Youth Who Cut Off His Own Leg; The Jealous Husband — Paris, Louvre: Madonna with Three Saints; The Virgin with the Rabbit; Madonna with St. Agnes; Christ at Emmaus; Crowning with Thorns; St. Jerome; Entombment (Plate VI); "Venus del Prado;" Portrait of Francis I.; Allegory; "Alfonso of Ferrara and Laura Dianti" (Plate II); Portrait of Man; "The Man with the Glove" (Plate IV); Portrait of Man with Beard — Rome, Villa Borghese: Sacred and Profane Love (Plate V) — Rome, Capitol: Baptism, with Zuane Ram as Donor — Rome, Doria Gallery: Daughter of Herodias — Rome, Vatican: Madonna in Glory with Six Saints — Rome, Prince Chigi Collection: Portrait of Aretino — Serravalle, Cathedral: Madonna in Glory — St. Petersburg, Hermitage Gallery: Cardinal Antonio Pallavicini; Christ Crowned with Thorns; Christ in Benediction; The Virgin, Infant Christ, and Kneeling Magdalen — Treviso, Cathedral: Annunciation — Urbino: The Resurrection; Last Supper — Venice, Academy: Presentation of the Virgin; Assumption (Plate I); St. John in the Desert; Pietà — Venice, Ducal Palace: St. Christopher (Fresco); Doge Grimani — Venice, Royal Palace: Wisdom (Fresco) — Venice, Frari: Madonna of the Pesaro Family (Plate VIII) — Venice, Gesuite: Martyrdom of St. Lawrence — Venice, S. Giovanni Elemosinario: St. John the Almsgiver — Venice, S. Lio: St. James of Compostella — Venice, S. Marcuolo: Christ Child between Saints — Venice, Scuola di S. Rocco: Annunciation — Venice, Salute: Descent of Holy Spirit; Eight Medallions on Ceiling of Choir. Sacristy: St. Mark between SS. Roch, Sebastian, Cosmos, and Damian. Ceiling: David and Goliath; Sacrifice of Isaac; Cain Slaying Abel — Venice, S. Salvatore: Annunciation; Transfiguration — Venice, S. Sebastiano: St. Nicholas of Bari (in part) — Verona, Cathedral: Assumption of Virgin; Portrait of Ferdinand, King of the Romans — Vienna, Imperial Gallery: "Gipsy Madonna;" "Madonna with the Cherries" (Plate VII); The

Large Ecce Homo; "The Little Tambourine Player;" Isabella d'Este; Girl in Fur; Benedetto Varchi; The Physician Parma; John Frederick of Saxony; Jacopo di Strada; Shepherd and Nymph — Vienna, Czernin: Portrait of Doge Gritti — Windsor, Royal Gallery: Titian and Andrea Franchesini; Portrait of Perrenot de Granvelle.

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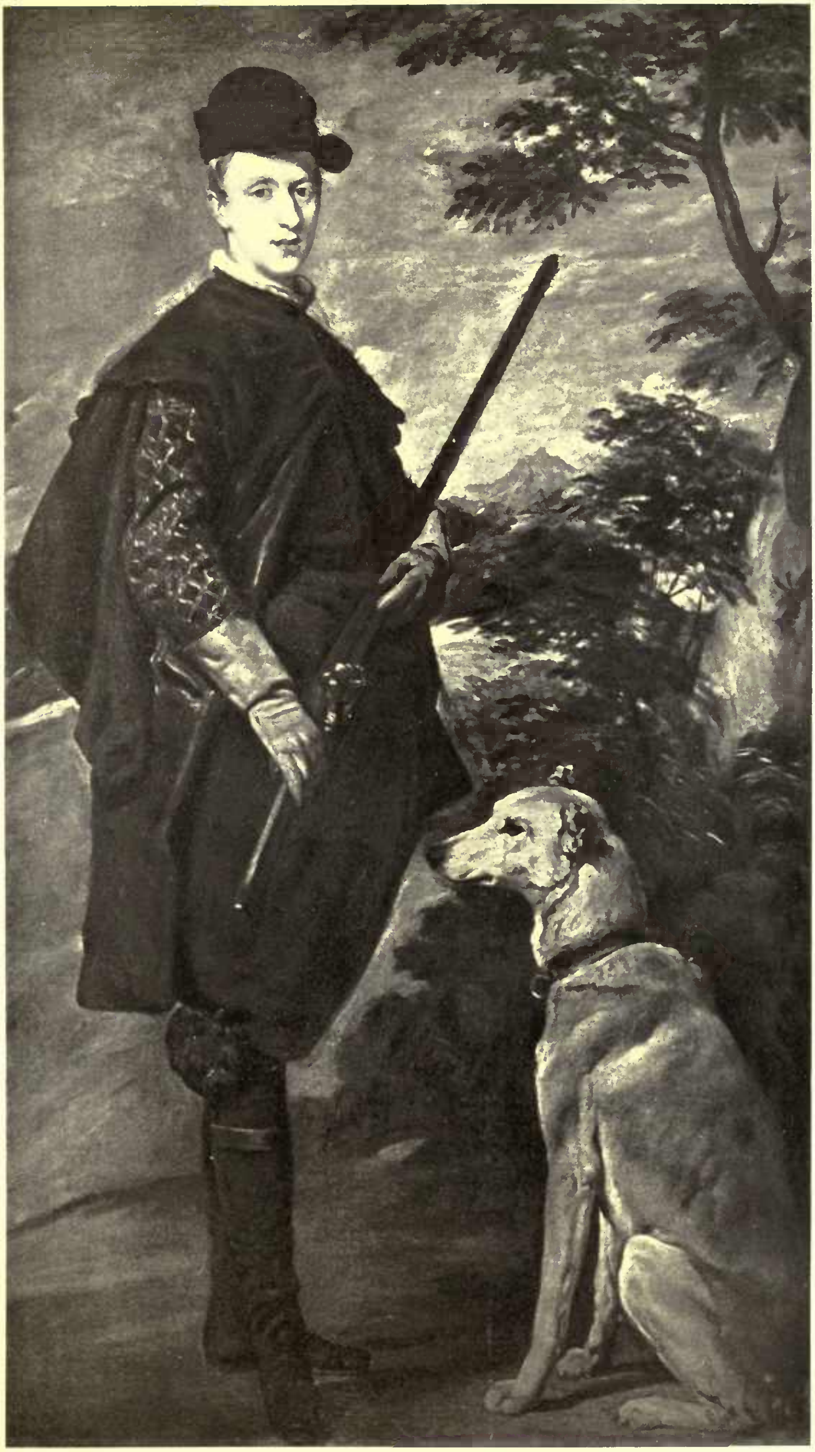
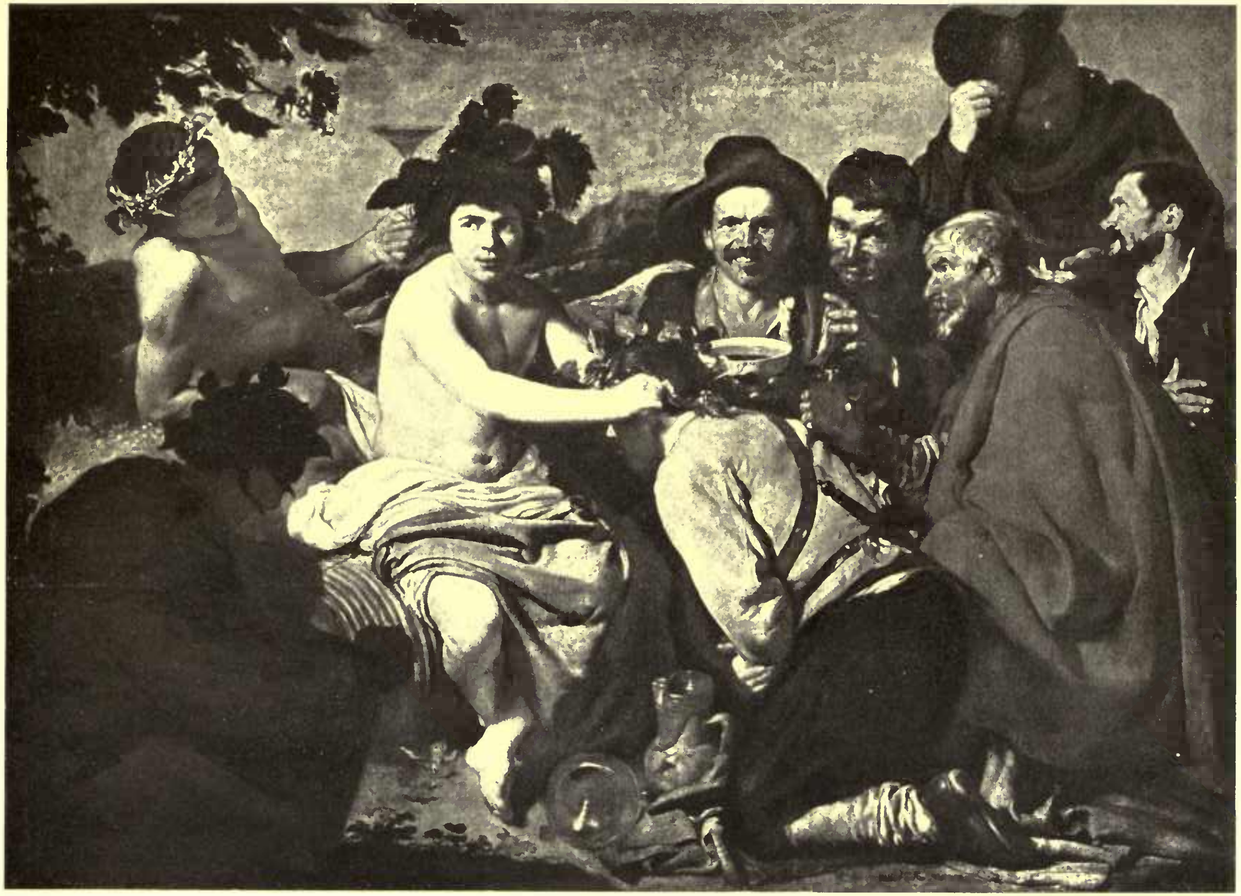
Velasquez

SPANISH SCHOOL



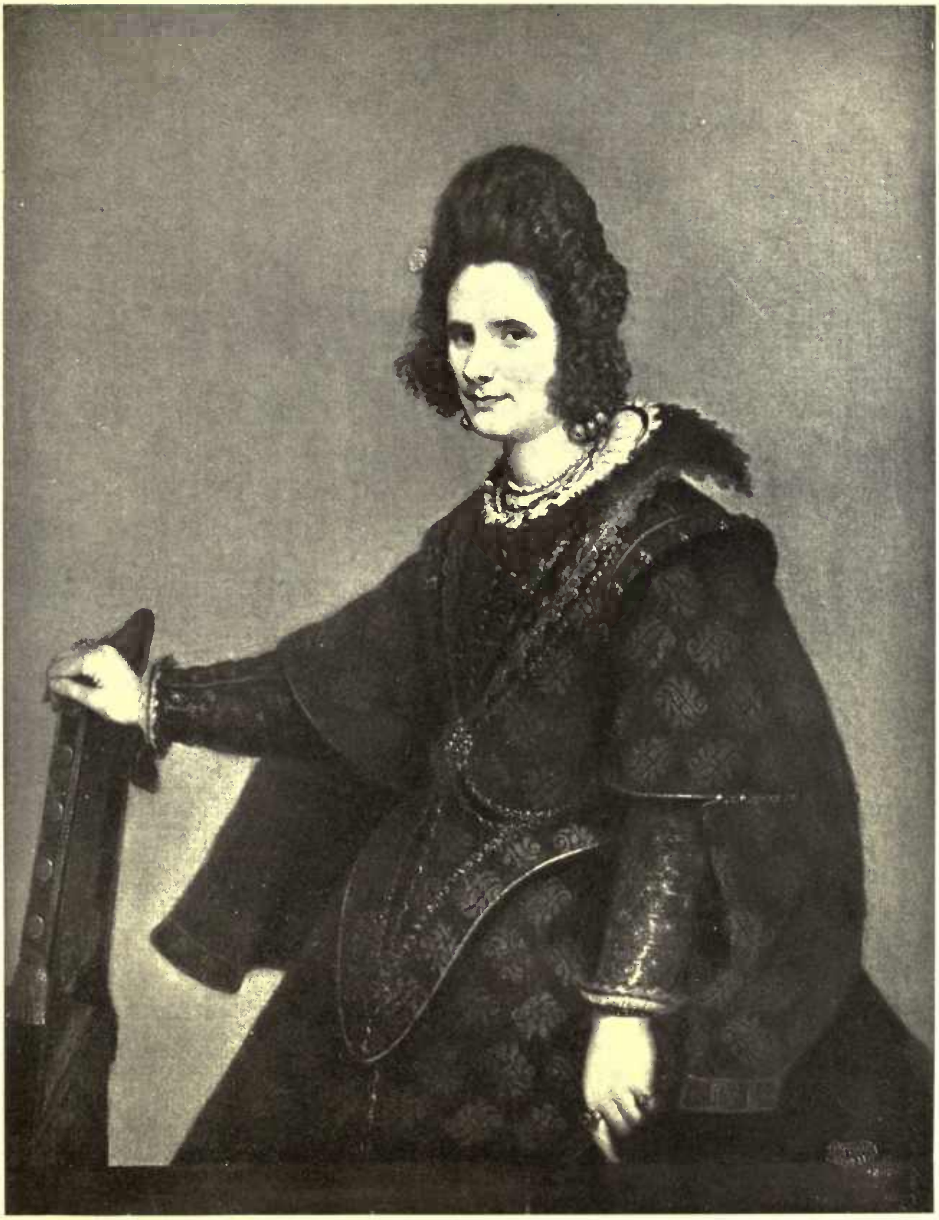
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE I.

VELASQUEZ
DON FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA
PRADO, MADRID

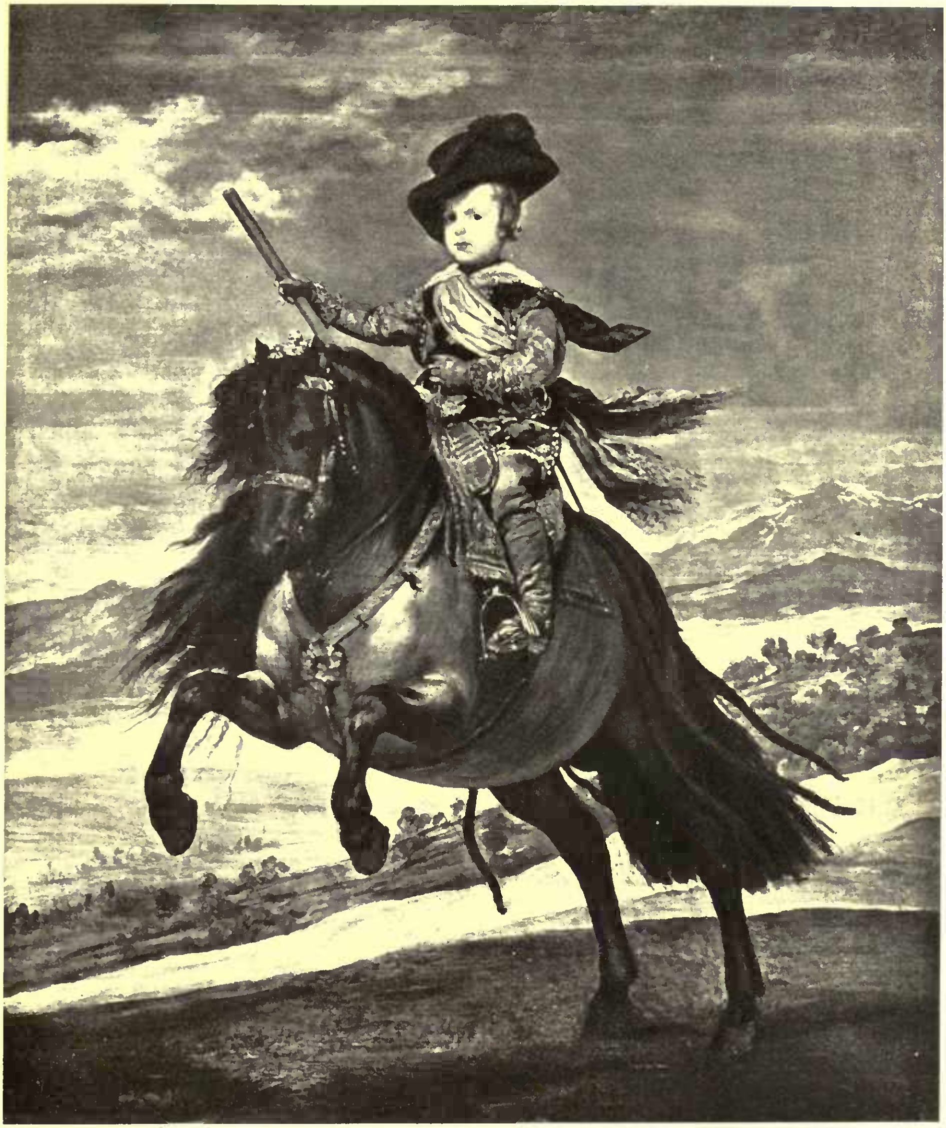


MASTERS IN ART. PLATE II.

VELASQUEZ
THE TOPERS
PRADO, MADRID

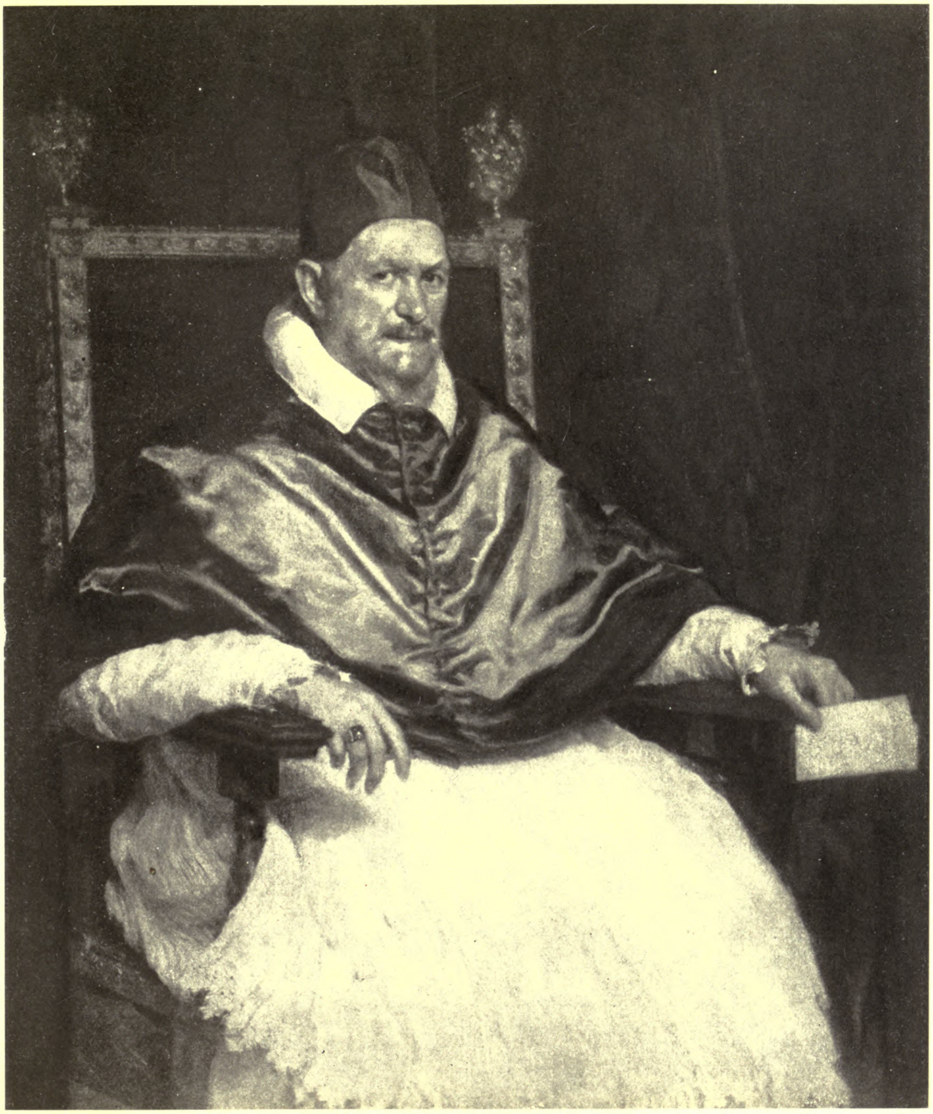


VELASQUEZ
JUANA DE MIRANDA
BERLIN GALLERY

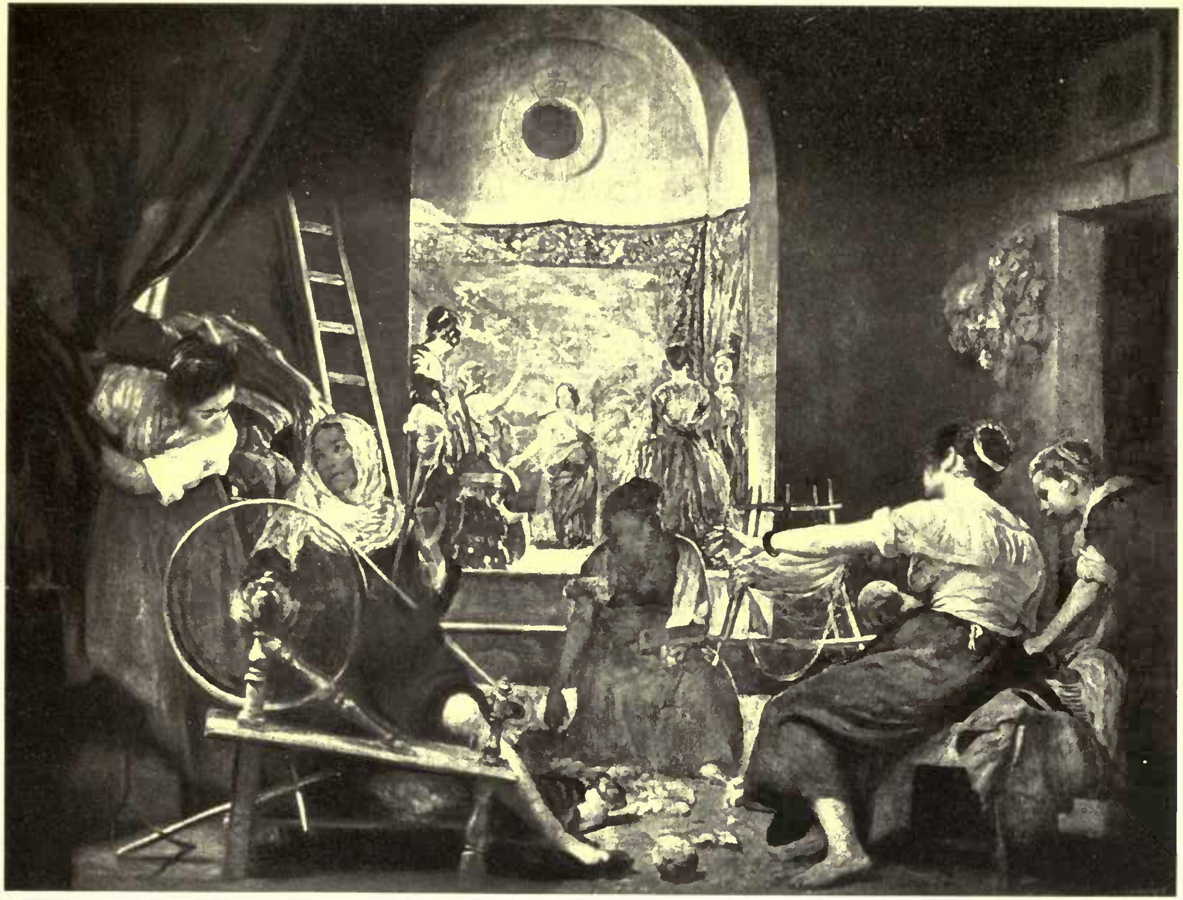


MASTERS IN ART. PLATE IV.

VELASQUEZ
DON BALTASAR CARLOS ON HORSEBACK
PRADO, MADRID

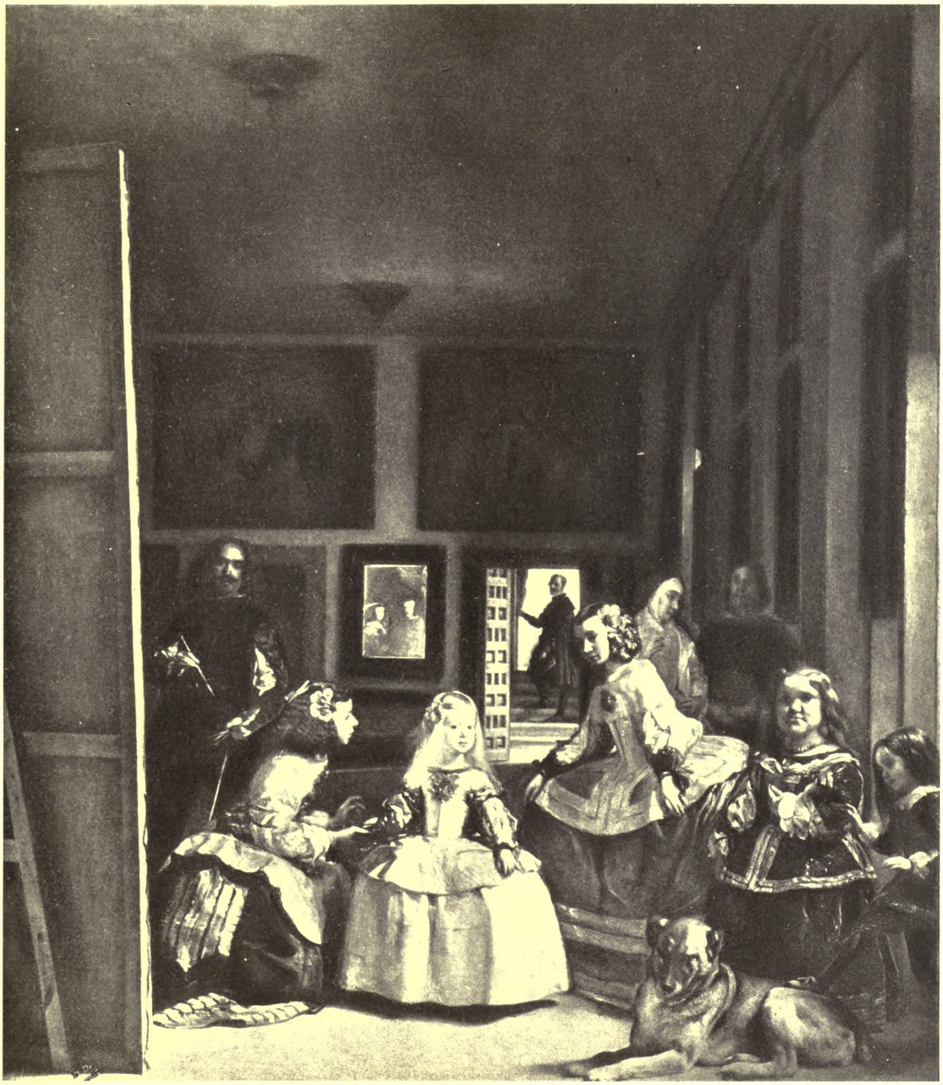


VELASQUEZ
POPE INNOCENT X.
DORIA GALLERY, ROME

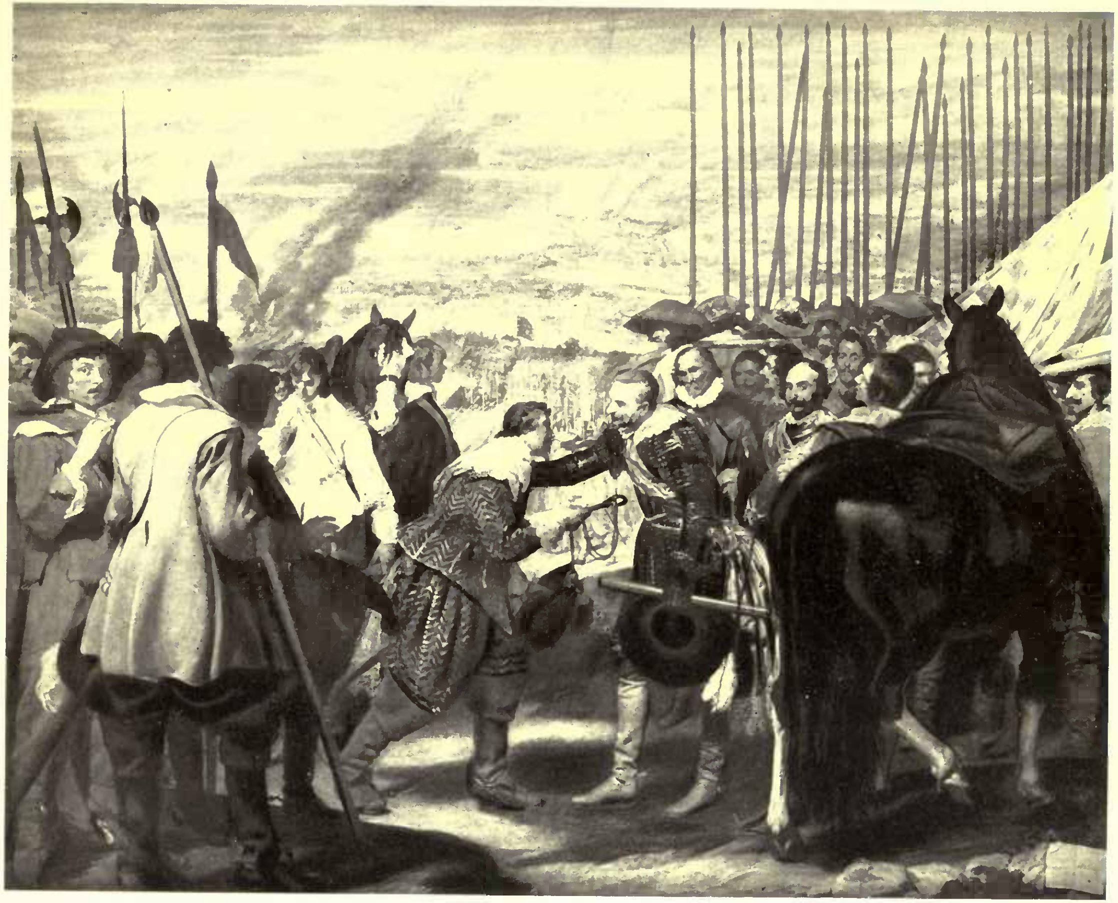


MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VI.

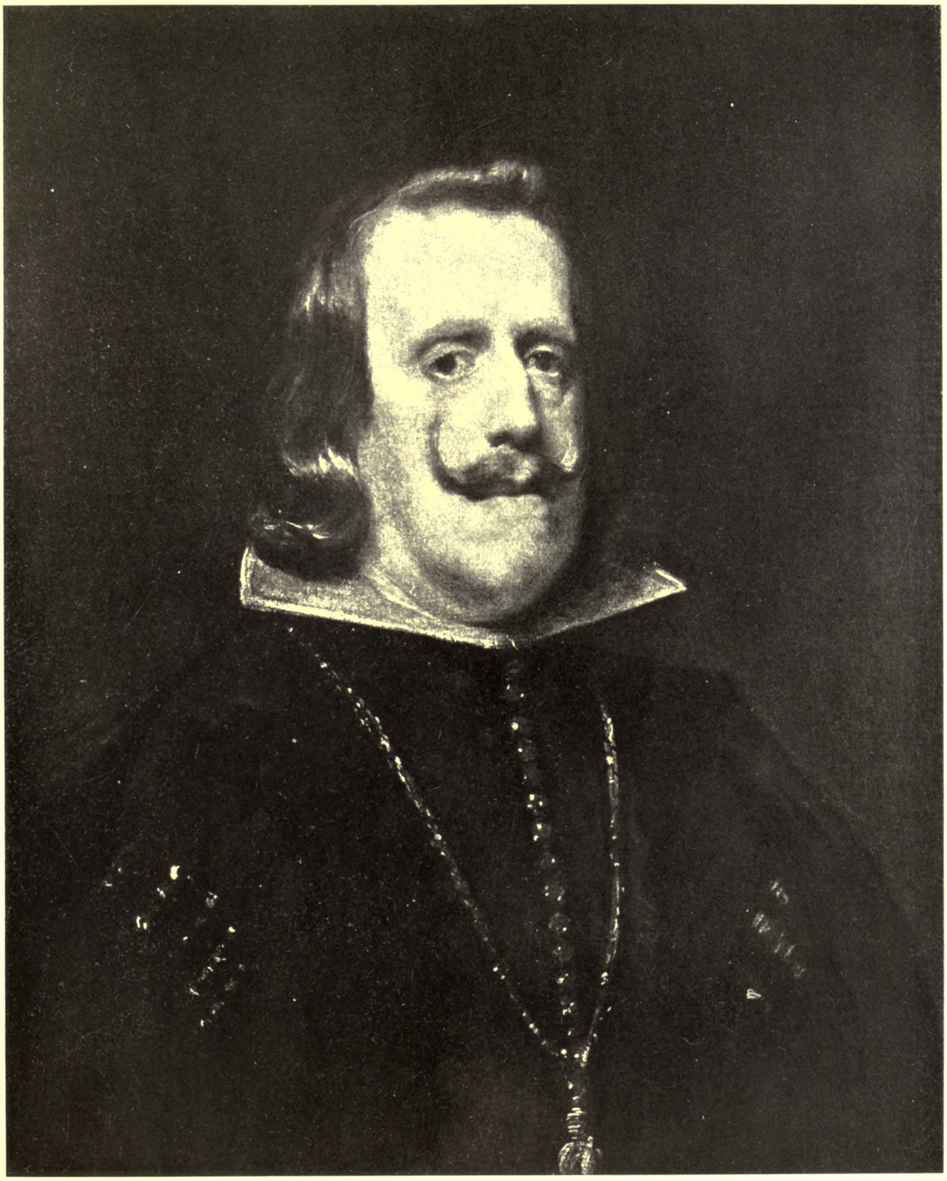
VELASQUEZ
THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS
PRADO, MADRID



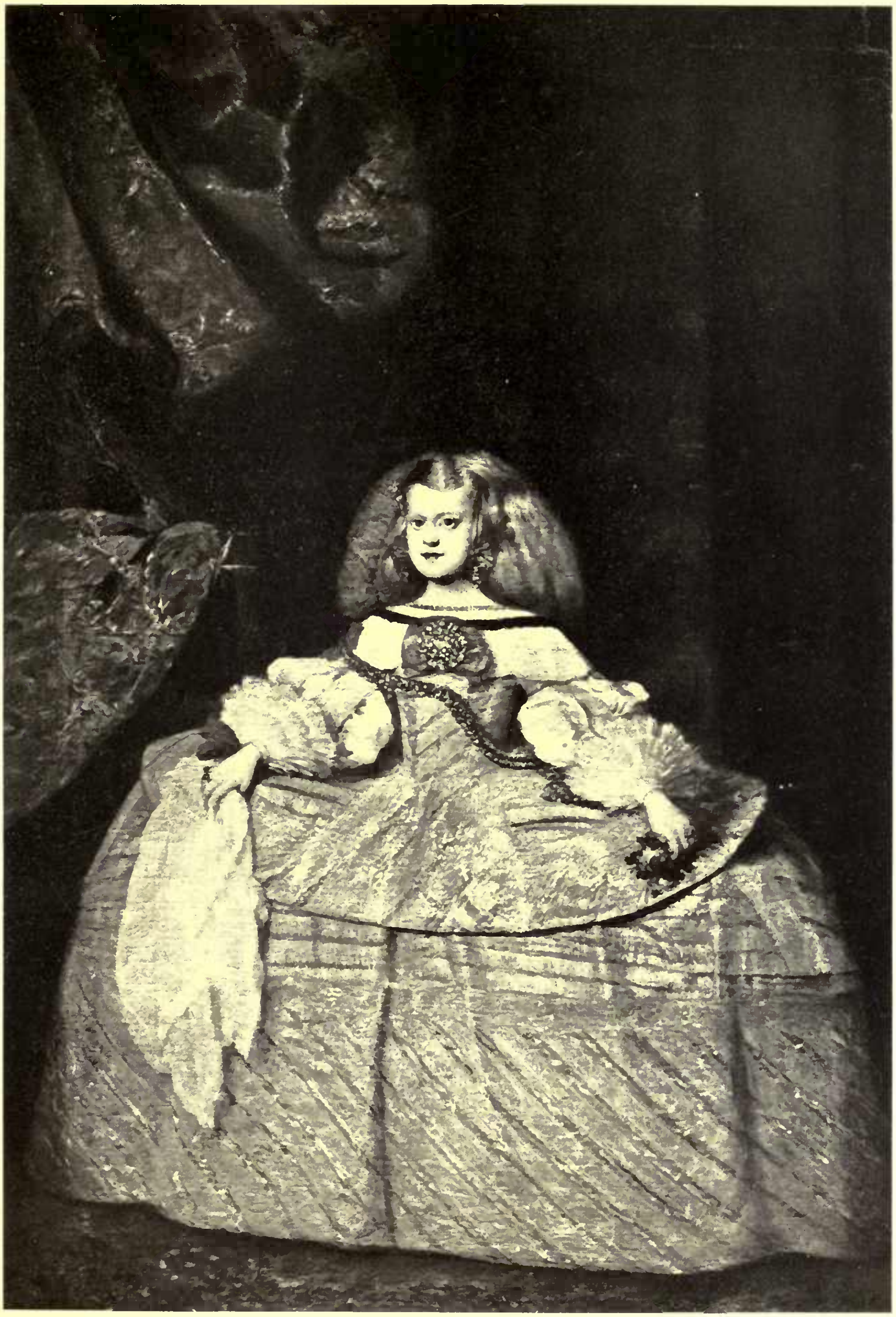
VELASQUEZ
THE MAIDS OF HONOR
PRADO, MADRID



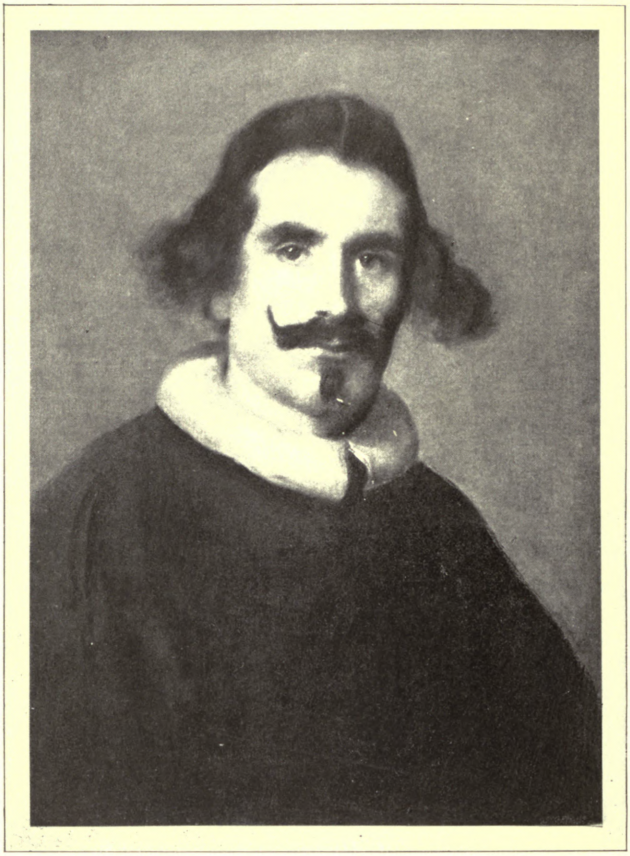
VELASQUEZ
SURRENDER OF BREDA
PRADO, MADRID



VELASQUEZ
PHILIP IV.
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



VELASQUEZ
THE INFANTA MARIA THERESA
PRADO, MADRID



PORTRAIT OF VELASQUEZ BY HIMSELF

The likeness here reproduced is supposed to be the original sketch for a portrait which Pacheco credits Velasquez as having painted while in Rome in 1630. The artist is dressed in black, his complexion is pale, his hair dark and thick. The face, decidedly Spanish in its type, is expressive and sympathetic. It represents him at about the age of thirty-one. The portrait hangs in the Capitoline Gallery, Rome.

Diego Rodriguez de Silva Velasquez

BORN 1599: DIED 1660
SPANISH SCHOOL

"EDINBURGH REVIEW" VOL. 171

DIEGO RODRIGUEZ DE SILVA VELASQUEZ (pronounced Vay-lahs-keth) was born at Seville on or about June 6, 1599—in the same year as Van Dyck, and six years before his royal master and patron, Philip IV. of Spain. His father, Juan Rodriguez de Silva, was of ancient Portuguese lineage, and his mother, Doña Geronima Velasquez, belonged to a good stock of Seville, both families ranking as Sevillan *hidalgos* or members of the inferior nobility. According to an Andalusian custom, the name by which he is commonly known is that of his mother.

Velasquez's first teacher in art was the terrible Francisco de Herrera, an erratic but unquestionably gifted precursor of Spanish realism, from whose ungenial studio he soon proceeded to that of Francisco Pacheco. Here he studied for fully five years, and, at the end of that time, in 1618, married Pacheco's daughter, Juana de Miranda, of which event the elder master gives the following naïve description: "After five years of education and training, I married him to my daughter, induced by his youth, integrity, and good qualities, and the prospects of his great natural genius." . . .

It is quite possible that having shown thus early—for he was at the date of his marriage only in his nineteenth year—a calm, equable temperament hardly consistent with vast and ambitious designs, he might have been well content to settle down to the uneventful career and the moderate gains of a provincial artist. On March 31, 1621, there occurred, however, quite unexpectedly, an event which agreeably excited and perturbed all who had formed projects of advancement or change. This was the sudden death of Philip III., and the consequent accession to the throne of Philip IV., then a boy in his fifteenth year, of whose abilities a high estimate had already been formed, and who had for this reason been jealously excluded from all participation in State affairs. . . .

When Velasquez undertook his first journey to Madrid in search of more rapid advancement, his father-in-law, Pacheco, gave him introductions to important Sevillans attached to the court, but these efforts led to no result, for no introduction to the young king was on this occasion brought about. In the spring of 1623, however, came a letter from his friend Don Juan de Fonseca y Figueroa, inviting him, at the request of the all-powerful Minister Olivares, to return to Madrid, and granting a sum of fifty ducats for travelling expenses.

Velasquez made his *début*, or rather his *rentrée*, with a portrait of Fonseca, which, being carried to the palace, met with such recognition that it was forthwith declared that he should paint Don Ferdinand, the king's brother, and then on further consideration, that he should commence with the king himself; and to the magic of Velasquez's brush it is due that Philip's memory has not become as dim, as faint in outline, as that of any other weakling monarch of the long Spanish decadence, which dates from the last years of Philip II. With this same painter the king was to continue, with two important intervals, in daily and intimate intercourse during forty years; and besides the unbounded admiration of the true connoisseur that he undoubtedly was, Philip accorded to the artist as much friendship and regard as it was possible for *el Rey*, isolated and walled in by the inflexible court etiquette of the time, to vouchsafe to a subject.

Thus was Velasquez, at the exceptionally early age of twenty-three years, formally installed as one of the specially privileged painters of Philip IV., with a studio in the palace, a residence in the city, and a monthly stipend of twenty ducats, to which was added, moreover, special payment, as Pacheco states, for each work produced. . . .

An important event in the artistic career of the master was the nine months' visit of Rubens to Spain (1628–29) on the occasion of his famous, quasi-diplomatic mission to the Spanish court. Although Velasquez had a high admiration for Rubens, and, moreover, had unlimited opportunities of studying his technique, it is a misapprehension to date the growth of his second manner, with its increase in lightness, unity, and force of tone, and its added preoccupation with atmospheric effect, to a study or imitation of the elder master. It is rather to the first Italian journey, undertaken in 1630 (partly at the instigation of Rubens), and to the close study of Titian and Tintoretto at Venice that the pronounced change and further development in the style of the painter must be attributed, in so far as it is not to be accounted for by his natural self-development in the direction of that "*verdad no pintura*" ("truth, not painting") which was his device in art, and the principle towards the more complete realization of which his endeavors constantly tended. . . .

It is hardly surprising to learn, on the authority of Palomino, that "he was much pleased with the paintings of Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo, and other artists of that school; therefore he drew incessantly the whole time he was in Venice, and especially made studies from Tintoretto's famous 'Crucifixion,' and made a copy of the 'Communion of the Apostles,' which he presented to the king."

Velasquez entered Rome for the first time in the year 1630, and obtained a residence in the Vatican, which, however, he soon renounced in favor of the Villa Medici. Of this enchanting site he has left two characteristic landscape studies, now in the Prado, Madrid.

For the next eighteen years after his return from Italy, Velasquez remained uninterruptedly in the king's service, and his happy life of successful production, carried on under the vivifying rays of a court favor, which was undimmed in his particular branch by rivalry, is eventful only from the artistic, and not from the purely personal point of view. It was during this period that he acquired, in addition to his appointment of court painter, several offices—practically sinecures—the functions of which were connected with the service of their majesties and the court ceremonies. . . .

Olivares, always on the watch to exorcise the brooding melancholy to which Philip, after the fashion of his royal house, now already gave way, hit upon the expedient of conjuring up on the outskirts of the Prado a royal villa and grounds, to which the name of "Buen Retiro" was given. To adorn the walls of the new-made palace twelve military paintings of the largest dimensions were ordered for the "Sala del Reino," to illustrate the achievements which had marked the reign of Philip. These were executed by seven painters under the personal supervision of Velasquez, who, being but imperfectly satisfied with José Leonardo's version of the "Surrender of Breda," himself undertook to repeat this subject at a later period.

In November, 1648, nearly twenty years after his first visit to Rome, Velasquez again left Madrid for Italy. The ostensible motive for this second Italian journey was to make arrangements, in his capacity of director of the works then in progress at the Alcazar, for the pictorial embellishment of the new apartments, and the acquisition of fresh art treasures for their adornment. On his return to Madrid, he petitioned for and obtained the highly remunerative but onerous office of *Aposentador de Palacio*, or palace marshal to the king, and in this capacity was charged with all the complicated arrangements necessitated by the royal journey to the Pyrenees, undertaken on April 15, 1660, on the occasion of the betrothal of the Infanta Maria Theresa to the youthful Louis XIV. of France. Yet it may not be doubted that this herculean task was to him a labor of love — so saturated was he with the Spanish court traditions, and with such unaffected seriousness did he take the administrative as well as the artistic side of his life. His duties were by no means ended when the royal caravan had, after nearly a month's journey, reached San Sebastian, the place chosen for the meeting of the French and Spanish courts; for here it became his office to inspect the ephemeral palace erected on the Island of Pheasants as a Conference House for the joint accommodation of the two sovereigns, and to superintend its decoration throughout with the finest Flemish tapestries, a selection of which had been expressly brought for the purpose from the Alcazar of Madrid.

Palomino speaks in glowing terms of the courtly refinement of Velasquez, who as a court official was present at all the stately functions and festivities which ensued. His costume on those occasions was of great elaboration, and displayed an exquisite taste and elegance. Amid numerous costly diamonds and gems he proudly displayed the recently acquired Order of Santiago, the red cross of which was embroidered also, in accordance with custom, on the cloak of the wearer.

On June 26 the master was back in Madrid, greeted with as much astonishment as joy by his wife, family, and friends; for a report of his death, which was but a presage of the end, then close at hand, had already reached the capital. On the last day of July, after having been all day in immediate attendance on his majesty, he was attacked by a subtle tertain fever, to which, after much suffering, he succumbed on August 6, in the year 1660. He had, at the command of the king, been attended in his last moments by no less a personage than the Archbishop of Tyre and Patriarch of both Indies, and his remains were honored with solemn and soberly splendid obsequies, such as befitted his high position at court and his recent inclusion in the knightly Order of Santiago.

The Art of Velasquez

RICHARD FORD "THE PENNY CYCLOPÆDIA"

IT is impossible to estimate Velasquez without going to Madrid. On seeing him in this, the richest gallery in the whole world, the first impression of his masculine power and universality of talent is irresistible. It is the reality more than the imitation of life and nature, and in every varied form.

His portraits baffle description and praise; they must be seen. He elevated that branch to the dignity of history. He drew the minds of men. They live, breathe, and seem ready to walk out of the frames. His power of painting circumambient air, his knowledge of lineal and aërial perspective, the gradations of tones in light, shadow, and color, give an absolute concavity to the flat surface of his canvas. We look into space, into a room, into the reflection of a mirror. . . .

After a few days spent in the gallery of Madrid, we fancy that we have actually been acquainted with the royal family and court of that day, and that we have lived with them. None perhaps but a Spaniard could so truly paint the Castilian. Velasquez was the Van Dyck of Madrid. He caught the high-bred look of the *hidalgo,* his grave demeanor and severe costume, with an excellence equal to his Flemish rival, differing only in degree. He was less fortunate in models. Van Dyck, like Zeuxis, had the selection of the most beauteous forms, faces, and apparel in the English court of Charles I. He seemed created expressly to delineate, with his clear, silvery, and transparent tones, his elegant aristocratic air, those delicate skins, and tapering fingers which are never seen in coarse, tawny Spain; but Velasquez never condescended to flatter even royalty. Honesty was his policy. Courts could not make a courtier of his practical genius, which saw everything as it really was; and his hand, that obeyed his intellect, gave the exact form and pressure. He rarely refined. He did not stoop to conciliate and woo his spectator. Thus, even when displeased with repulsive subjects, we submit to the power of a master-mind displayed in the representation. . . .

Velasquez was inferior to Van Dyck in representing female beauty, for he had not Van Dyck's advantages. The Oriental jealousy of the Spaniard revolted at any female portraiture, and still more at any display of beauteous form. The royal ladies, almost the only exception, were unworthy models, while the use of rouge disfigured their faces, and the enormous petticoats masked their proportions. Velasquez was emphatically a man, and the painter of men.

He was, moreover, a painter only of the visible, tangible beings on earth, not the mystical, glorified spirits of heaven. He could not conceive the inconceivable, nor define the indefinite. He required to touch before he could believe — a fulcrum for his mighty lever. He could not escape from humanity, nor soar above the clouds; he was somewhat deficient in "creative power;" he was neither a poet nor an enthusiast. Nature was his guide, truth his delight, man his model. No Virgin ever descended into his studio; no cherubs hovered around his palette. He did not work for priest or ecstatic anchorite, but for plumed kings and booted knights. . . .

In things mortal and touching man Velasquez was more than mortal. He is perfect throughout, whether painting high or low, rich or poor, young or old, human, animal, or natural objects. His dogs are equal to Snyder's; his chargers to Rubens — they know their rider. When Velasquez descended from heroes, his beggars and urchins rivalled Murillo. No Teniers or Hogarth ever came up to the waggish wassail of his drunkards. He is by far the first landscape painter of Spain; his scenes are full of local color, freshness, and daylight, whether verdurous, court-like avenues or wild, rocky solitudes. His historical pictures are pearls of great price; never were knights and soldiers so painted as in his "Surrender of Breda."

His drawing was admirable, correct and unconstrained; his mastery over his materials unequalled; his coloring was clear and clean; he seldom used mixed tints; he painted with long brushes, and often as coarsely as floor-cloth; but the effects, when seen from the intended distance, were magical, everything coming out into its proper place, form and tone. Yet no man was ever more sparing of color. He husbanded his whites and even his yellows, which tell, sparkling like gold, on his undertoned backgrounds. These, especially in his landscapes, were cool greys, skies, and misty mornings — nature seen with the intervention of air. He painted with a rapid, flowing and certain brush, with that ease, the test of perfection, that absence of art and effort, which made all imagine that they could do the same — until they tried, failed, and despaired. The results obtained are so true to nature that first beholders, as with Raphael at the Vatican, are sometimes disappointed that there is nothing more. He was above all tricks.

There is no masking poverty of hand or mind under meretricious glitter; all is sober, real, and sterling. He conceived his idea, worked it rapidly out, taking advantage of everything as it turned up, correcting and improving as he went on, knowing what he wanted, and — which few do — when he had got it. Then he left off, and never frittered away his breadth or emphatic effect by superfluous finish to mere accessories. These were dashed in *con quattro botti* — but true, for he never put brush to canvas without an intention and meaning. No painter was ever more *objective*. There is no showing off of the artist, no calling attention to the performer's dexterity. His mind was in his subject, into which he passed his whole soul, loving art for itself, without one disturbing thought of self. He was true throughout to Nature, and she was true to him, and has rewarded him with immortality, which she confers only on those who worship with undivided allegiance at her shrine.

R. A. M. STEVENSON "THE ART OF VELASQUEZ"

WHEN one speaks of Velasquez, it must be remembered that his influence upon art is still young. His genius slumbered for two hundred years, till the sympathy of one or two great artists broke the spell and showed us the true enchanter of realism, shaping himself from a cloud of misapprehension. . . .

As yet few but painters enjoy Velasquez, or rightly estimate his true position in the history of art. Not much is known about him. Contempt, not to say oblivion, fell on the man who preconceived the spirit of our own day. Amongst notable prophets of the new and true — Rubens, Rembrandt, Claude — he was the newest, and certainly the truest, from our point of view; so new and so true, indeed, that two hundred years after he had shown the mystery of light as God made it, we still hear that Velasquez was a sordid soul who never saw beauty, a mere master of technique, wholly lacking in imagination. . . .

In his latest pictures Velasquez seems to owe as little as any man may to the example of earlier painters. But, indeed, from the beginning he was a realist, and one whose ideal of art was to use his own eyes. His early pictures cannot be attached surely to any school; they are of doubtful parentage; though, with some truth, one might affiliate them to Caravaggio and the Italian naturalists. From the first, he shows sensitiveness to form, and a taste for solid and direct painting. He quickly learned to model with surprising justness, but for a long time he continued to treat a head in a group as he would if he saw it alone. Only slowly he learned to take the impression of a whole scene as the true motif of a picture. In his early work he faithfully observed the relations between bits of his subject, but not always the relation of each bit to the whole. If we compare the realistic work of the young Velasquez with the pictures of the great Venetians, we shall find it lacking their comfortable unity of aspect. That aspect may have been more remote in its relation to nature, but it was certainly ampler and more decoratively beautiful. Up to the age of thirty, indeed, Velasquez seemed content to mature quietly his powers of execution, without seeking to alter his style, or to improve the quality of his realism. Had he died during his first visit to Rome, it might have been supposed, without absurdity, that he had said his last word, and that, young as he was, he had lived to see his art fully ripened. It would be difficult, indeed, to do anything finer, with piecemeal realism for an ideal, than the later works of this first period. . . .

The conversation and example of Rubens, the study of Italian galleries, as well as the practice of palatial decoration at Buen Retiro, gave a decorative character to the art of Velasquez in the second period. One tastes a flavor of Venetian art in the subject-pictures, and one remarks something bold, summary, and less intimate than usual, about the portraiture of this time. During these twenty years, if ever, Velasquez relaxed his effort at naturalism,—not that he slackened his grip upon form, but that he seems to have accepted in Italy the necessity for professional picture-making. His colors became a shade more positive or less bathed in light, and his unity to some extent an adopted decorative convention.

Upon his return from the second voyage to Italy, as if he had satisfied himself that Venetian art could not wholly render his manner of seeing, and that, at any rate, he had pushed it, in the "Surrender of Breda," as far as it could go, he comes about once more, and seeks for dignity and unity in the report of his own eyes. In fact he adds the charm that we call impressionism to such work of the third period as "Innocent X.," done in Rome, "The Maids of Honor," "The Tapestry Weavers," "Æsop," "Mœnippus," the "Infanta Maria Theresa," "Philip IV." (National Gallery), and some of the Dwarfs and Imbeciles in the Prado. . . .

In his later art, Velasquez never painted a wide view as he would a narrow one, nor a simple subject as a complicated one. When he painted a wide angle of sight, he either concentrated himself on a point, or steeped his whole canvas equally in a soft envelope of light. Indeed, whatever he painted, he always painted the quality of his attention to the scene, and, in virtue of that principle, his best pictures never look spotty, and never tempt one to cut them up into gem-like bits. His *ensemble* is always equally easy to grasp, whether he paints great groups like "The Maids of Honor" and "The Tapestry Weavers," solitary full-lengths like "Mœnippus" and "Æsop," costume-portraits like "Maria Theresa," or simple busts like the head of Philip.

But if the art of all these pictures is based on the same principles, the technique is very different in them all. You may note a wonderful variety in Velasquez's style of modelling a head, not only in different periods of his life, but in pictures of the same period, and, what is more, in heads on the same canvas. Some heads are modelled very broadly and softly, without a sharp mark, a hard edge, or small, steep planes. The surfaces slide into each other in a loose, supple manner, that almost makes them look as if they were shaped in jelly or fluid. Some consist of bold, rough-hewn planes which give a face the force and vigor of firm chiselling. Others, again, are completed to show the finest niceties of shape and inclination, with an intimacy of feeling and a delicacy of proportion that no man has ever equalled. The handling is always discreet and inspired by the necessities of the occasion; neither does it follow a determined pattern, which might impart a frozen and artificial look, nor does it seek an effect of *bravura* dexterity which might arrogate an undue share of attention and interest. Although no certain rule can be laid down, generally speaking Velasquez inclines to brush in the obvious direction of the forms, so as to supplement tone and structure by the sentiment of the execution. In many cases, however, he smudges so subtly as to convey no sense of direct handling. The limb or object treated seems to grow mysteriously out of dusky depths and to be shaped by real light.

His impulse to arrange a canvas grew out of the scene before his eyes. His severe and stately color is founded on nature. His execution becomes quiet and exact, or burly and impetuous, as the occasion demands. More than any other man's, his work convinces us that he knew what he saw, and was incapable of self-deception; it is wholly free from haphazard passages, treacly approximations to tone, or clever tricks and processes that evade rather than resolve a difficulty. Above all, his art is interesting without the extravagance which may kindle a momentary excitement, but is apt to die of satiety from its very violence. The restrained force and dignity of Velasquez inspire one with reverence and lasting respect; one cannot easily fathom the depth of his insight nor weary of his endless variety.

LÉON BONNAT PREFACE TO "VELAZQUEZ," BY A. DE BERUETE

VELASQUEZ is a true master. If he has rivals, none is his superior. Not one among his contemporaries overshadows his glory. Compare him with the most illustrious, with Rembrandt for example—Rembrandt the mighty magician, who makes his people live in an atmosphere of his own invention, who creates an entire world in his powerful imagination, moulds it, gives it light and color, as he feels it to be, goes where his genius wills, and produces the wonderful masterpieces of which we never weary. There is nothing of this kind with Velasquez. What the Spanish master seeks above all is character and truth. He is a realist in the broadest and best acceptation of the word. He paints nature as he sees her and as she is. The air that he breathes is our own, his sky is that under which we live. His portraits impress us with the same feeling that we have when in the presence of living beings.

And he goes his own way, this great painter. In his lofty, perhaps unconscious, serenity he does not allow himself to be turned by any one from the path which he has marked out for himself, which his genius has revealed to him. Rubens, the illustrious Rubens, who arrived at Madrid with the prestige of an ambassador, with a halo of glory, universally renowned; Rubens, to whom Velasquez lent his studio, whom he conducted to the Escorial by order of the King, whom he saw paint an incredible number of masterpieces,—Rubens himself, notwithstanding his resplendent genius, notwithstanding his inexhaustible fertility of production, had no influence over Velasquez. The Spanish painter remained true to the tradition of his race. As he was before the coming of the Flemish master, even so he remained after his departure; and posterity, with all gratitude, bows before his powerful originality.—FROM THE FRENCH.

E. R. PENNELL "VELASQUEZ IN MADRID," "THE NATION," VOL. 59

VELASQUEZ, according to popular misconception, was an uncompromising realist, a very Zola among painters; therefore the illogical conclusion is drawn that beauty of color and rhythm of line were without his scope, beyond his reach. But because—except when he was painting pure landscape—he emancipated himself from conventions outworn and dead, and expressed himself in terms entirely personal, it need not follow that he defied the essential conditions and restrictions of all art; because he presented a subject as no other man would, and recorded character as no other man could, it is not necessary to see in him but the submissive slave of nature. To a man of his temperament, unquestioning obedience to tradition was impossible; to a painter of his vision, truth was not to be disregarded; to an artist of his genius, nature could offer but "slovenly suggestions." . . .

That he could grasp the salient characteristics of the thing or person he painted as no one had done before, or has done since, his portraits establish beyond a doubt. The face of his Philip, with its strange pallor and full Austrian lips, is as familiar to us as that of an intimate friend; his Infantas and Admirals and Dwarfs, once seen, are never forgotten. Though Ribera's or Murillo's saints bear a strong family likeness, though among Titian's goddesses the one scarce differs from the next, Velasquez's men and women have each his, or her, own complexion and color, varying from the bloodless Philip to the swarthy Æsop. The same flesh tints, once mixed upon his palette, never served for all his heads, as the wonderful group in the foreground of the "Surrender of Breda" triumphantly testifies. But his innovations, more startling to his age than to ours, and his study of truth, which has gained for him the name of naturalist, did not leave him indifferent to the larger aspects, the more legitimate functions of art. It is the great glory of the Prado that it contains canvas after canvas to bear witness to the skill with which, from nature's vaguest hint, he could create a rare arrangement of color, a rare scheme of decoration.

So long as his sense of color betrays itself only in a bit of brown drapery, as in "The Topers," or in a crimson sash, as in the equestrian "Philip" and "Don Baltasar," there is nothing to bewilder. It is when he has filled his picture, not merely with spots of beautiful color, but vith an exquisite harmony, that the artless, to whom the folds of blue mantle over saintly shoulders or the sweep of red cloak in mythological landscape mean color, cry out and denounce him as no idealist. But, though they have not eyes to see it, half the charm of the "Surrender of Breda" is in the stirring symphony in green and blue which nature, unaided, could never have produced; half the strength of "Vulcan's Forge" in the subdued browns and gold vividly imagined, not actually seen; half the loveliness of "The Maids of Honor" in the tender greys and greens, carried with such matchless subtlety from the walls (which prepare the way for the serene neutral tints of the modern master-decorator) to the silken gowns stretched over hoops which he alone knew how to make beautiful in their stiff ugliness. As if to emphasize the meagreness of the means by which he obtained his effects, he has painted himself in this picture, holding in his hand his palette. Umbers and siennas, red and white and black, are the colors laid upon it. Again, so long as he seems content with a grandiose simplicity of arrangement, as in those royal portraits where a curtain, a chair, and a table of almost photographic primness are his sole resources, the unintelligent deplore his relentless realism, his disdain of all decorative conventions. And once having called him a realist, they refuse to recognize the grandeur of composition in the equestrian portraits, with their wide landscapes and sweeping and majestic lines that render useless the stale old device of people and houses in the middle distance to bring out the dignity and bigness of horse and rider. They refuse to see more than a bald record of facts in the impressive array of lances which break up the expanse of clouded sky and give their name to the picture of the "Surrender of Breda;" more than the result of chance in the treatment of tapestry and the three enchanting little figures in the background of "The Tapestry Weavers;" and of all the sixty-odd canvases in the Prado, it is invariably upon "The Maids of Honor" they hit as proof positive of the haphazard element in his method. But what if the grouping were, as is said, the outcome of Philip's desire to have the scene before him, as he sat for his portrait, transferred to canvas — the little Infanta Margarita, attended by her maids of honor, its centre, the painter himself at his easel a prominent feature? If he owed his subject to the caprice of a King, the painter's invention could still force materials so unpromising to yield a noble harmony of form as of color. The arrangement in "The Maids of Honor" is so perfect in its subtlety, so well-balanced in its parts, so tranquil and lovely as a whole, that, even if the color were less beautiful, the atmospheric effects less true, one could still understand why Luca Giordano thought to find in this picture "the theology of painting" — the *poetry* of painting would better have expressed his meaning. Before such masterpieces, wonder at the virile and personal presentment of truth in the work of Velasquez is forgotten for delight in its glory of color, its splendor of decoration; and these are qualities found in their full perfection only in the pictures of the Prado.

WALTER ARMSTRONG "THE ART OF VELASQUEZ," "PORTFOLIO," 1896

VELASQUEZ is the most objective of all great painters, and his art consists more exclusively than any one else's of interpretation carried to the highest point. As for his technique, it followed a simple course of evolution from the beginning to the end. His object from first to last was truth to his impressions. Like those of other people, these were bald at first, and their realization laborious. As time went on he saw more, and made the necessary distinctions with a more unerring ease. But he never ceased to be satisfied with seeing and putting down what he saw. His authentic works are free from the slightest tendency to substitute cleverness for truth. He never "faked." His drawing scarcely deserves its reputation for correctness, indeed many of his pictures are curiously out in this respect; but it always strikes that note of sincerity which is better than precision.

His cardinal quality, however, was his extraordinary facility in seeing and reproducing every relation between tones. He threads his way through whole processions of values with so convinced a certainty that we ask for nothing more. We put the same faith in his statements as we do in those of Shakespeare. What Shakespeare does for the inner man Velasquez does for his form and envelope as he stands in the upper air. And he does it with the same gravity, the same sanity, the same utter absence of pose or self-assertion. The idea never enters his head that his own individual trick with the brush could have an interest for any human being. He paints now *staccato,* now with a smeary drag, just as the task before him suggests. He never steps forward and makes his own personality the centre of his own performance. His aim was the dignified interpretation of nature,—of nature arranged and brought into agreeable juxtapositions, no doubt, but not of nature bedizened, or cajoled, or forced; and in making for it he took the surest and most simple, if not always the shortest route. His imagination had reserves into which we get a hasty glance now and then, but either through intellectual indolence, or a deliberate conviction in favor of restricting paint to the interpretation of what the painter can set up in front of him, his creative fancy was very seldom allowed to substitute itself for the results of memory and observation. . . .

No great painter has left less of himself outside his work than Velasquez; and yet of all those who have built up the commanding fabric of modern art, he seems by far the nearest to ourselves.

KENYON COX "THE NATION," VOL. 49

VELASQUEZ had an idealizing power of his own, but it lay in his intense perception of truth and beauty of light. Here he was the innovator and the unapproachable master. He was the first to see and to paint light and air, the first painter of aspects, the great and true *impressionist.* In his greatest works, "The Maids of Honor" and "The Tapestry Weavers," the figures seem merely incidents, while the true subject is the light that plays upon them, and the air in front of them and around them; and by the delicate ordonnance and balancing of these elements he produces a composition as truly ideal as the grand arrangements of line or splendid harmonies of color of the Florentines or Venetians. With the Dutchmen and with Velasquez modern painting begins, but Velasquez is more essentially modern than the Dutchmen. The powerful chiaroscuro of Rembrandt would have seemed exaggerated to him, and Terburg's detailed insistence upon tangible fact would have seemed petty. He was the great discoverer of *values;* and to him the just amount of light upon an object and the exact quantity of air between it and the spectator—its *appearance* at a given distance and under a given effect—this was the one thing about it worth painting, and this he painted as perhaps no man has done since.

PAUL LEFORT "VELAZQUEZ"

VELASQUEZ may be regarded as a precursor, an initiator, of the modern school of painting. In his manner of interpreting life, in his just observation of the laws of light, in his habitually clear and simple method of representation, as well as in his technique,—so novel and so original even nowadays,—Velasquez marks such an advance upon the art of his time that he seems rather to belong to our own. The striking relief and perfect solidity with which he endows natural objects, the marvellous envelopment of air with which he surrounds them, gives such a peculiar intensity of illusion and appearance of life to his work, that, comparing it with the productions of even our boldest realists, we are tempted to exclaim that this painter of Philip IV. speaks not only the language of the painter of to-day, but that of the painter of the future,— a language so completely formulated, so definite and so perfected by this master of two centuries ago, that we may say, and without injustice, that even our impressionists— the advance guard of the modern school— have as yet scarce learned to lisp it.— FROM THE FRENCH.

The Spanish School of Painting

1446 TO 1874

THE early art of Spain, unlike that of Italy, is marked by no clear and gradual dawn, and what may have been its beginnings is largely a matter of conjecture. The struggles of the country for political existence, as well as the frequent contests with the Moors, tended to retard its artistic development; and little is to be found which antedates the fourteenth century. Even the paintings of that and of the following century are for the most part but feeble imitations of the works of Italian and Flemish masters. In method and technique, indeed, the Spanish school was more derivative than original, being strongly influenced by both Italy and the Netherlands; but in spirit it was, from the beginning, peculiarly Spanish, reflecting in the sombre tone of coloring which prevails, and in the absence of that poetical imagination which charms us in the examples of early Italian art, the national characteristics of the race.

The powerful influence of the Church, the narrow bigotry of the people and their rulers, and the terrors of the Inquisition, have all left their impress. Classic art was unknown, study of the nude was forbidden, and with the early painters, many of whom were fervent to fanaticism, it was the religious subject which prevailed, not, however, so mildly devout and pietistic in expression as passionate, emotional and often morose, ghastly, and horrible.

With the accession to the throne of Charles V. in 1516, and the advance in political importance of the kingdom, Spanish painting received a decided impetus. Italy and the Netherlands were opened to his subjects, and not only did it become customary for Spanish artists to go to Rome, Florence, and Venice to study under the great Italian masters, but painters from Italy and Flanders, attracted by reports of royal favor and munificence, frequently visited the Spanish court.

The influence of Flanders, however, which in the fifteenth century had been the predominating one, was now, in the sixteenth, superseded by that of Italy. The drawing of the Florentine masters, the color of the Venetians, and the light and shade of the Neapolitans became standards, and it was under the Italian artists settled in Spain and the Spaniards who had studied in Italy that the school which is known as "Spanish" may be said to have come into being.

It was not until towards the middle of the seventeenth century that Spanish painting began to be represented in a national manner, and methods founded on nature prevailed. This was the period when painting in Spain attained its highest development, — the period when the two most illustrious artists flourished,— Bartolome Esteban Murillo, the greatest religious painter of Spain, and always one of the most popular, not only in his own but in other countries, and Diego Rodriguez de Silva Velasquez, who stands pre-eminently first in the history of Spanish painting.

One of the few who were able to free themselves from the yoke of the Church, Velasquez is, in the broadest meaning of the word, a realist. He is the greatest and most original painter that Spain has produced. But, although acknowledged even by his contemporaries to be the first among Spanish painters, and without a rival as he was in the favor of the King and court, Velasquez had nevertheless but few immediate scholars. His son-in-law, Juan Battista del Mazo, his slave and afterwards freedman, Juan de Pareja, and his successor in court favor, Carreño de Miranda, are all that achieved distinction.

The golden period of Spanish painting came to an end before the close of the seventeenth century, and for more than a hundred years no artist of eminence appeared. Not until the advent of Francisco Goya (1746–1828), a painter of ability and originality, was the decline of Spanish art even temporarily checked.

It may with truth be said that among the painters of to-day — the modern French painters and their fellow artists in Europe and in this country — are found the real followers and scholars of the great Spanish master, Velasquez.

MEMBERS OF THE SPANISH SCHOOL

ANTONIO DEL RINCON, 1446–1500 — Alonso Beruguete, 1480–1561 — Luis de Vargas, 1502–68 — Juan de Juanes (Vicente Joanes), 1506–79 — Luis de Morales, about 1510–86 — Alonso Sanchez Coello, about 1512–90 — Gasper Becerra, 1520–70 — Juan Fernandez Navarette, called "El Mudo," 1526–79 — Francisco de Ribalta, about 1550–1628 — Juan de las Roelas, 1558–1625 — Francisco Pacheco, 1571–1654 — Francisco de Herrera the elder, born 1576, and his son known as Francisco "El Mozo" — Eugenio Caxes, 1577–1642 — Josef de Ribera, called "Lo Spagnoletto," 1588–1656 — Juan de Ribalta, 1597–1628 — Francisco Zurbaran, 1598–1662 — Diego Rodriguez de Silva Velasquez, 1599–1660 — Francisco Collantes, 1599–1656 — Espinosa, 1600–80 — Alonso Cano, 1601–67 — Juan Carreño de Miranda, 1614–85 — Bartolome Esteban Murillo, 1618–82 — Juan de Valdes, 1630–91 — Claudio Coello, 1635–93 — Francisco Goya, 1746–1828 — Mariano Fortuny, 1838–74.

The Works of Velasquez

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

"DON FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA" THE PRADO: MADRID

THIS picture is the only known portrait by Velasquez of Don Ferdinand, youngest brother of Philip IV. It was painted probably about 1628, when the prince was nineteen years old, but shows traces of retouching by the master at a later period.

Ferdinand was an enthusiastic sportsman, and is here represented in hunting-costume, standing with his dog under an oak-tree. The landscape, showing a Sierra in the distance, is in a cool light blue-grey tone, and is treated with breadth and freedom.

"THE TOPERS" THE PRADO: MADRID

"THE Topers" ("Los Borrachos") was paintea by Velasquez for the King in 1628 or '29, just before the artist's first visit to Italy, and is one of the finest examples of his early manner. The scene is a bacchanalian revel, in which the youthful wine-god, crowned with leaves and enthroned on a cask, is surrounded by his votaries. The brightest light is centred on his figure, the white flesh tints contrasting strongly with the swarthy heads of the group of Spanish peasants.

"Whoever would form an opinion of the artist's treatment of the nude," writes Professor Justi, "should study this youthful, soft, yet robust figure of Bacchus. The outstretched arm, the projecting knee, the lower leg with the light of the red mantle reflected upon it, all show that Velasquez had scarcely anything more to learn in this direction." "No brush," says Gautier, "has modelled flesh more finely, has painted it with more *souplesse*, or made it seem so living."

"JUANA DE MIRANDA" BERLIN GALLERY

THE Berlin Gallery has lately acquired this portrait by Velasquez, believed to be that of his wife, Juana de Miranda. This name is inscribed on the back of the canvas in an old style of writing.

The lady wears a flowered black velvet gown over which hangs a long, heavy, gold chain. A diamond ornament is in her auburn hair, which towers high above her forehead. Her eyes are brown and deep-set, her cheeks faintly tinged with red — a genuinely Spanish face. "She has the easy attitude of refined culture," writes Justi, "although the proud bearing, the firm grasp of the red chair, and the expression seem to betray more character than is seen in the royal ladies. Assuredly no one can look at this portrait without a feeling of regret that Velasquez should have been prevented by the prejudice of his country from leaving us more specimens of his skill in this branch of portraiture."

"DON BALTASAR CARLOS ON HORSEBACK" THE PRADO: MADRID

THE Infante Don Baltasar Carlos, son of Philip IV. and his first wife, Isabella of Bourbon, was born on October 17, 1629, and died when he was seventeen years old. Velasquez painted the young prince many times. The portrait in the Prado, Madrid, here reproduced, was taken when the boy was in his seventh year.

"Never in his whole career," writes Walter Armstrong, "did Velasquez equal this picture in spontaneous vitality or in splendor of color. Intellectually the motive is absolutely simple. The boy gallops past at an angle which brings him into the happiest proportion with his mount. His attitude is the natural one for a pupil of Philip and Olivares, two of the best horsemen in Europe; his look and gesture express just the degree of pride, delight and desire for approval which charm in a child. Through all this Velasquez has worked for simplicity. He has been governed by the sincere desire to paint the boy as he was, with no parade or affectation. That done, he has turned his attention to the æsthetic effect. The mane and tail of the Andalusian pony, the boy's rich costume and his flying scarf, and the splendid browns, blues, and greens of the landscape background make up a decorative whole, as rich and musical as any Titian."

"POPE INNOCENT X." DORIA GALLERY: ROME

"THE second sojourn of Velasquez in Rome," writes Walter Armstrong, "is illumined in his artistic career by the production of one of his most extraordinary pictures. Innocent X. decided to honor the Spaniard by sitting for his portrait. The Pope was at this time seventy-four years of age, but contemporaries describe him as having preserved in an unusual degree that air of commanding vigor suggested by the master. The seated figure is turned slightly to the left, and the strong sinister face confronts the spectator with a look in which cunning, secretiveness, and a touch of sensuality are combined. The reds of the cap, the robe, and the chair, and the Pope's own ruddy flesh-tones, are reinforced by the crimson of the curtain behind him."

We are told that when the Pope sent his chamberlain to pay the painter, Velasquez refused to accept the money, saying that the King, his master, always paid him with his own hand. The Pope, it is said, humored him.

"THE TAPESTRY WEAVERS" THE PRADO: MADRID

"THE Tapestry Weavers" ("Las Hilanderas") was painted probably in 1656. It represents a room in the royal tapestry works of Madrid, where, in the mysterious half-light of the foreground, an elderly woman and four young girls are spinning, winding, and carding wool. In a raised alcove, brightly illumined by a broad beam of sunshine, some visitors are inspecting a piece of tapestry.

J. F. White in writing of this picture says: "The subject is nothing, the treatment everything. It is full of light, air, and movement, splendid in color, and marvellous in handling. We see in it the full ripeness of the power of Velasquez, a concentration of all the art-knowledge he had gathered during his long artistic career of more than forty years. In no picture is he greater as a colorist. The scheme is simple,—a harmony of red, bluish-green, grey, and black, which are varied and blended with consummate skill."

"Velasquez," says Pedro de Madrazo, in describing this work, "is not only a painter, he is a magician."

"THE MAIDS OF HONOR" THE PRADO: MADRID

"THE Maids of Honor" ("Las Meninas"), painted in 1656, belongs to the period of the highest development of Velasquez's genius. The scene is in the painter's studio in the Old Palace, or Alcazar, of Madrid.

"It is generally said," writes R. A. M. Stevenson, "that Velasquez was painting the king, who sat in the spot from which the spectator is supposed to see the picture of 'Las Meninas.' During a moment's rest the Infanta Margarita came in with her attendants, and the king was struck with the group which fell together before his eyes. Near him he saw the princess, her maids, her dog, and her dwarfs; a little farther on the left, Velasquez, who had stepped back to look at his picture; farther still on the right, a duenna and courtier talking; while at the distant end of the gallery the king saw his queen and himself reflected in a mirror, and, through the open door, Don José Nieto drawing back a curtain. The canvas shown in the picture would naturally be the one on which Velasquez was painting the king's portrait. Some, however, will have it to be the very canvas of 'Las Meninas,' which Velasquez was painting from a reflection in a mirror placed near to where the king had been sitting. It is not a matter of importance, and the story of the conception of the picture may easily have got mixed in the telling. It is just possible that Velasquez was painting, or was about to paint, a portrait of the Infanta only, when the idea of the large picture suddenly occurred to him or to the king. Tradition says that the red cross of the Order of Santiago, which you can see on the painter's breast, was painted there by the king's own hand, as a promise of the honor that was to be conferred on him afterwards."

This picture, one of the most perfect facsimiles of nature ever produced by art, was pronounced by Luca Giordano to be "the theology of painting." "So complete is the illusion," writes Gautier, "that standing in front of 'Las Meninas' one is tempted to ask, 'Where then is the picture?'"

"SURRENDER OF BREDA" THE PRADO: MADRID

"BETWEEN 1645 and 1648," writes Sir William Maxwell-Stirling, "Velasquez painted his noble 'Surrender of Breda,' a picture executed with peculiar care, perhaps out of regard for the memory of his illustrious friend the Marquis of Spinola, who died a victim to the ingratitude of the Spanish court. It represents that great general—the last Spain ever had—in one of the proudest moments of his career, receiving, in 1625, the keys of the city of Breda from Prince Justin of Nassau, who conducted the obstinate defence. The victor, clad in mail, and remarkable for easy dignity of mien, meets his vanquished foe hat in hand, and prepares to embrace him with generous cordiality. Behind the leaders stand their horses and attendants, and beyond the staff of Spinola there is a line of pikemen, whose pikes, striping the blue sky, have caused the picture to be known as that of 'The Lances.' "

This masterpiece of Velasquez's middle life, and one of the finest historical pictures in the world, was painted for the palace of Buen Retiro, and now hangs in the Prado, Madrid. The appearance of immensity which is given by the canvas has often been remarked, and although no more than twenty figures are in sight, we have the impression of the presence of an army.

"PHILIP IV." NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

THIS portrait of Philip IV. of Spain was painted when the King was about fifty years of age. He is here represented in black, with the chain of the order of the Golden Fleece around his neck, and wearing the *golilla*, or stiff, projecting collar which he had himself invented, and of which Madame D'Aulnoy tells us ("Voyage d'Espagne") he was so proud that he celebrated the invention by a festival, followed by a procession to church to give thanks to God for the blessing.

"Faithful in few things," writes J. F. White, "Philip kept true to Velasquez, whom he visited daily in his studio in the palace, and to whom he stood in many attitudes and costumes,—as a huntsman with his dog, as a warrior in command of his troops, and even on his knees at prayer, wearing ever the same dull, uninterested look. His pale face and lack-lustre eye, his fair flowing hair and moustaches curled up to his eyes, and his heavy, projecting Austrian lip, are known in many a portrait, and nowhere more supremely than in this wonderful canvas, where he seems to live and breathe. Few portraits in the whole range of art will compare with this work, in which the consummate handling of Velasquez is seen at its best, for it is in his late, and most perfect manner."

"THE INFANTA MARIA THERESA" THE PRADO: MADRID

THIS picture, entitled "Maria Theresa," is believed by Professor Justi and other authorities to be a portrait of her step-sister, Margarita, the little princess of "The Maids of Honor." R. A. M. Stevenson writes: "She stands directly facing the light, in a wonderfully elaborate balloon dress, embroidered with a complicated pattern of silver and pink and gleaming jewelry. In one hand she holds a rose, in the other a lace handkerchief, and on the left behind her, in the shadow, a red curtain droops in heavy folds. No pupil touched the smallest accessory of this extraordinary costume; lace, ruffles, embroidery, every inch of the dress is painted by Velasquez, with a running slippery touch which appears careless near at hand, but which at the focus gives color, pattern, sparkle, and underlying form with the utmost precision and completeness. The shadow behind the figure is aërial in quality, deep but not heavy, and silvered like the passages in light, so that black would tell upon it as a rude brutality of tone."

VELASQUEZ'S PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

BERLIN GALLERY: The Infanta Maria, Sister of Philip IV.; Portrait of Juana de Miranda (Plate III); Court Dwarf; Alessandro del Borro — DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Portrait of Olivares; Two Male Portraits — DULWICH GALLERY: Philip IV. — FRANKFORT, STÄDEL INSTITUTE: Cardinal Borgia — FLORENCE, PITTI PALACE: Philip IV.; Portrait of a Man — Florence, Uffizi Gallery: Philip IV. on Horseback; Two Portraits of Velasquez — The Hague, Museum: The Infante Don Baltasar Carlos; Landscape — Kingston Lacy, England, Bankes Collection: "Tapestry Weavers" Sketch; Cardinal Borgia — London, National Gallery: Philip IV. (Plate ix); Philip IV.; The Boar-Hunt; Christ at the Column; Adoration of the Shepherds; Christ in the House of Martha; Admiral Pulido Pareja — London, Apsley House: Water-Carrier; Two Boys; Portrait of a Man; Pope Innocent X.; Don Francisco de Quevedo y Villegas — London, Dudley House: St. Clara; Portrait of a Man — London, Hertford House: Philip IV.; Three Portraits of Don Baltasar Carlos; Lady with a Fan; Portrait of Olivares; Portrait of an Infanta; Landscape — London, Grosvenor House: The Riding-School; Portrait of Young Man — London, Richmond Hill: Two Peasants, Kitchen Scene; Spanish Beggar — London, Stafford House: St. Charles Borromeo; St. Francis Borgia; Landscape — Madrid, The Escorial: Joseph's Coat — Madrid, The Prado: Adoration of the Magi; Christ Crucified; Coronation of the Virgin; St. Anthony Abbot and St. Paul, the Hermit; The Topers ("Los Borrachos") (Plate ii); The Forge of Vulcan; Surrender of Breda ("Las Lanzas") (Plate viii); Mercury and Argus; Philip III. on Horseback; Margarita of Austria, Wife of Philip III., on Horseback; Philip IV. on Horseback; Isabella of Bourbon, First Wife of Philip IV., on Horseback; Don Baltasar Carlos on Horseback (Plate iv); The Count-Duke Olivares on Horseback; Philip IV. Standing; Philip IV. in Armor; Maria, Queen of Hungary, Sister of Philip IV.; Don Carlos, Brother of Philip IV.; Don Ferdinand, Brother of Philip IV. (Plate i); Philip IV. in Hunting-Costume; Don Baltasar Carlos in Hunting-Costume; Philip IV. with Sceptre; Two Portraits of Mariana of Austria, Second Wife of Philip IV.; Philip IV.; Philip IV. at Prayer; Mariana of Austria at Prayer; Don Baltasar Carlos; Infanta Maria Theresa, Daughter of Philip IV. (Plate x); The Tapestry Weavers ("Las Hilanderas") (Plate vi); Don Luis de Gongora y Argote; Juana de Miranda, Wife of Velasquez; Francisca, Daughter of Velasquez; The Sculptor Martinez Montañes; The Maids of Honor ("Las Meninas") (Plate vii); Don Antonio Alonso Pimentel; Æsop; Mœnippus; Mars; Two Male Portraits; Alfonso Martinez de Espinar; Pablillos de Valladolid, a Buffoon; "El Primo," a Dwarf; "El Bobo de Coria;" "El Niño de Vallecas;" "Don Antonio el Ingles," a Dwarf; Don Sebastian de Morro, a Dwarf; Don Juan de Austria, a Buffoon; Babarroja, a Buffoon; Ten Landscapes — Munich Gallery: Portrait of Olivares — Paris, Louvre: The Infanta Margarita Maria; Two Portraits of Philip IV.; The Infanta Maria Theresa; "Réunion de Portraits;" Don Pedro de Altamira — Rokeby Park, England: Venus with the Mirror — Rome, Doria Gallery: Pope Innocent X. (Plate v) — Rome, Capitoline Gallery: Portrait of Velasquez (Page 20) — Salisbury, Longford Castle: Don Adrian Pulido Pareja; Juan de Pareja — Stockholm Museum: Philip IV. — St. Petersburg, Hermitage Gallery: Pope Innocent X. — Vienna, Imperial Gallery: Mariana of Austria, Second Wife of Philip IV.; Two Portraits of Philip IV.; Three Portraits of the Infanta Margarita Maria; The Infante Philip Prosper; Don Baltasar Carlos; The Infanta Maria Theresa; Isabella of Bourbon, First Wife of Philip IV.; Laughing Boy — York, England, Castle Howard: Juan de Pareja; Don Baltasar Carlos and His Dwarf.

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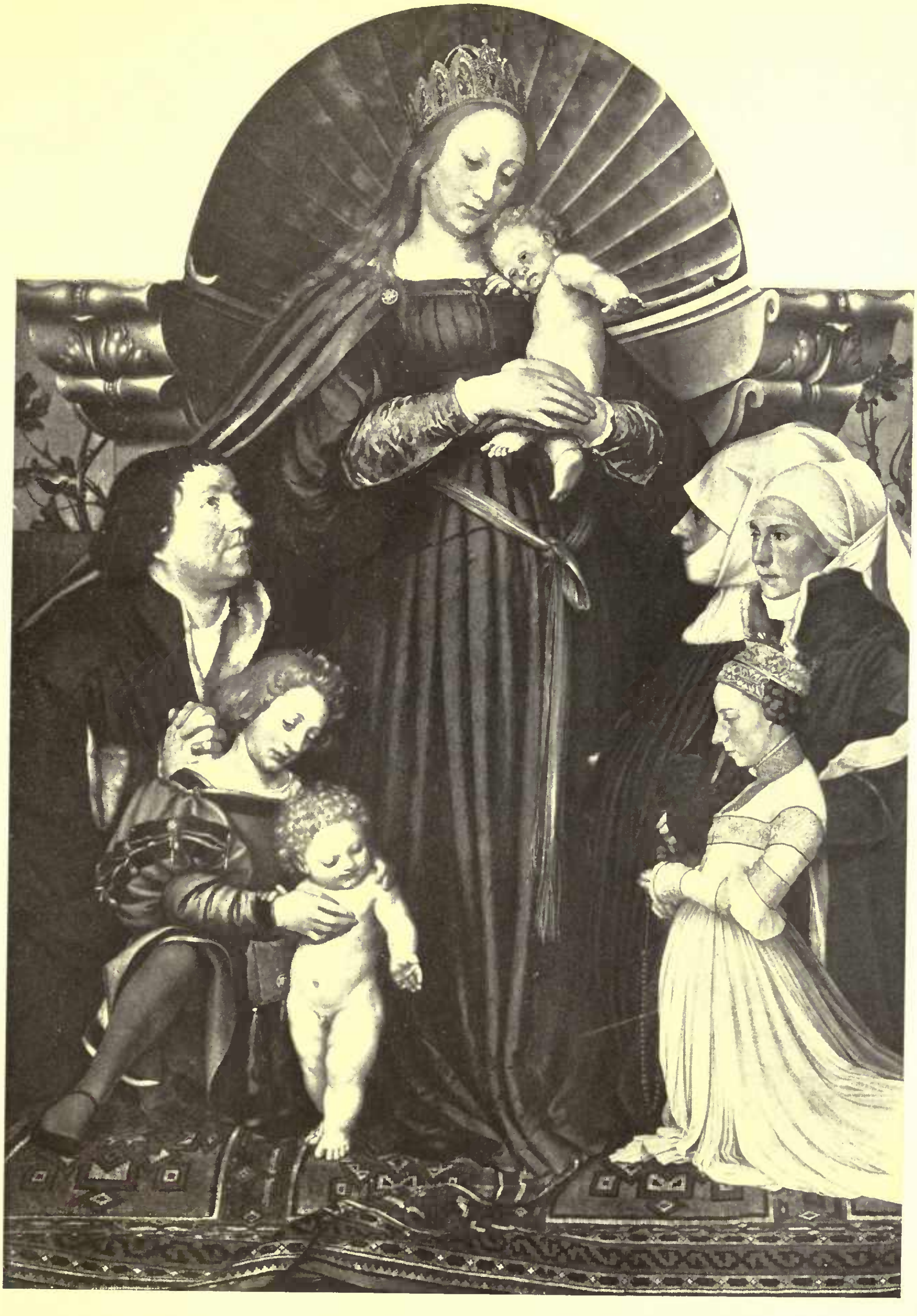
Hans Holbein

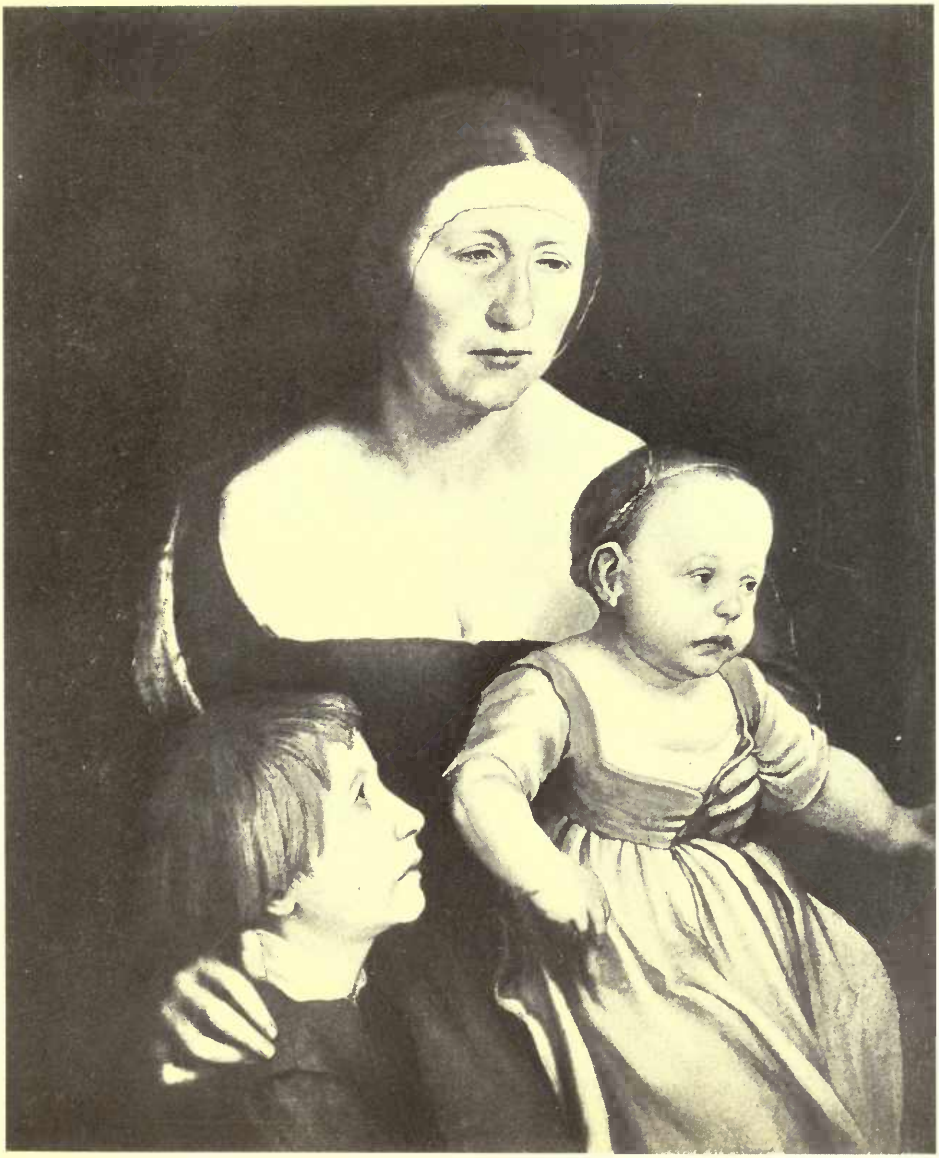
The Younger

GERMAN SCHOOL

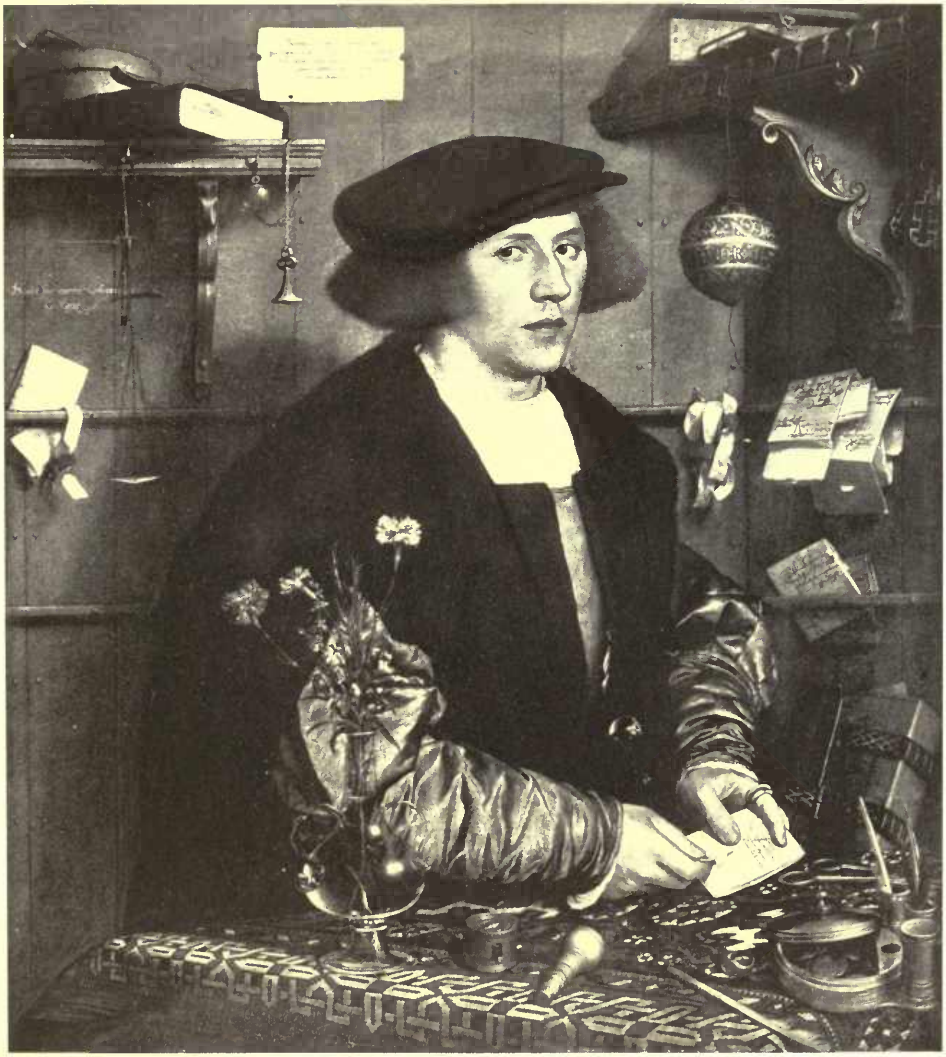


MASTERS IN ART. PLATE I.

HOLBEIN
THE MEYER MADONNA
GRAND-DUCAL PALACE, DARMSTADT

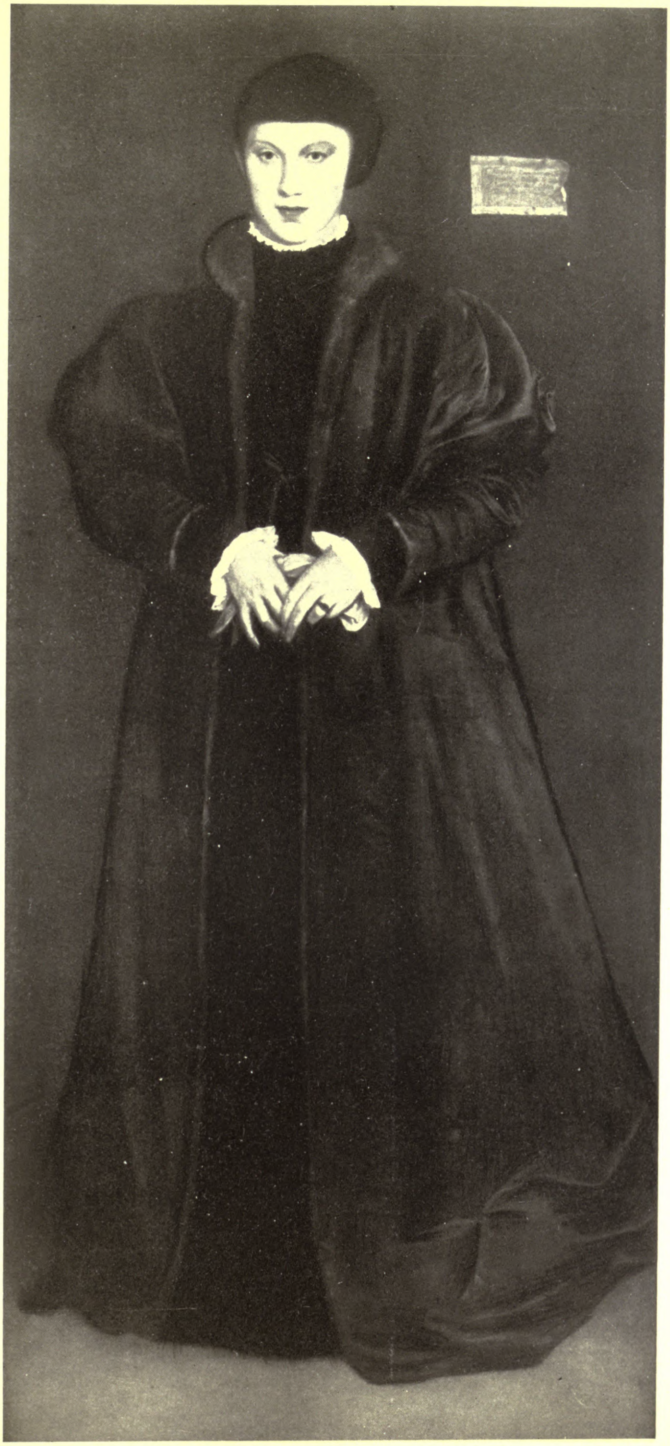


HOLBEIN
HOLBEIN'S WIFE AND CHILDREN
BASLE MUSEUM

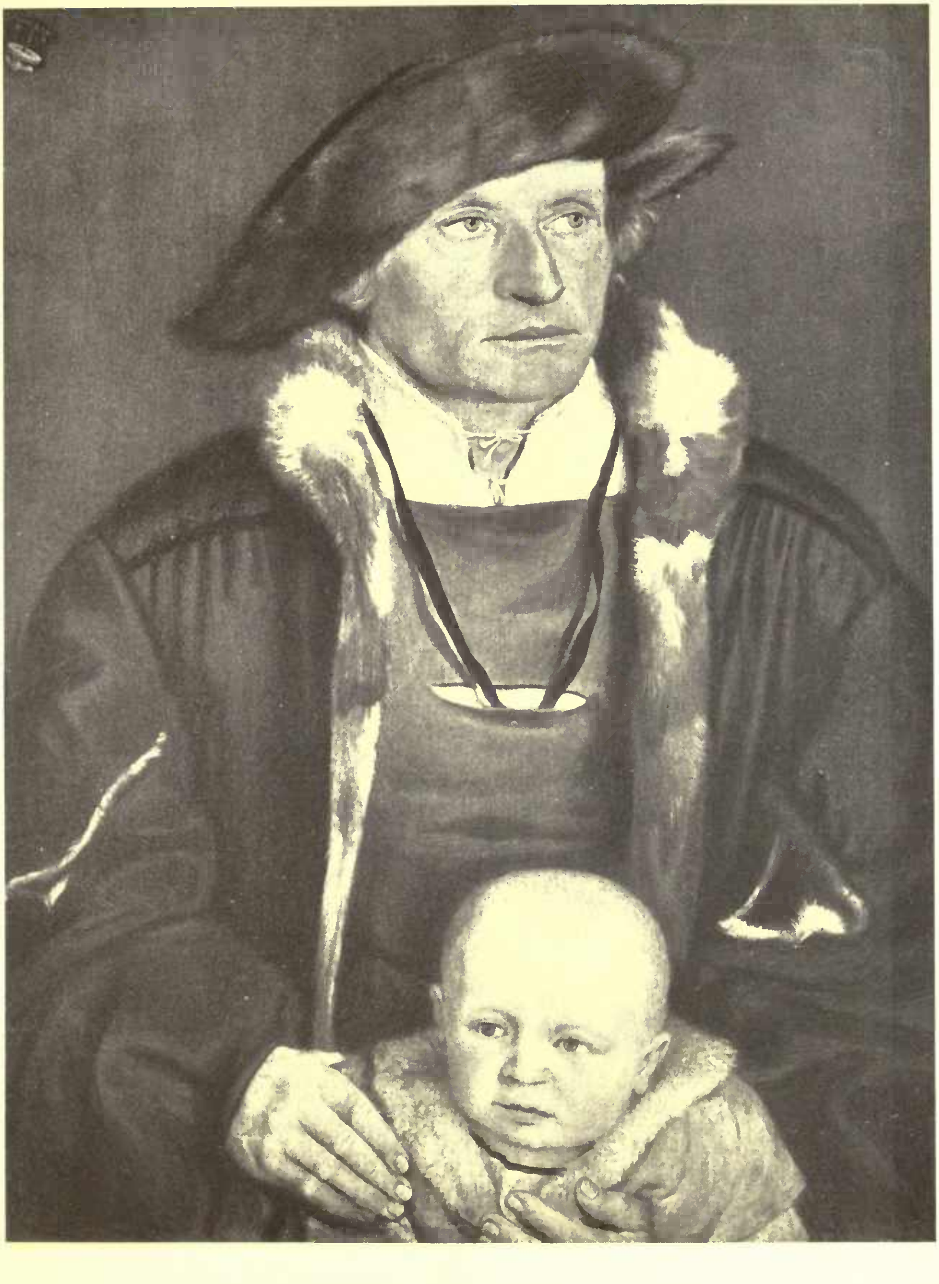


MASTERS IN ART. PLATE III.

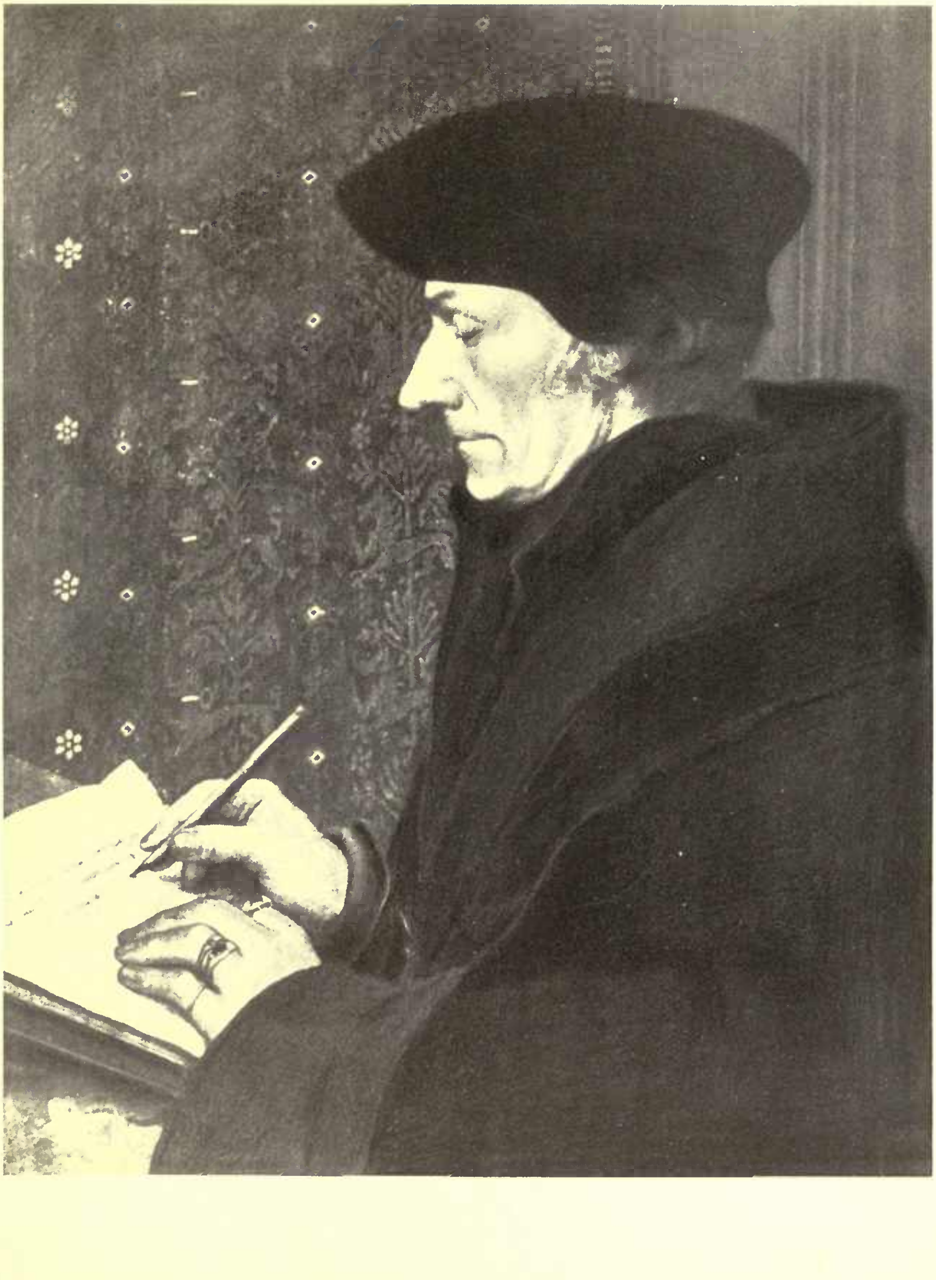
HOLBEIN
PORTRAIT OF GEORG GYZE
BERLIN GALLERY



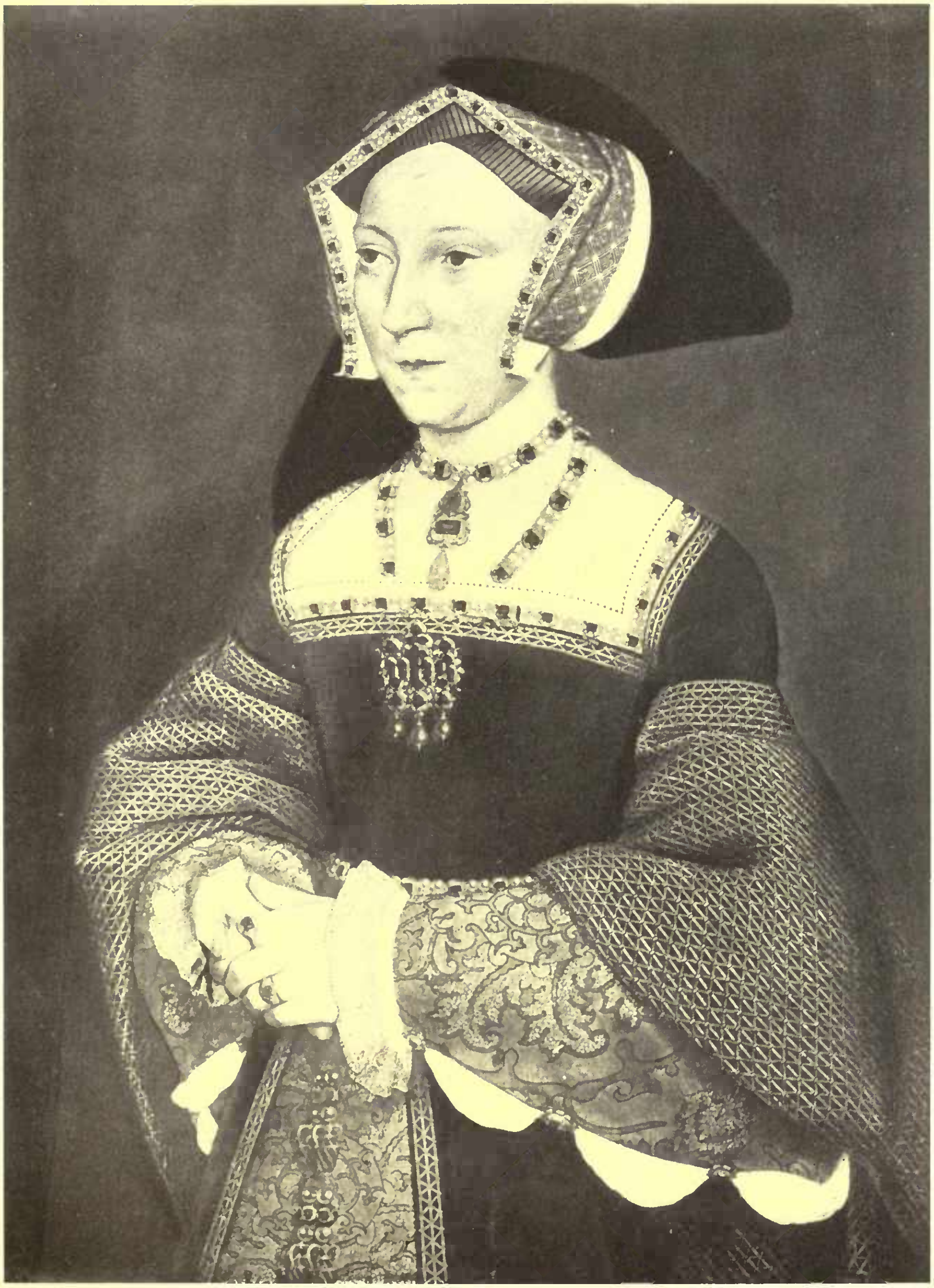
HOLBEIN
PORTRAIT OF CHRISTINA, DUCHESS OF MILAN
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



HOLBEIN
PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH HIS CHILD
STÄDEL INSTITUTE, FRANKFORT

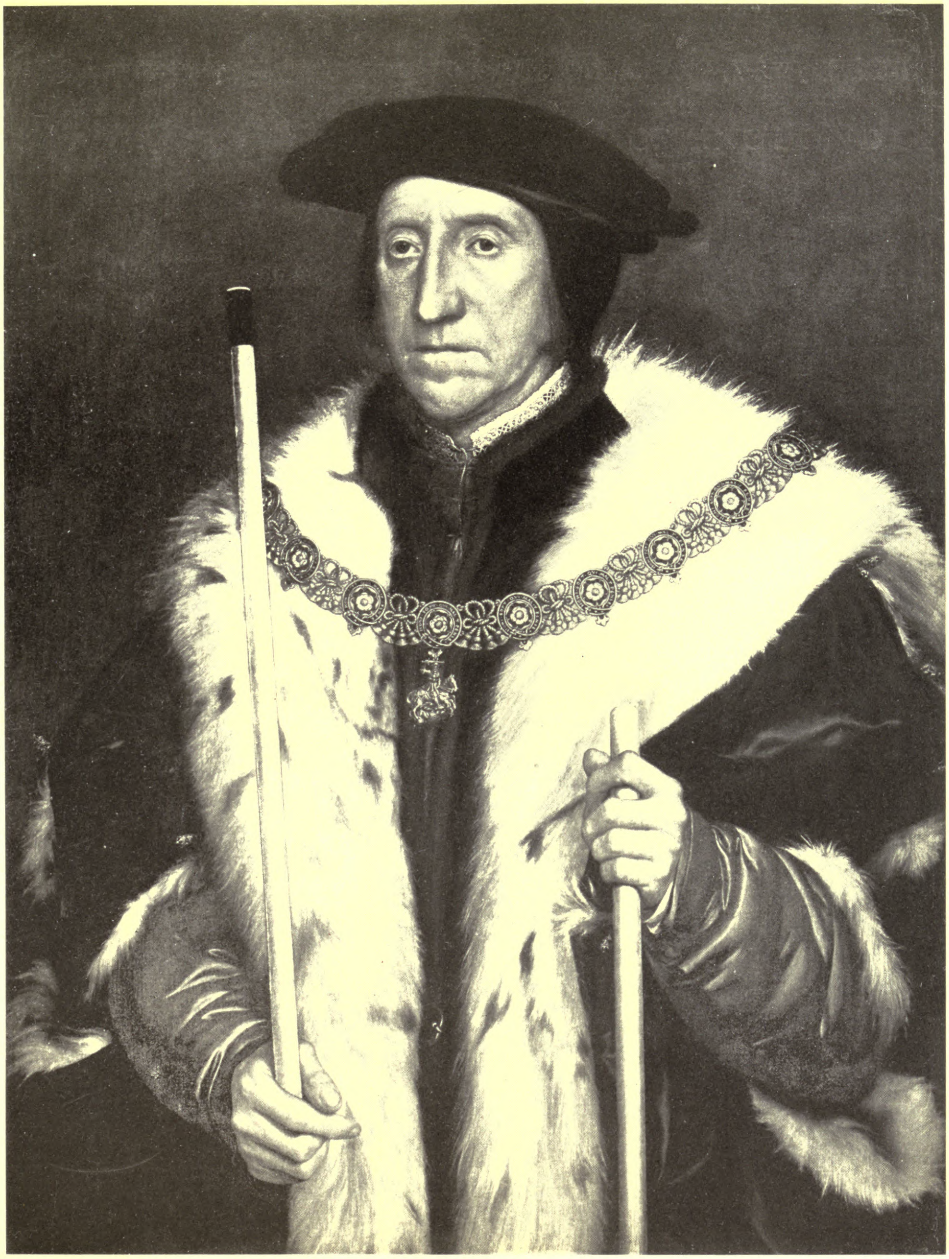


HOLBEIN
PORTRAIT OF ERASMUS
LOUVRE, PARIS

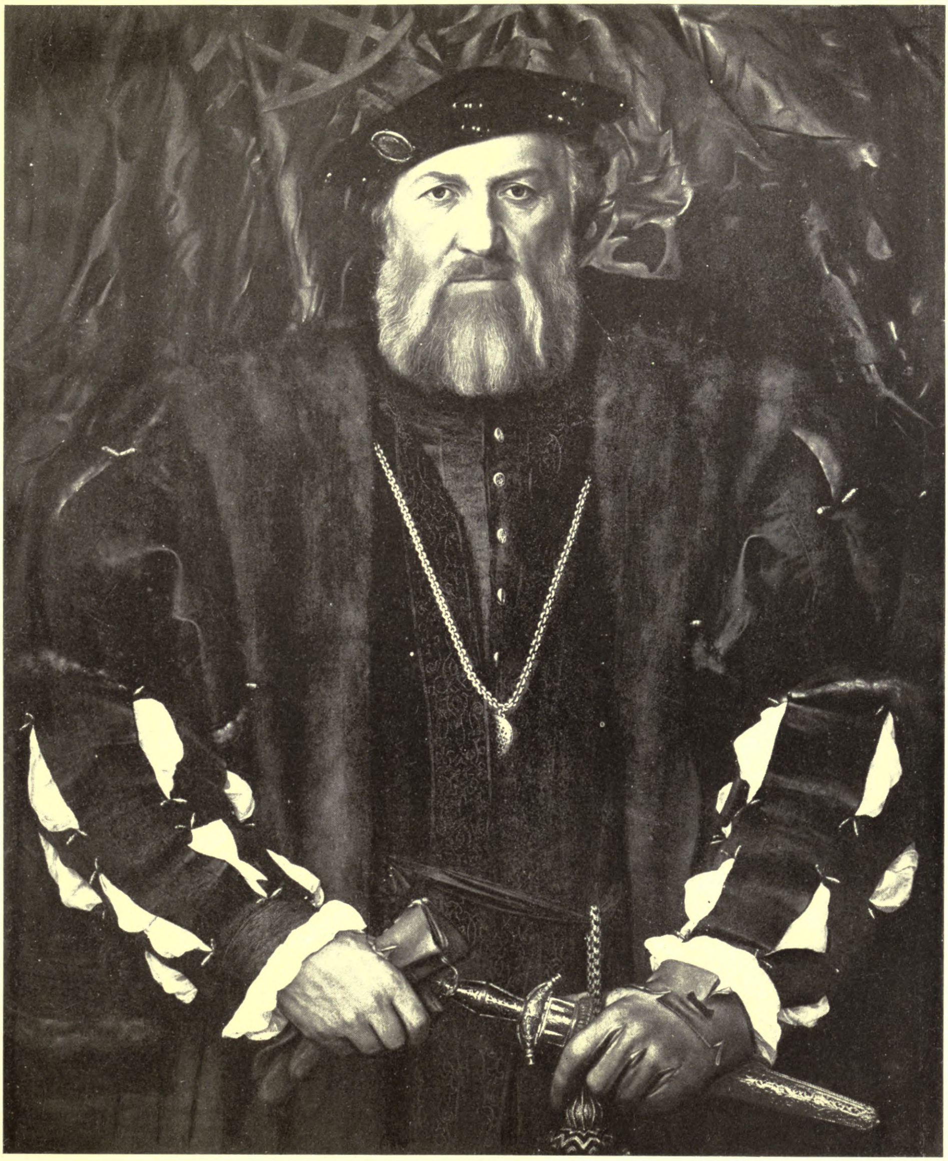


MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VII.

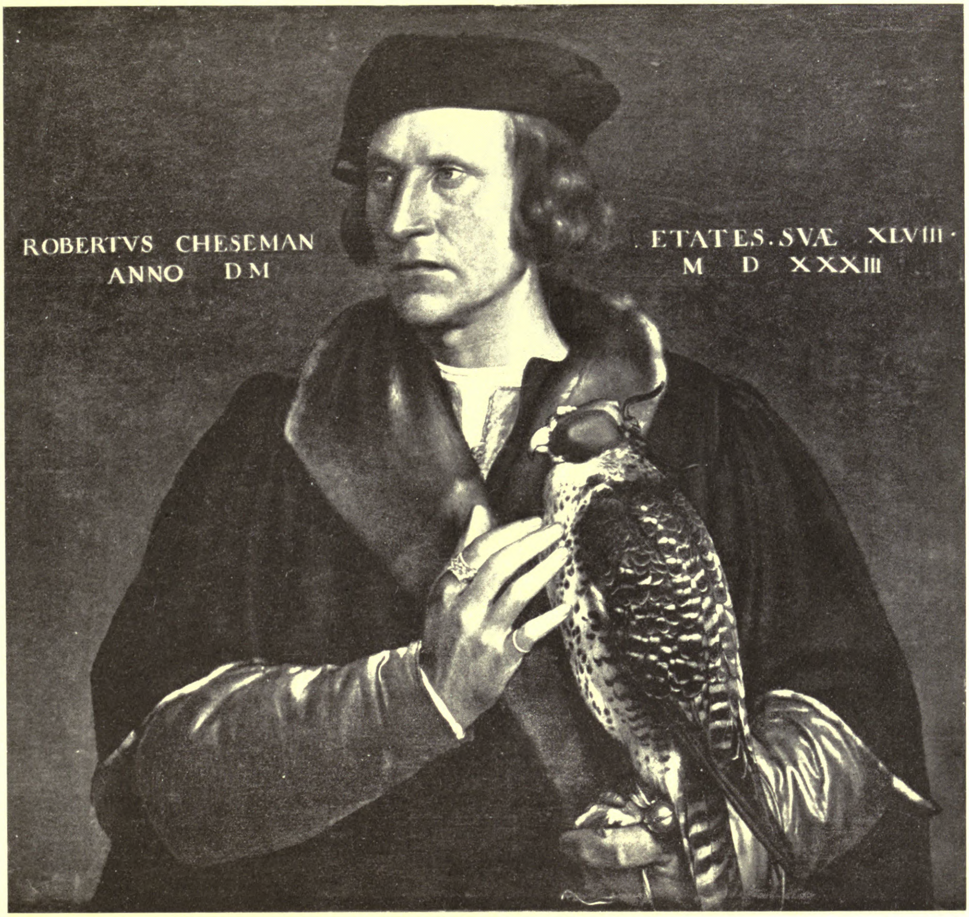
HOLBEIN
PORTRAIT OF JANE SEYMOUR
IMPERIAL GALLERY, VIENNA



HOLBEIN
PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK
ROYAL GALLERY, WINDSOR



HOLBEIN
PORTRAIT OF HUBERT MORETT
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN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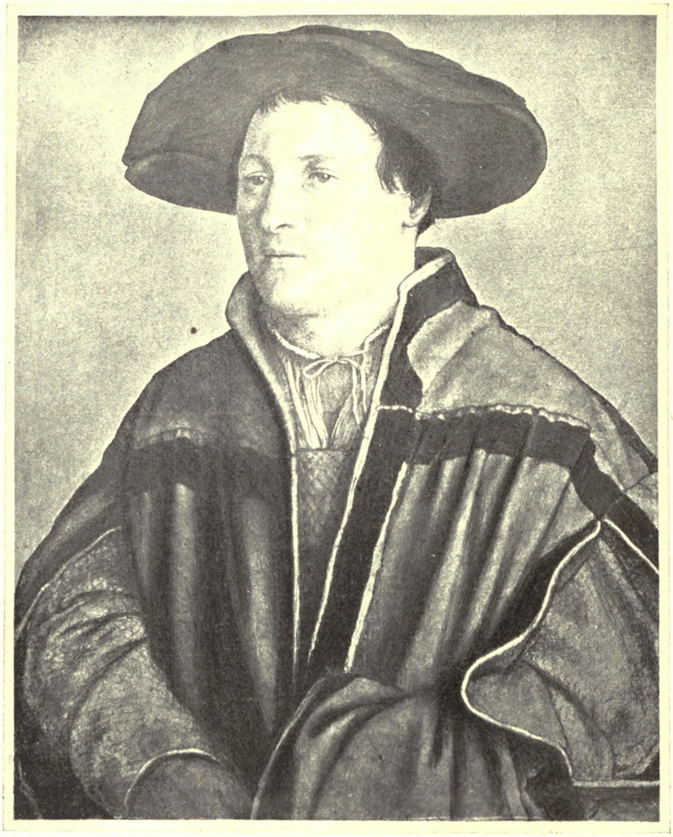
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE X.

HOLBEIN
PORTRAIT OF ROBERT CHESEMAN
GALLERY OF THE HAGUE



PORTRAIT OF HOLBEIN BY HIMSELF

This portrait of Holbein, from a colored drawing now in the Basle Museum, was taken by himself when about twenty-five years of age. The expression denotes, in a remarkable degree, keen observation and quiet reserve power. He wears a red hat and a grey coat with a black velvet border.

Hans Holbein the Younger

BORN 1497: DIED 1543
GERMAN SCHOOL

F. M. ROBINSON "MAGAZINE OF ART," VOL. 9

IN the year 1497, when the Great Maximilian was Emperor of the West, Hans Holbein the younger was born in the imperial city of Augsburg, wherein his father, his uncle, his mother's father, and, indeed, most of the family, were in business as painters and decorators. Those were the great days of Augsburg; the city, on the direct route to Italy, was the richest commercial town of South Germany, and it was also the frequent halting-place of Maximilian, his court, and his armies. Its intercourse with Italy, too, had great influence in the development of artistic ideas; and though one or two mediæval buildings heighten the contrast, Augsburg is essentially a city of the Renaissance. . . . The elder Hans Holbein took both his boys — Ambrosius and Hans — into his studio, and the three worked together until the year 1516. The work was for the most part done in common, but a book of sketches by the younger Hans, preserved in the Berlin Museum, shows us that he was already a better draughtsman than his father.

In the year 1515 Ambrosius and Hans Holbein went to Basle — at that time a centre of learning and enlightenment. It was its boast that every house contained at least one learned man; and the great Amerbach press, which had then been founded for twenty years, must have been an immense attraction to men of letters. John Amerbach had recently died, and business was carried on by his still more famous partner, John Froben. Froben and a forgotten schoolmaster were Holbein's first patrons, and the well-known printer's mark that adorns so many of the Froben press books was designed by him on his arrival in Basle. He also found another powerful patron in Jacob Meyer, the first commoner who ever held office as Burgomaster of Basle, and under whose rule the reformation of the city laws was peaceably carried out. But the local magnate, powerful in his time and city, is remembered chiefly as the original of Holbein's first portrait painted in Basle, and as the art patron for whom the Meyer Madonna was painted eight or nine years later. With two such influential patrons as Froben and Meyer, Holbein's position must have been assured; but in 1517 he left the city and spent two years in travel. At Lucerne and Altorf he left traces of his passing, but nowhere else do we follow him. It is said, on doubtful authority, that he never set foot in Italy; but the astonishing development of his powers suggests that he must, by a sight of some of the masterpieces of Italian art, have had a new ideal suggested to him at about this time.

In 1519 Ambrosius Holbein died, and we know that in this year Hans returned and settled in Basle, for his portrait of Bonifacius Amerbach, son of Amerbach the printer, bears this date. The next year, 1520, so important in history as the year of Luther's excommunication, of Raphael's death, and of the meeting of the Field of the Cloth of Gold, was also an important year in Holbein's life. In it he became a citizen of Basle, and a member of the Painters' Guild; and in it Erasmus, after an absence of six years, returned to Basle, and returned as a resident. The learned Dutchman, the first man of letters since the old days of Rome, had accepted the post of editor and publisher's reader to his friend, John Froben, in whose house he was to make his home. . . . Between Holbein and Erasmus some sort of friendship quickly sprang up, a friendship founded rather on mutual admiration than the intimate interchange of ideas; for Erasmus spoke no modern language except his native Dutch, and by the inscriptions on his portraits Holbein betrays an ignorance of the Latin language, and a capacity for phonetic spelling, tempered by German pronunciation, that are truly astonishing. But despite this ignorance of Latin, Holbein did undoubtedly enjoy some measure of intimacy with Erasmus, and the sketches with which he illustrated the latter's "Praise of Folly" prove that by some means he managed to get at the meaning of Latin books.

The tendency of the Reformation was unfavorable to art, and but for the patronage of Meyer, Holbein would have received no important commission in Basle. Easel pictures of this period are rare, and Holbein seems chiefly to have been employed in designing for stained glass, decorating furniture, and illustrating books. The impressive, terribly realistic "Dead Christ," painted in 1521, and now in the Basle Museum, was probably not a commission, but painted merely as a study. Never again did he depict death with such solemn dignity. . . . The whole point of the "Dance of Death" [a series of small wood-cuts designed by Holbein] is in the malicious pleasure with which Death beholds the consternation of his victims: pope, emperor, preacher, nun, are alike unready for his coming; rich and poor, young and old, make the same desperate, vain resistance. The "Dance of Death," like the Bible illustrations, are undated; but the drawings must have been made some time before 1527, for in that year Hans Lützelberger, their engraver, died, leaving his work unfinished, and for more than ten years the publication was delayed, it being impossible to find a wood-engraver competent to render the action and the expression of the tiny faces. The dramatic feeling, the raciness, the grim humor and abundant fancy of these little masterpieces, as well as the extreme care of their composition and drawing, prove that Holbein must have thrown himself heart and soul into their composition.

But book-illustrating was poorly-paid work, and as time went on, Holbein found the difficulty of living increase. He had, moreover, added to his cares by marriage with a widow, Elsbeth Schmidt, a woman some years older than himself. There may be some truth in the legend that Holbein was driven by his wife's tongue from Basle, but the real reason of his leaving was probably that mentioned by Erasmus to More, the want of money. So, bearing this one letter of introduction from Froben's editor to Sir Thomas More, Speaker of the English House of Commons, Holbein went forth one summer morning of 1526 to seek his fortune in a strange land. . . .

"Master Haunce," as we find Holbein colloquially called in England, arrived in London towards the close of 1526. The influence of the Renaissance, which had already left its mark on public buildings and monuments, had not extended to houses of ordinary size, which were still built chiefly of wood and mud, and set close together in very narrow streets; the rooms were usually small and dark, and the flooring of the lower story was commonly merely the beaten earth on which the house was built. Each tradesman hung out a swinging sign above his shop, and besides shops many booths and stalls were placed in the crowded streets. Carriages were happily extremely rare; those who did not ride went on foot, but even so the streets were intensely thronged.

From the highest to the lowest all London jostled and hustled in the narrow ways noisy with screaming cries of the hawkers and keepers of booths and stalls. . . .

On his arrival Holbein passed through the noisy city till he reached the green riverside country at Chelsea, where Sir Thomas More lived. Here he was welcomed for the sake of Erasmus, and here he remained throughout his first visit to England. Here too he met Archbishop Warham, Nicholas Kratzer, and Fisher, who was destined to become More's fellow-martyr. These and many others gave him sittings, and he also made drawings and studies of More and his household — studies intended to be used for the great group of the More family — a picture which however remained forever unfinished.

In the summer of 1528 that dreaded malady, the Plague, broke out in England, and for fear of infection, or else by order of his guild, our painter returned to Basle, where he finished the decorations for the town hall [begun in 1521, and now no longer in existence]. But Basle was the Basle of his youth no longer. Froben was dead, Erasmus, Meyer, and the majority of the cultured class had abandoned the city to the zeal of the Reformers. Holbein could not adapt himself to the new order of things, and in the autumn of 1531 we find him once more in London. Three years had brought great changes to England. The breach between Pope and King was daily widening, and a few months after Holbein's return, the resignation of More from the Lord Chancellorship brought an end to the painter's hopes of court patronage. In the meantime he was working for the German merchants of the Steelyard, and had settled himself in the parish of St. Andrew Undershaft, which was his home for the remainder of his life. . . .

It is about 1537 that we find the first evidence of Holbein's official connection with the Court, and in this year he painted the great portrait of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York, and Henry VIII. with Jane Seymour, for the Privy Chamber of the Palace of Westminster. The original perished in the fire which destroyed the Palace in 1698, but the composition of it is familiar to us through the small copy at Hampton Court and the large cartoon of a portion of it which is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. [According to the best authorities there is no oil painting of Henry VIII. by Holbein in existence.]

Hans Holbein's death, like his birth and life, is enveloped in mystery. All that we know is that in the year 1543 the Plague again attacked London, that on the seventh of October he made his will, and that on the twenty-ninth of November he was already numbered with the dead. And so, without a sign, with no word to note the day or manner of his death, or the place of his burial, the great painter, whose work is so well and whose character so little known, passes silently from the pages of history.

ALFRED WOLTMANN "HOLBEIN UND SEINE ZEIT"

DURING the whole of the Middle Ages, princes and great lords were accustomed to have their painter, who stood in permanent connection with the court, belonged to their household, and had his position among the lowest members of it, being named in one and the same breath with stable-boys, scullions, and apothecaries. By degrees the position of the artist rose; for with the rise of his art, his personal importance also increased in the eyes of his master, and the painter not unfrequently entered into more intimate relations with his prince, and in order to give a fitting expression to such a relation, he was frequently invested with the rank and title of a "varlet de chambre," an honor which he shared with poets, musicians, and often with the court jesters. This was a great advance compared with former experiences, although the artist was still obliged to conduct himself right modestly towards the whole suite of spiritual, knightly, and political servants of the court. Such was the position of a Jan Van Eyck at the court of Burgundy; such also the position of the painters at the Northern courts in the sixteenth century, of the three Clouets in the service of the French monarch, and equally so of Holbein at the English court, who bore the official title: "Servant to the King's Majesty."

And what had he to do in this position? In this respect the advance made above the Middle Ages was far less than that with regard to rank. The painter was and remained no more and no less than a factotum for everything that could be done with the brush. In state apartments, and in sleeping-rooms, in house and hall, in stable and kitchen, he had to arrange, to decorate, and to paint, sometimes one thing, and sometimes another, the furniture and the household matters, the coats-of-arms, and the shields, the pennons and flags of the ships, the saddles of the horses, and even the cakes that came to table. The talent and skill of painters, their imagination as well as their execution, were in demand for the scenery of festivities, for passing decorations, for exhibitions and pageants. The court painters were expected to obey all the whims and fancies of their master, trifles occupied their time, and they were obliged to expend their genius and their powers on a thousand unimportant and perishable things.

One branch of artistic activity had, however, been developed since the beginning of the fifteenth century, which gave the court painter true satisfaction, and afforded him opportunity after all his trivial occupations to gather together his powers and to work as an artist, and not as an artisan; namely, portraiture. This branch of art grew more and more in favor at courts; it became a pastime, a fashion, and a matter of luxury. Portraits appeared in all conceivable forms, in various styles, and of various sizes, sometimes as a head or a half-length figure, sometimes the whole figure, painted in oil on wooden panels of different forms, or in miniature on cards, or in frescos on the wall. They appeared in life-size, and even on a colossal scale, but still more frequently in a smaller form. In this case they formed portable objects, which could easily be taken from place to place by their possessors.

This rôle of artistic factotum Holbein was enabled to play under somewhat alleviated circumstances. Henry VIII. had a number of other painters in his service, to whom the coarsest work was usually assigned. The business of house-painter and decorator belonged to the appointed sergeant-painter at that time, the Englishman Andrew Wright. Freed from care of the most ordinary requirements of the court painter Holbein could devote himself to portrait painting. If his time was ever claimed for other matters, it was not the executing hand which was demanded from him, but his inventive mind, which was consulted in the various works of art-industry. These two kinds of artistic production to the exclusion of all others fully occupied Holbein at the English court.

. . . .

Holbein certainly did not torment the people whom he painted with many repeated sittings. He depicted them, even in the sketch, with wonderful fidelity and completeness, so that this seems to have been afterwards sufficient for the painting. In numerous sheets we see short observations written in the painter's hand, relating in general to the color of the dress or of the beard and hair. Those in the Windsor Sketches, which belong to the earlier years, are in general grander in effect, and those belonging to his later residence in England are on the contrary more delicate and fine in their execution. At first he usually drew upon untinted paper, but subsequently he gave a reddish coloring to the whole sheet, which corresponded to the flesh tint of the countenance.—FROM THE GERMAN.

The Art of Holbein

PAUL MANTZ "HANS HOLBEIN"

WE have been taught to see in Holbein only an eminent portrait painter, but although he has undoubtedly deserved this title, his talents were less restricted, his ambitions higher. Like the Italians of the glorious age, he would have enjoyed creating vast spectacular scenes to adorn the walls of palaces and churches. Although never a literary or a learned man, he had nevertheless a taste for beautiful allegories, and was inclined to introduce a poetic or dramatic element into his compositions. He tried it indeed more than once. But of all the great scenes which Holbein undertook to depict, not one has come down to us. History would be unjustly indifferent, however, if it recorded only what survives; all that has ever lived should be held sacred, and Holbein's lost works must not be forgotten. From the drawings for them which have been preserved, it may easily be seen that he was not merely a portrait painter. His works which have been destroyed by fire can be approximately reconstructed, and we feel sure that in his decorative paintings there was an enthusiastic feeling for complicated and stirring scenes, a confident and vigorous touch, in short a sympathy for the art of the past in which the primitive qualities — introduced both consciously and unconsciously — remind one of Mantegna. The resemblance is of course very incomplete. . . . A figure somewhat shortened, a drapery with massive folds, betray here and there that Holbein was of German origin. But these occasional effects, which it would be surprising not to meet with in an artist of Augsburg, should not change one's estimate of the general character of his drawing, and of his thought. To the traditions of his country, more and more forgotten in Basle and in London, Holbein was happily unfaithful. His ideal is very *mixed*. Although his Italianism shows itself at times, yet to be just it must be acknowledged that the decorator of the Town Hall and of the Steelyard takes true satisfaction in his own German realism.

It would, however, be a mistake to expect to find in Holbein a man who was in any way bewildered by the ideal. He was usually calm, his flights of fancy were not of long duration, and his mind never lingered among dreams. He lived in the world of realities very willingly, and even when inclined to soar into the realm of fiction, was continually brought back to every-day fact by the study of the faces of his contemporaries — by portraiture.

If the exact portrayal of the human countenance does not include the whole of Holbein's talent, it constitutes at least an essential part of his genius and of his work. Here the master has been indefatigable, full of will and decision. It has been remarked that in most of Holbein's portraits there is a certain air of sadness. The world in which the artist lived was, as we know, absorbed in serious affairs. The early years of the sixteenth century were strangely troubled ones; the bitterness of religious controversies tormented honest consciences, and a somewhat sad gravity might well be accorded to the men who participated and suffered in these spiritual battles.

And Holbein was true to his principle; he did not give a moral character to his models, from any preconceived idea. Even if exercised discreetly this would have been a deviation from the truth, and Holbein did not lie. He was as exact in representing the expression of the inner man as in depicting his features. . . . He had no wish to transform his models into heroes. We know, thanks to him, the "make-up" of their natural refinement or their ugliness, and he has told us, as plainly as is possible with the brush, what was transpiring in their minds. This is why Holbein is above all an historian. But his portraits are not merely notes to be made use of by the chroniclers, they are suberb paintings, which forcibly impress us with their strength and their character. The faithful historian was at the same time a powerful artist, whose manual skill is incomparable. In order to construct a figure and give it life, he draws with a vigor equalling that of the most learned masters, and for skilful and delicate modelling of flesh it seems as if Leonardo da Vinci himself had imparted to him the secret.—FROM THE FRENCH.

WILHELM LÜBKE "HISTORY OF ART"

HOLBEIN is not only one of the most precocious geniuses in the history of art, appearing as an excellent painter in his eighteenth year, but he also belongs to the few painters of the North who were imbued with the qualities of the Italian school, and at the same time developed them in an independent manner. He is the sole Northern painter of that day, not even excepting Dürer, who attained to a free, magnificent style, broke away from the wretchedly depraved taste of his contemporaries, and portrayed the human form in all its truth and beauty. In many respects he may be compared to the great Peter Vischer, who in the same way burst the narrow bounds of the art of his fatherland, without sacrificing the strength, depth, and freshness of the genuine German artist.

ALFRED WOLTMANN "HOLBEIN UND SEINE ZEIT"

IN depicting each separate personage, Holbein took the point of view which each required in himself, and gave to each all that belonged to him, so that in looking at his portraits we think only of the individual represented, and can entirely forget the artist who has brought him before us.

This important quality of the portrait painter, that of placing his own subjectivity subordinate to the object represented, has belonged to but few artists in a like degree. Albrecht Dürer, however much he strives in portraiture to retain the smallest details, allows his own nature to appear just as distinctly as the character of the person represented. . . . Leonardo da Vinci, whose portraits in many ways show affinity with those of Holbein, as far as regards their delicate perfection of execution and their acuteness of individualization, is really only at ease in portraiture when he has to represent female characters of a certain kind, whose secret inner life he traces tenderly and profoundly, seeking to read it as an enigma. Titian, again, can scarcely depict any but noble natures. Though master of every means to make his figures appear round and lifelike, yet truth in depicting the natural appearance is never his real aim. He does not represent the man himself, but borrows from him only the idea of a free poetic figure of the heroic style, who seems by the magic of colors to be transported into a higher existence.

So, also, the great portrait painter of the following century, Van Dyck, whom we are most inclined to compare with Holbein, because he labored on the same soil, is the painter entirely of the aristocratic circles, and is in himself aristocratic in his conception. Holbein depicts men as they are, Van Dyck as they behave. Even in those who have felt most deeply the storms of life, Van Dyck subdues gloominess and care into slight and interesting melancholy. When Holbein depicts a man, he thinks of nothing else but him—he isolates him, he places him before us in unbiased objective truth. Van Dyck, on the contrary, cannot forbear thinking, not merely of the subject of his painting, but also of the spectator, whom he seeks to interest and to fill with sympathy. In this he only does what the people themselves were wont to do, so soon as they appeared before the world. Had Holbein's contemporaries, however, deemed this necessary, his eye would nevertheless have keenly penetrated the veil. Though laden with ornament and arrayed in festive garments, Holbein had seen them at their work, in the midst of all the cares and perplexities of active every-day life. In these men the whole seriousness of their age is stamped — of that grand and agitated epoch in which contests were fought which had been prepared for centuries, and in which the soil was created for the deeds of succeeding ages.

In closer relation to Holbein than Van Dyck stands Velasquez, who shares his capacity for exact and absolute truthfulness to life. Yet there seems to be nothing more different than the delicate and careful execution of the paintings of the German master and the breadth and boldness of the Spaniard. But that Holbein was capable of this also, when it seemed to him suitable, is shown by his sketches and cursory outlines, and is exhibited in a work such as the cartoon in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire, or in Holbein's family picture at Basle.

If we look, however, for one among his own contemporaries who shows the most affinity with him in portraiture, we can turn to no other than Raphael. He too combines the utmost individual distinctness with the most delicate taste, and in his picture of Leo X., reaches that perfection so especially admired in Holbein, a perfection exhibited in the faithful execution of subordinate things, of the prayer-book with miniatures, of the bell on the table, of the mirror on the back of the chair, in which the whole scene is reflected, because all these accessories seemed to produce the tone of feeling suitable to the representation of this personage.

Realism, however, does not remain Holbein's ultimate and highest aim, and even his grand importance as a portrait painter, which formed for a long time his sole reputation, does not proceed from this alone. His eye was so organized that, like the old Dutch painters, he perceived all the details of nature with the utmost exactness. At the same time, however, he understood what they did not understand — namely, to draw back a step, and to see that which he represented not only in detail, but also as a whole. Thus there is for him a higher truth than that which exists in the absolute delineation of various things; he recognizes the general laws which lie at their foundation, and he passes over the cleft which in Northern art generally speaking lies between the *characteristic* and the *beautiful.*

J. A. CROWE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA"

HOLBEIN'S portraits all display that uncommon facility for seizing character which his father enjoyed before him, and which he had inherited in an expanded form. No amount of labor, no laboriousness of finish — and of both he was ever prodigal — betrayed him into loss of resemblance or expression. No painter was ever quicker at noting peculiarities of physiognomy, and it may be observed that in none of his faces, as indeed in none of the faces one sees in nature, are the two sides alike. Yet he was not a child of the sixteenth century, as the Venetians were, in substituting touch for line. We must not look in his works for modulations of surface or subtle contrasts of color in juxtaposition. His method was to the very last delicate, finished, and smooth, as became a painter of the old school.

SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON "ADDRESS, ROYAL ACADEMY," 1893

HARDLY less important than Nuremberg as a centre of wealth and commerce, or in its love of art, was the great Swabian city, Augsburg, the home of those princes among the merchants of this day, the Fuggers; and of the genius of the Swabian school, Hans Holbein the Younger is the noblest product and the supreme glory. I say the Swabian school; for although the name of Holbein is closely connected with Basle, where he long resided, he was born at Augsburg, in which town his father, himself an artist of great gifts, lived and worked. In Holbein we have a complete contrast to Dürer; a man not prone to theorize, not steeped in speculation, a dreamer of no dreams; without passion but full of joyous fancies, he looked out with serene eyes upon the world around him; accepting Nature without preoccupation or afterthought, but with a keen sense of all her subtle beauties, loving her simply and for herself. As a draughtsman he displayed a flow, a fulness of form, and an almost classic restraint which are wanting in the work of Dürer, and are, indeed, not found elsewhere in German art. As a colorist, he had a keen sense of the values of tone relations, a sense in which Dürer again was lacking; not so Teutonic in every way as the Nuremberg master, he formed a link between the Italian and the German races. A less powerful personality than Dürer, he was a far superior painter. Proud may that country be indeed that counts two names so great in art.

JEAN ROUSSEAU "HANS HOLBEIN"

WHEN I think of Holbein, I picture to myself one of those giants of the North who led the Germanic races to the assault of the Latin world. Never has champion of art been armed like Holbein to challenge Italy in all directions and on every side. He rivals Leonardo in subtlety and depth of expression, as well as in the power of interpreting character and life in his portraits. With an originality which equals that of Veronese, he understands the art of enriching and aggrandizing his pictures by means of sumptuous architecture. Mantegna has become famous through his "Triumph of Cæsar;" Holbein composed two similar friezes, allegorical in subject, the "Triumph of Riches" and the "Triumph of Poverty." Raphael is the immortal painter of Madonnas; Holbein painted but one — but that one is worthy to be compared with the "Madonna di San Sisto." With Titian alone Holbein cannot compete in richness of coloring, and only by Benvenuto Cellini is he surpassed in his marvellous designs for jewelry, and curious devices for the carving of sword-hilts and dagger-sheaths, cups, vases, etc.

Germany has never produced another genius so versatile as Holbein, and he is the more astonishing, coming as he does immediately after the German masters of the fifteenth century, so stiff and rigid, and so bound down by their Gothic limitations, that even Dürer could not entirely free himself from their traditions. — FROM THE FRENCH.

The German School of Painting

1358 TO 1862

JOHN C. VAN DYKE "HISTORY OF PAINTING"

THE Teutonic lands, like most of the countries of Europe, received their first art impulse from Christianity through Italy. The centre of the faith was at Rome, and from there the influence in art spread west and north; and in each land it was modified by local peculiarities of type and temperament. In Germany, even in the early days, though Christianity was the theme of early illuminations, miniatures, and the like, and though there was a traditional form reaching back to Italy and Byzantium, yet under it was the Teutonic type — the material, awkward, rather coarse Germanic point of view. The wish to realize native surroundings was apparent from the beginning. . . . In wall-painting a poor quality of work was executed in the churches as early as the ninth century, and probably earlier. Panel-painting seems to have come into existence before the thirteenth century, and was used for altar decorations. The panels were done in tempera, with figures in light colors upon gold grounds. The spirituality of the age, with a mingling of northern sentiment, appeared in the figure. This figure was at times graceful, and again awkward and archaic, according to the place of production, and the influence of either France or Italy.

In the fourteenth century the influence of France began to show strongly in willowy figures, long flowing draperies, and sentimental poses. The artists along the Rhine showed this more than those in the provinces to the east, where a ruder if freer art appeared. The best panel-painting of the time was done at Cologne, where we meet with the name of the first painter, Meister Wilhelm, and where a school was established usually known as the School of Cologne, which probably got its sentimental inclination, shown in slight forms and tender expression, from France, but derived much of its technique from the Netherlands. . . .

German art, though begun in the fourteenth century, showed but little depth or breadth until the fifteenth, and no real individual strength until the sixteenth century. It lagged behind the other countries of Europe, and produced the cramped archaic altar-piece. Then, when printing was invented, the painter-engraver came into existence. The two kinds of art — painting and engraving — being produced by the one man led to much detailed line work with the brush. Engraving is an influence to be borne in mind in examining the painting of this period.

The Franconian division of the German school had for its centre Nuremberg, and its most famous early master was Wohlgemuth (1434–1519). . . . There was in his work, chiefly altar-pieces, an advance in characterization, nobility of expression, and quiet dignity; and it was his good fortune to be the master of one of the most thoroughly original painters of all the German schools — Albrecht Dürer (1471–1528), who holds first rank in the German art of the Renaissance, not only on account of his technical ability, but also because of his imagination, sincerity, and striking originality. Dürer's influence was wide-spread throughout Germany, especially in engraving, of which he was a master. . . .

The Swabian division of the German school includes a number of painters who were located at different places; for example at Colmar, Ulm, and Augsburg; and in the sixteenth century there was a concentration of artistic force about this last named city, which toward the close of the preceding century, had come into competition with Nuremberg, and rather outranked it in splendor. It was at Augsburg that the Renaissance art in Germany showed in more restful composition, less angularity, better modelling and painting, and more sense of the *ensemble* of a picture. Hans Burckmair (1473–1531) was the founder of the so-called school of Augsburg, and next to him comes the celebrated Holbein family, of whom Hans Holbein the Younger holds with Dürer the high place in German art. . . .

The two men were widely different in their points of view and in their work. Dürer was an idealist seeking after a type, a religious painter, a painter of panels with the spirit of an engraver. . . . Holbein was emphatically a realist, finding material in the actual life about him, a designer of cartoons and large wall-paintings in something of the Italian spirit, a man who painted religious themes with but little spiritual signification. In composition and drawing he appeared at times to be following Mantegna and the northern Italians; in brush-work he resembled the Flemings, especially Massys; yet he was never an imitator of either Italian or Flemish painting. His wall-paintings have perished, but the drawings from them are preserved, and show him as an artist of much invention. He is now known chiefly by his portraits. His facility in grasping physiognomy and realizing character, the quiet dignity of his composition, his firm modelling, clear outline, harmonious coloring, excellent detail, and easy solid painting, all place him in the front rank of great painters.

Of the small Saxon division of the German school of painting Lucas Cranach the

Elder (1472–1553) was the leader. His work was fantastic, odd in conception and execution, sometimes ludicrous, and always archaic-looking; but his pictures were typical of the time and country, and for that and for their strong individuality are ranked among the most interesting paintings of the German school. Lucas Cranach the Younger followed his father closely, but was a weaker painter. Although there were many pupils, the Saxon school did not go beyond the Cranach family.

The seventeenth and eighteenth were unrelieved centuries of decline in German painting. After Dürer, Holbein, and Cranach had passed, there came about a senseless imitation of Italy, combined with an equally senseless imitation of detail in nature, that produced nothing worthy of the name of original or genuine art. . . .

In the first part of the nineteenth century there started in Germany a so-called "revival of art" led by Friedrich Overbeck and a few others, and brought about by the study of monumental painting in Italy, and the taking-up of the religious spirit in a pre-Raphaelite manner; but like many another revival of art it did not amount to much.

The whole academic tendency of modern painting in Germany for the past fifty years has not been favorable to the best kind of pictorial art, and the men to-day who are the great artists of Germany are less followers of the German tradition than individuals, each working in a style peculiar to himself.

MEMBERS OF THE GERMAN SCHOOL

WILHELM OF COLOGNE, flourished 1358–78 — Stephen Lochner, flourished 1442–51 — Master of Liesborn, flourished 1465 — Michael Wohlgemuth, 1434–1519 — Master of the Lyversberg Passion, flourished 1463–80 — Israel von Meckenen, 1440–1503 — Martin Schongauer, 1450–88 — Matthias Grünewald, about 1460 to after 1529 — Master Christophorus, flourished 1500–10 — Master of the Death of the Virgin, flourished 1515–56 — Hans Holbein the elder, about 1460–1523, and his brother Sigmund Holbein, 1465 to after 1540 — Albrecht Dürer, 1471–1528 — Lucas Cranach, 1472–1553 — Hans Burckmair, 1473–1531 — Hans Fuss (Von Kulmbach), pupil of A. Dürer, died about 1522 — Albrecht Altdorfer, born before 1480–1538 — Hans Leonard Schaufelin, 1490–1540 — Hans Holbein the younger, 1497–1543 — Hans Sebald Beham, 1500–50, and his brother Barthel Beham, 1502 to about 1540 — Heinrich Aldegrever, 1502–58 — Virgil Solis, 1514–62 — Lucas Cranach the younger, 1515–86 — Jost. Amman, 1531–91 — Heinrich Golzius, 1558–1617 — Johann Rottenhammer, 1564–1623 — Adam Elshaimer, 1574–1620 — Joachim von Sandrart, 1606–88 — Balthasar Denner, 1685–1747 — Christ. Will. Ernst Dietrich, 1712–74 — Anton Raphael Mengs, 1728–78 — Peter von Cornelius, 1783–1867 — Johann Fried. Overbeck, 1789–1869 — Fried. Wil. von Schadow, 1789–1862.

The Works of Holbein

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

"THE MEYER MADONNA" GRAND-DUCAL PALACE: DARMSTADT

IN the year 1526, shortly before his departure for England, and at a time when the doctrines of the Reformation had already taken root in Basle, Holbein gave his services with impartial spirit to the Roman Catholic cause by painting, at the request of the Burgomaster Jacob Meyer, an altar-piece representing Meyer and his family in adoration and under the protection of the Virgin. The Madonna with the Christ-Child in her arms stands in the centre of the picture. On one side kneels Meyer with his two sons, and opposite them are seen his deceased first wife and his then living second wife and only daughter. Underneath the figures is spread a rich carpet, and behind them, forming the background, is a piece of Renaissance decoration. "In this work," writes Lübke, "Holbein appears as one of the first among the painters of simple votive pictures. It is not the ravishing force of lofty beauty, not the spirited nobility of important characters, but the fervid devoutness and genuine sentiment, which will always endear it to all hearts."

The subject of the painting has been variously explained. By some it has been thought to be commemorative of the recovery of a sick child, and Mr. Ruskin, advocating this theory, has written: "The received tradition respecting the Holbein Madonna is beautiful, and I believe the interpretation to be true. A father and mother have prayed to her for the life of their sick child. She appears to them, her own Child in her arms. She puts down her Christ before them — takes their child into her arms instead — it lies down upon her bosom and stretches its hands to its father and mother, saying farewell." Another explanation is that the child standing below has been restored to health, the Infant Jesus having taken upon himself the sickness. Again, it has been suggested that the child in the Virgin's arms is the soul of a baby who has died. But, after all, the true meaning of the picture seems to be a very simple one, and the present official account reads: "Jacob Meyer, Burgomaster of Basle, kneels worshipping with his family before the Virgin Mary, who holds the Infant Christ in her arms."

Until the year 1822 this masterpiece of Holbein's was known to the world by the replica or copy in the Dresden Gallery. A singular controversy waged for many years in regard to the authenticity of the two pictures, and was not finally settled until 1871, when at the Holbein exhibition held in Dresden in that year, the two pictures were brought together and hung side by side. It was then decided by competent critics that the Darmstadt Madonna was "the undoubtedly genuine original by Hans Holbein the younger," and the Dresden example a "free copy by an unknown artist."

(For an account of the "Holbein Controversy," as it has been called, see the interesting article in "Old and New," (April, 1872), by S. R. Koehler, entitled "The Battle of the Madonnas.")

"HOLBEIN'S WIFE AND CHILDREN" BASLE MUSEUM

"ONE of Holbein's first works, after his return to his home" (in 1529), writes Knackfuss, "was perhaps this portrait of his wife and children, which is one of the most striking pictures of the Basle Museum. We see here Frau Elsbeth with two children, a fair boy and a little girl with reddish hair. The figures are life-size, painted in oils upon paper, and then cut out, and pasted upon a panel of wood, and the whole work is a masterpiece — a marvellous rendering of nature. It seems as if the painter had represented his models just as chance had placed them before him; and yet how well considered and adjusted the work is! A woman past her first youth, two healthy, but by no means unusually charming children, all three in the simplest sort of attire, — the tasteless dress of the mother cut low in the neck, according to the fashion which prevailed at that time in Basle, is dark green. A narrow band of brown fur on an overgarment of the same color as the dress, and a thin veil over her rather light hair, which is arranged at the back of her head in a reddish brown cap, are the only ornaments. The boy wears a dusky greenish-blue smock frock, and the baby a colorless little gown of some light woolen material. With this has Holbein created a picture perfect in its beauty of light and shade, in the flow of its lines, and in the harmony of its colors."

"PORTRAIT OF GEORG GYZE" BERLIN GALLERY

IN the year 1532, during Holbein's second sojourn in London, he painted several portraits of German merchants of the Steelyard — members of the Hanseatic League who were settled in London. One of the finest of these portraits is that of Georg Gyze, of which Mr. Ruskin has written: "Every accessory is perfect with a fine perfection: the carnations in the glass vase by his side — the ball of gold, chased with blue enamel, suspended on the wall — the books — the steelyard — the papers on the table, the seal-ring, with its quartered bearings, — all intensely there, and there in beauty of which no one could have dreamed that even flowers or gold were capable, far less parchment or steel. But every change of shade is felt; every rich and rubied line of petal followed; every subdued gleam in the soft blue of the enamel and bending of the gold touched with a hand whose patience of regard creates rather than paints. The jewel itself was not so precious as the rays of enduring light which form it, and flash from it, beneath that errorless hand. The man himself, what he was — not more; but to all conceivable proof of sight — in all aspect of life or thought — not less. He sits alone in his accustomed room, his common work laid out before him; he is conscious of no presence, assumes no dignity, bears no sudden or superficial look of care or interest, lives only as he lived — but forever."

"CHRISTINA, DUCHESS OF MILAN" NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

AFTER the death of Jane Seymour, many candidates were proposed for the honor of alliance with Henry VIII. Among them all none seemed to be so acceptable to the king as the young and widowed Duchess of Milan. Daughter of the King of Denmark, and niece of Charles V., Emperor of Germany, she had, when a child, been wedded to Francesco Sforza, Duke of Milan, who died soon after their marriage. As a union with the King of England was desirable for political reasons, the Emperor of Germany eagerly received the news of Henry's inclination; and accordingly the English court decided to despatch a painter to Brussels, where the young Duchess then was, to take a portrait of her. Hans Holbein was selected for this purpose; and from the three hours' sketch which he then made, he afterwards painted this picture of Christina. She was then just sixteen years old.

"I know no portrait," writes Wornum, "that I can compare with it for simplicity and grandeur combined; both paint and painter are forgotten in looking at a work like this; you see only the incarnate spirit, and feel its very sphere. Though the woman is really not beautiful, her expression is fascinating in the highest degree. The rich brown eyes, with the yellow ring immediately round the pupil, seem to admit you to the secrets of her thoughts, and the full pouting cherry lips irresistibly command admiration. The beauty of this exquisite portrait is indeed beyond ordinary powers of description."

Christina stands before us dressed in deep mourning. She wears a little black cap which entirely conceals her hair. Her gown is of black satin, over which is a long garment also black, and lined with sable. Around the neck and wrists are narrow white frills, and in her hands she holds a long light glove. A ruby ring, on the third finger of her left hand, is her sole ornament. "She is not so delicately fair as the deceased queen," wrote Hutton, the English envoy in Flanders, "but she hathe a good countenance; and when she smiles, two little dimples appear in her cheeks, and one in her chin. . . . She is very friendly, very graceful in her bearing, and soft in speech. She seems to be of few words; and she lisps somewhat in talking, which does not become her badly."

It is said that Henry was so charmed with Holbein's portrait of the Duchess that he immediately sent her a proposal of marriage, which, however, she declined, saying that she would gladly have accepted the honor had she "possessed two heads." This reply however is fictitious, for Christina was apparently by no means averse to becoming queen of England; and when urged by the ambassador, Wriothesley, to confide in him her personal inclination, blushed deeply, and said, "*My* inclination? What am I to say?" And then added, smilingly, "You know I am the Emperor's poor servant, and must obey his will." Charles V.'s friendly feelings towards England having undergone a change, however, the alliance never took place.

"PORTRAIT OF A MAN WITH HIS CHILD" STÄDEL INSTITUTE: FRANKFORT

THIS picture of an unknown man and his child was, according to Passavant, one of the works of Holbein's early years in Basle. "It is painted," says this writer, "with the keenest perception, and with a force and vigor which show him to be even then the most finished painter of the German school of that time."

"PORTRAIT OF ERASMUS" LOUVRE: PARIS

"HOLBEIN'S Erasmus is immortal," writes Paul Mantz. "The philosopher is represented in profile, engaged in his daily work, and is absorbed in thought; that strong hand of his quietly transferring to paper the ideas which he has carefully pondered. The accuracy of the drawing is incomparable. It would have been impossible to depict with greater exactness the delicacy of that profile at the same time so austere yet so expressive of a subtle humor, and those lips closed by the long habit of caution. It is always astonishing that with merely material means — with colors, oil, and a brush — an artist can express the innermost thought, and, so to speak, make visible the invisible. Certainly this power, which partakes of the nature of sorcery, has seldom been carried so far as in the portrait of Erasmus by Holbein."

"PORTRAIT OF JANE SEYMOUR" IMPERIAL GALLERY: VIENNA

"THIS portrait," writes Woltmann, "shows that in the technical execution, and in the background tint which he chose, Holbein ever accommodated himself to the subject he was depicting, and that a colder or warmer proportion of light and shade did not merely belong to certain periods of his artistic progress, but that he, at the same time, allowed sometimes the one and sometimes the other to prevail, according to the personage whom he was delineating. Jane Seymour was famed for her pure fairness, and therefore this cold and delicate tint, with its faint grey shadows, was suited for her portrait, and Holbein has produced nothing more beautiful. She appears in the most splendid costume, an under-dress of silver brocade, over which she wears a gown of deep red velvet. Wherever it is possible, rich gold ornament is introduced; her dress and her cap of the well-known angular form are studded with pearls, and a chain of pearls is round her neck, from which is suspended a rich jewelled ornament. The whole is executed in miniature-like perfection; and in spite of this splendor, this glittering profusion, the countenance of the queen outshines all the rest with its wonderfully delicate and clear tint. How soft and fine are the hands quietly resting in each other, and emerging from cuffs of exquisitely finished Spanish work! How beautifully the face is modelled, and how delicate the effect of the grey shadows! Her eyes do not seek the spectator, but look calmly forth, and one is especially impressed by the untroubled serenity of her brow."

"PORTRAIT OF THE DUKE OF NORFOLK" ROYAL GALLERY: WINDSOR

THOMAS HOWARD, Duke of Norfolk and Lord High Admiral of England, was at the summit of his greatness when Holbein painted his portrait in 1540. He is represented in a dark coat trimmed with ermine and displaying the red sleeves of the jerkin underneath, and is decorated with the collar of the Order of the Garter and the badge of St. George. In one hand he holds the gold baton as Earl Marshal, and in the other the white staff of the Lord Chamberlain.

"PORTRAIT OF HUBERT MORETT"[1] ROYAL GALLERY: DRESDEN

THE portrait of Hubert Morett, a distinguished jeweller in the service of Henry VIII., and the friend and fellow-laborer of Holbein, belongs to the period of the painter's second visit to England.

Morett is represented as richly dressed in black satin, silk and taffeta, with a broad collar of sable. In one hand he holds a glove, while the other rests on the gilt sheath of a dagger. He wears a black cap with a cameo, and around his neck a gold chain. A curtain of green damask forms the background. Woltmann writes: "There is no painting in any public collection more fitted to exhibit Holbein at his height as a portrait painter, combining the utmost truth with the finest taste, than the splendid portrait of Morett in the Dresden Gallery. This work, that of Georg Gyze at Berlin, and Jane Seymour at Vienna, are the most beautiful portraits by Holbein in German collections; three productions which, differing from each other completely in bearing and style, stand forth as the solution of three wholly different artistic tasks. On each occasion the conception and treatment perfectly suit the personage designed."

For many years this work was attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, and not until 1860 was the final restitution made to Holbein. Wornum tells us that "the late King of Saxony, Friedrich August, there not being any Leonardo in the collection, objected to the change of name, and the consequent exclusion of the great Florentine from his gallery: the restitution therefore could not take place till after that king's death." This same writer calls the picture "one of the completest of Holbein's portraits, and one of the finest of his works." Of the original drawing for it which now hangs in the Dresden gallery beside the painting, he writes: "For force and truth this drawing is quite unsurpassed; it shows what can be accomplished by the point, without the aid of color, when guided by a hand that obeys with the minutest mechanical precision the control of an eye that nothing can escape, or the balance of a judgment by which nothing is too minute to be measured."

"PORTRAIT OF ROBERT CHESEMAN" GALLERY OF THE HAGUE

THIS portrait of the king's falconer represents him as richly dressed in a dark fur-lined cloak showing the red sleeves of a jacket worn underneath. His grey hair is partly covered by a black cap, and on his left wrist he holds a falcon. The background of the picture is dark green, and on it can be read his name and age as well as the date of the painting.

In Sir Joshua Reynolds's notes, made when in Holland in the year 1781, this picture is spoken of as "admirable for its truth and precision, and extremely well colored."

[1] Recent authorities consider that this portrait represents not Hubert Morett, the jeweller, but Charles de Solier, Sieur (or Count) de Morette, envoy from Francis I. to the English court; and this identification has now been adopted in the official catalogue of the Dresden Gallery.

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF HOLBEIN THE YOUNGER WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ANTWERP Museum: Portrait of Erasmus — Augsburg Cathedral: Wings of an Altar-Piece — Basle Museum: Adam and Eve; The Dead Christ; The Last Supper; Descent from the Cross; Virgin and Child; Christ Crowned with Thorns, and the Mother of Sorrows; Two Heads of Saints; School-master's Sign-board; Portrait of Jacob Meyer and of His Wife Dorothea Kannengiesser; Holbein's Wife and Children (Plate II); Portrait of Georg Schweiger; Portrait of Bonifacius Amerbach; Portrait of Erasmus; Laïs Corinthiaca; Venus — Berlin Gallery: Portrait of Georg Gyze (Plate III); Two Portraits of Young Men — Brunswick Gallery: Portrait of Cyriacus Fallen — Cassel Gallery: Portrait of an Unknown Man — Carlsruhe Museum: Saint Ursula and Saint George — Darmstadt, Grand-Ducal Palace: The Meyer Madonna (Plate I) — Darmstadt Gallery: Portrait of a Young Man — Dresden, Royal Gallery: Portrait of Hubert Morett (Plate IX); Sir Thomas Godsalve and His Son — Florence, Uffizi Gallery: Portrait of Sir Richard Southwell — Frankfort, Städel Institute: Portrait of Sir George of Cornwall; Portrait of a Man with His Child (Plate V) — Freiburg Cathedral: Two Altar Panels — The Hague, Gallery: Portrait of Robert Cheseman (Plate X); Portrait of a Young Woman — Hampton Court: Portrait of John Reskymer; Lady Vaux — Hanover, Welfen Museum: Edward VI. when a Child; Portrait of Melanchthon — Lisbon, Royal Palace: Fountain of Life — London, National Gallery: "The Ambassadors;" Christina, Duchess of Milan (Loaned) (Plate IV) — London, Pole Carew Collection: Portraits of Sir William and Lady Butts — London, Grosvenor House: Portrait of Sir Bryan Tuke — London, Lambeth Palace: Portrait of Archbishop Warham — London, Huth Collection: Portrait of Sir Thomas More — London, Ridgway Collection: Portrait of Thomas Cromwell — London, Company of the Barbers: Henry VIII. and the Barber Surgeons (partly by Holbein) — Munich Gallery: Portrait of Sir Bryan Tuke; Portrait of Derick Born — Paris, Louvre: Portrait of Nicholas Kratzer; Portrait of Erasmus (Plate VI); Portrait of Archbishop Warham; Portrait of Anne of Cleves; Portrait of Sir Henry Wyatt; Portrait of a Young Man; Portrait of Sir Richard Southwell — Prague Museum: Portrait of Lady Vaux — Salisbury, Longford Castle: Portrait of Erasmus — Solothurn, Municipal Gallery: Virgin and Child — Turin Gallery: Portrait of Erasmus — Vienna, Imperial Gallery: Portrait of Jane Seymour (Plate VII); Portrait of Dr. Chamber; Portrait of Deryck Tybis; Portrait of a Young Man; Portrait of an Unknown Lady — Windsor, Royal Gallery: Portraits of Sir Henry and Lady Guildford; Portrait of the Duke of Norfolk (Plate VIII); Christina, Duchess of Milan; Portrait of Derick Born.

(Note: The above list does not, of course, include Holbein's drawings, the most valuable collections of which are at Windsor and Basle.)

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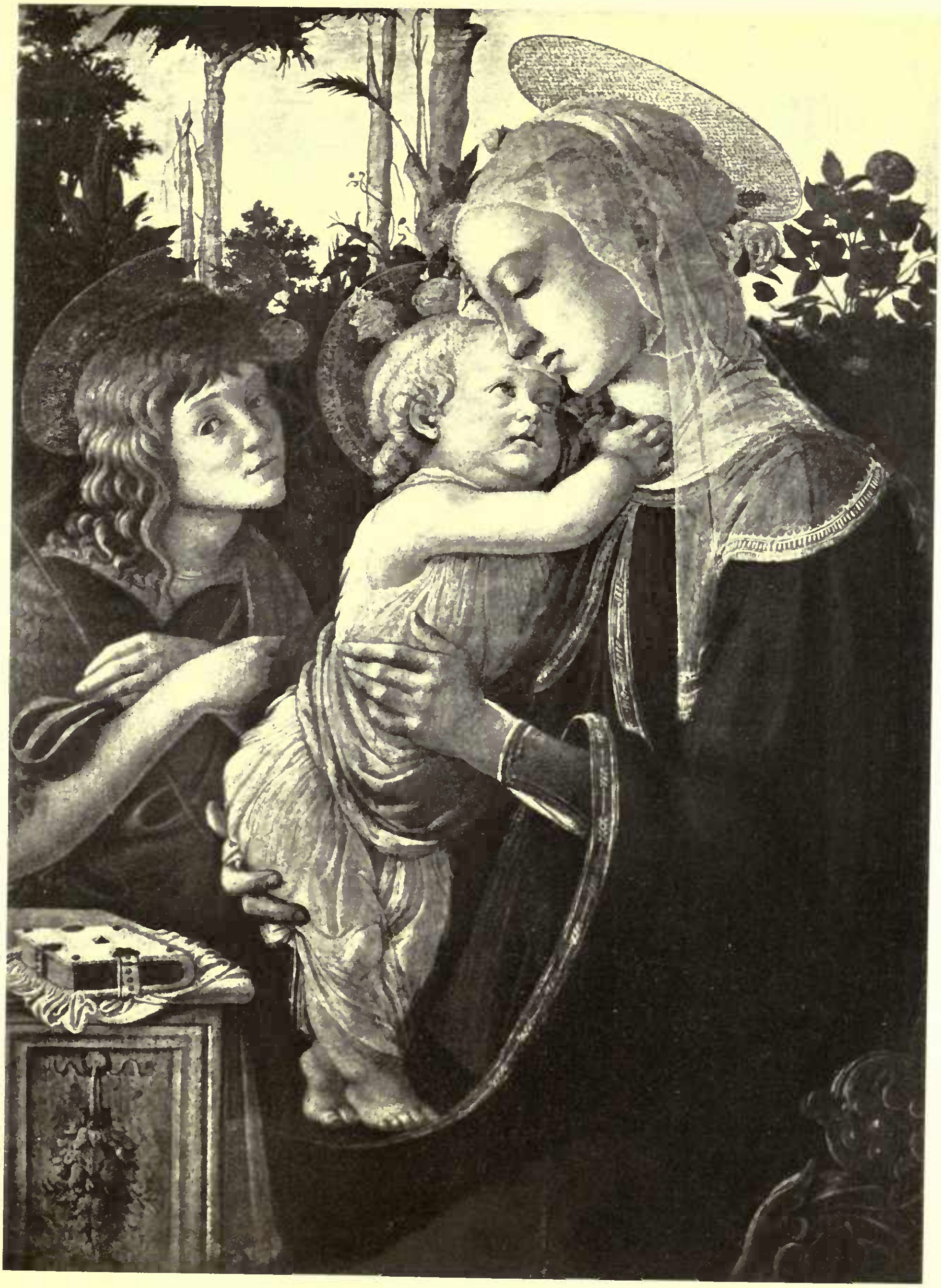
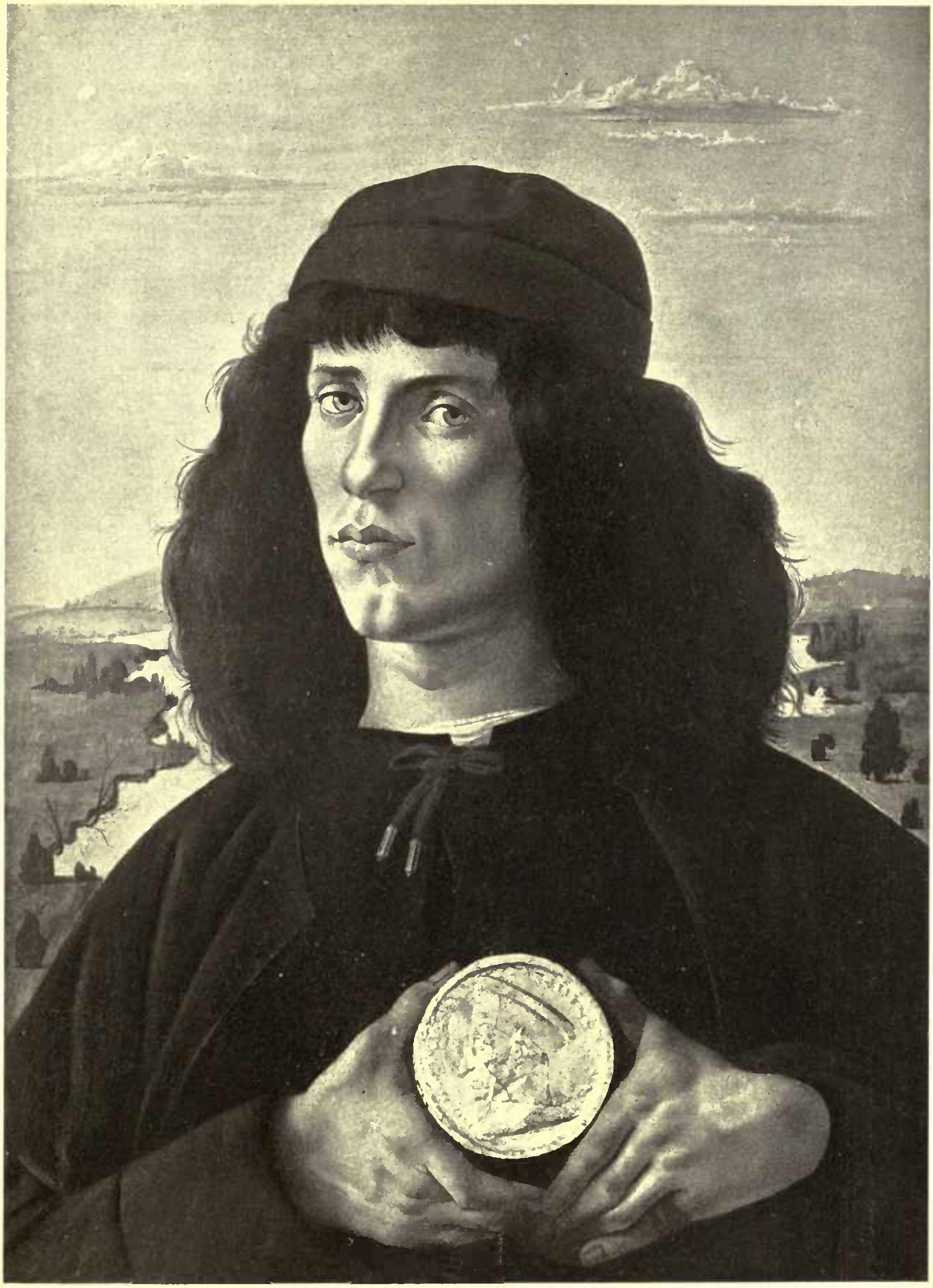
Botticelli

FLORENTINE SCHOOL

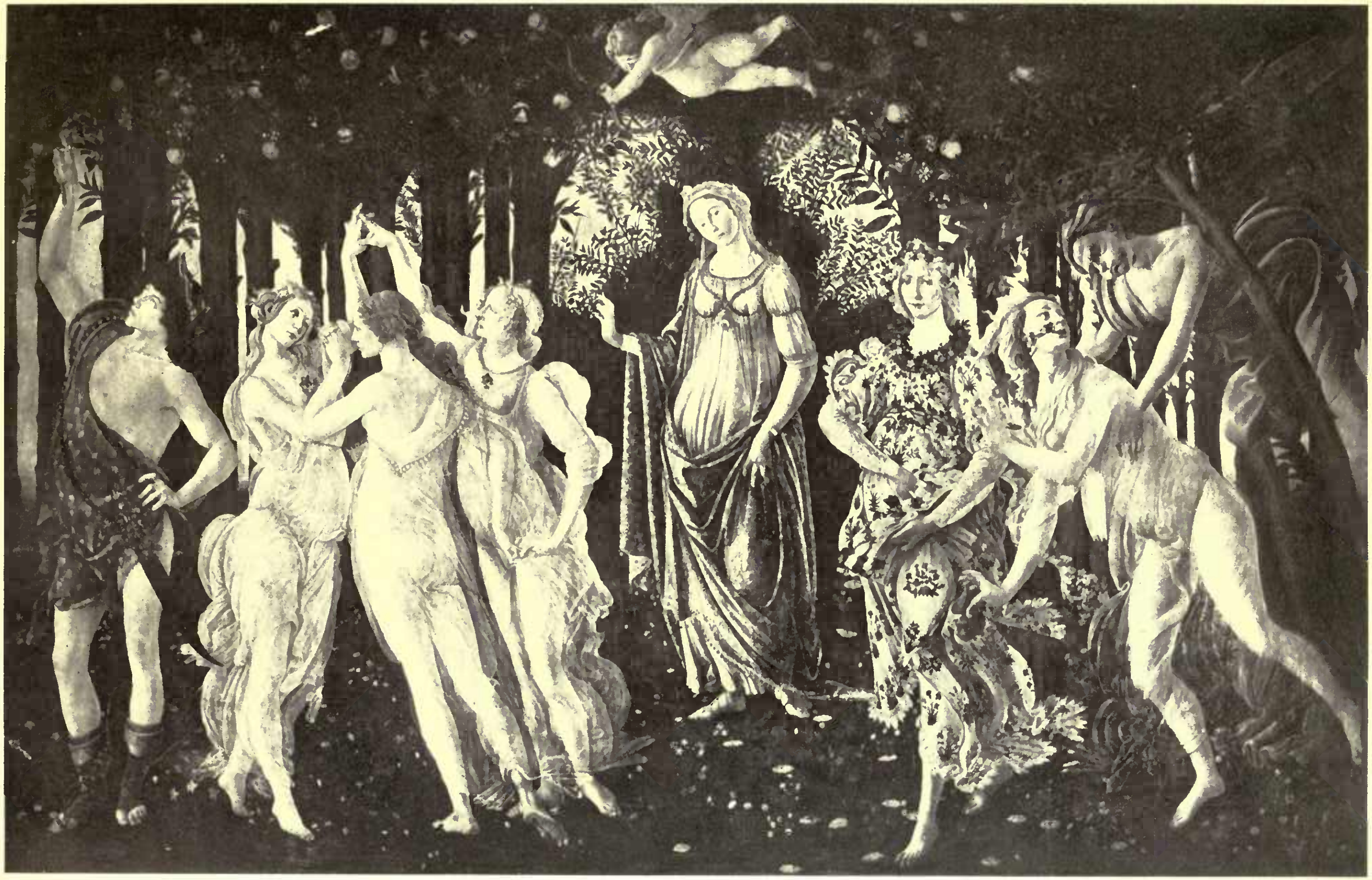


MASTERS IN ART. PLATE I.

BOTTICELLI
VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ST. JOHN
LOUVRE, PARIS

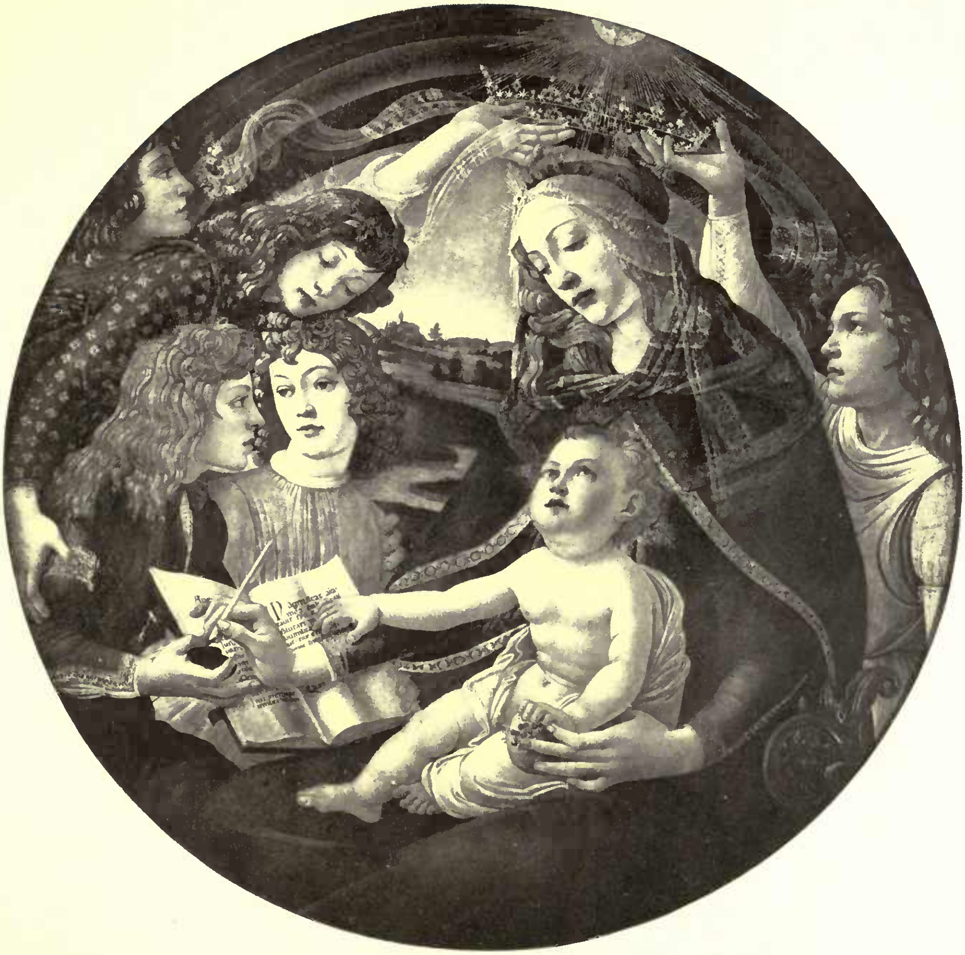


BOTTICELLI
PORTRAIT OF PIERO DE' MEDICI THE YOUNGER
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

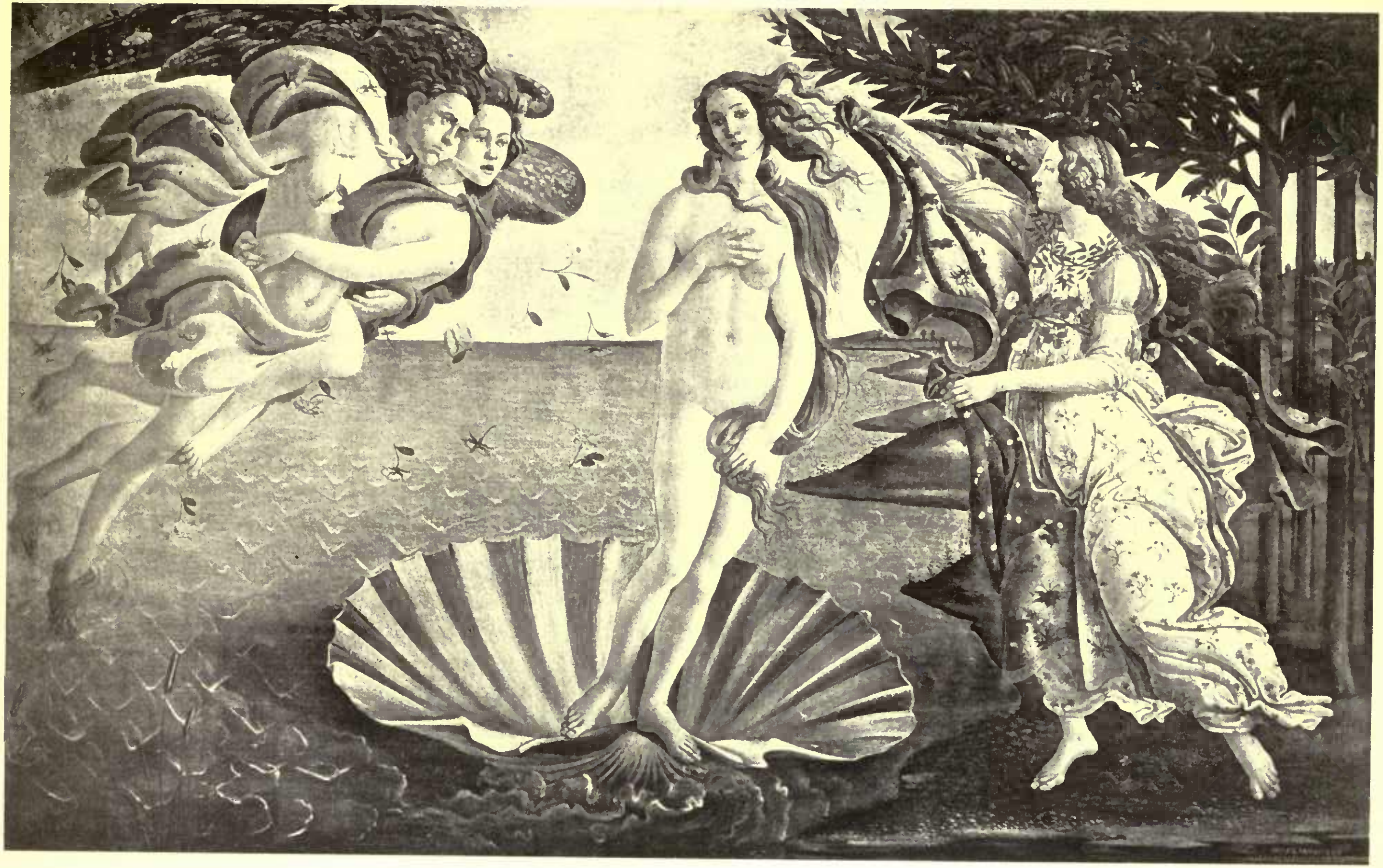


MASTERS IN ART. PLATE III.

BOTTICELLI
SPRING
ACADEMY, FLORENCE

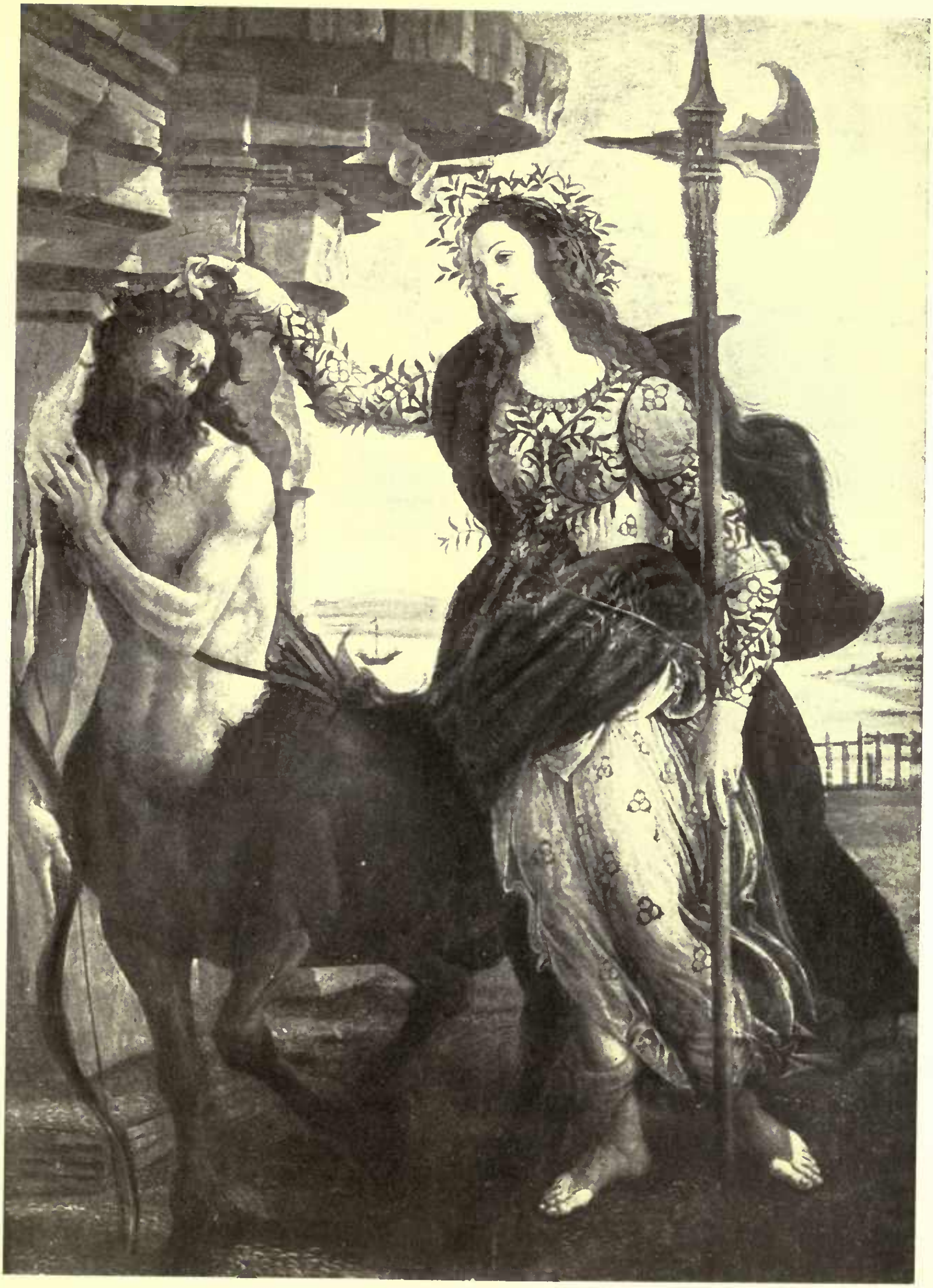


BOTTICELLI
CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

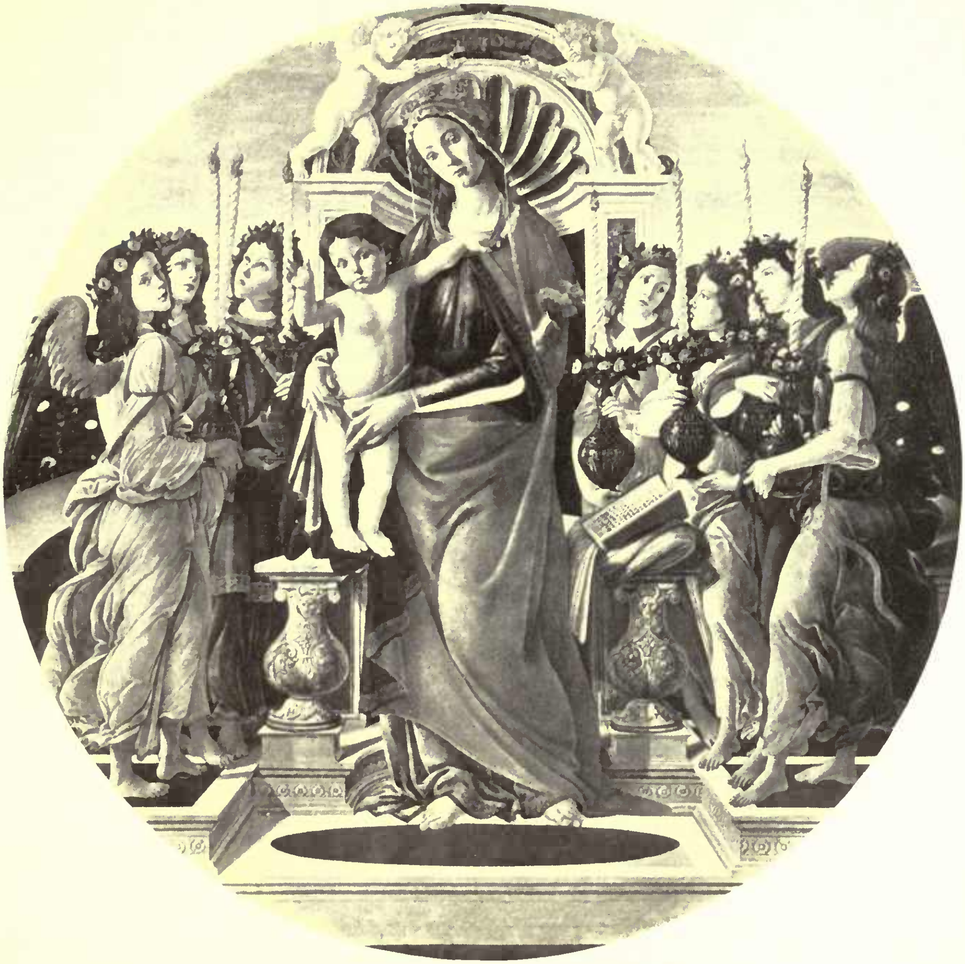


MASTERS IN ART. PLATE V.

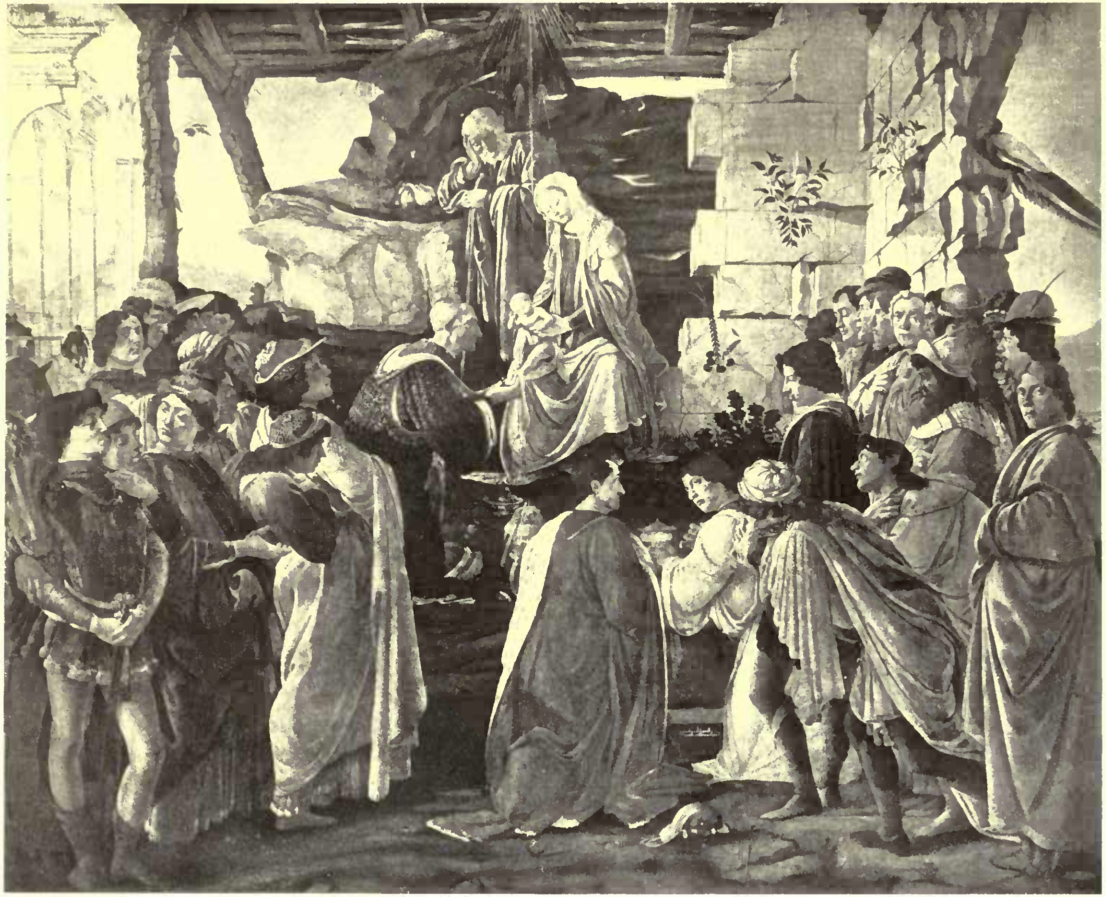
BOTTICELLI
BIRTH OF VENUS
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE



BOTTICELLI
PALLAS AND A CENTAUR
PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE

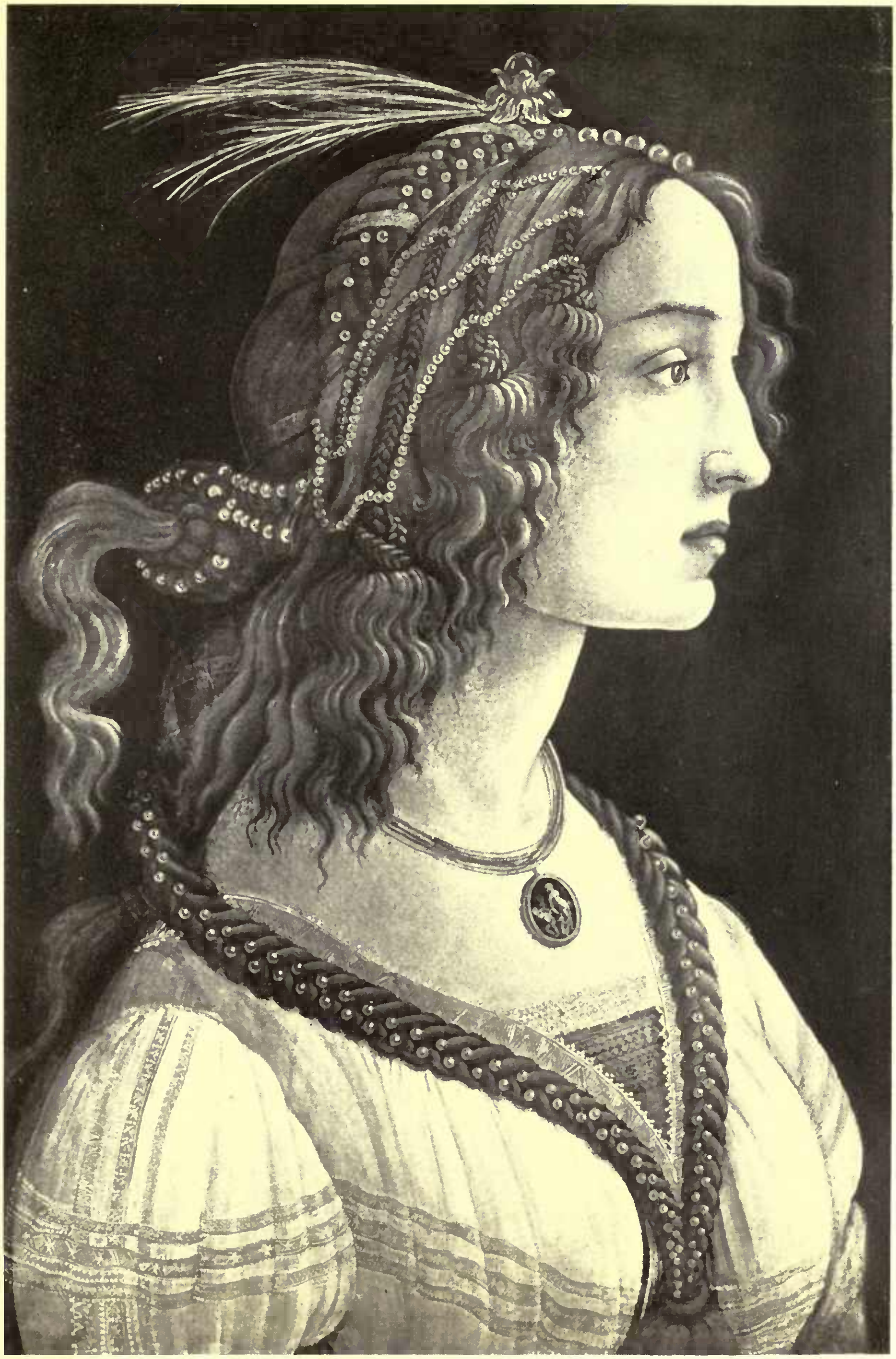


BOTTICELLI
MADONNA ENTHRONED
BERLIN GALLERY



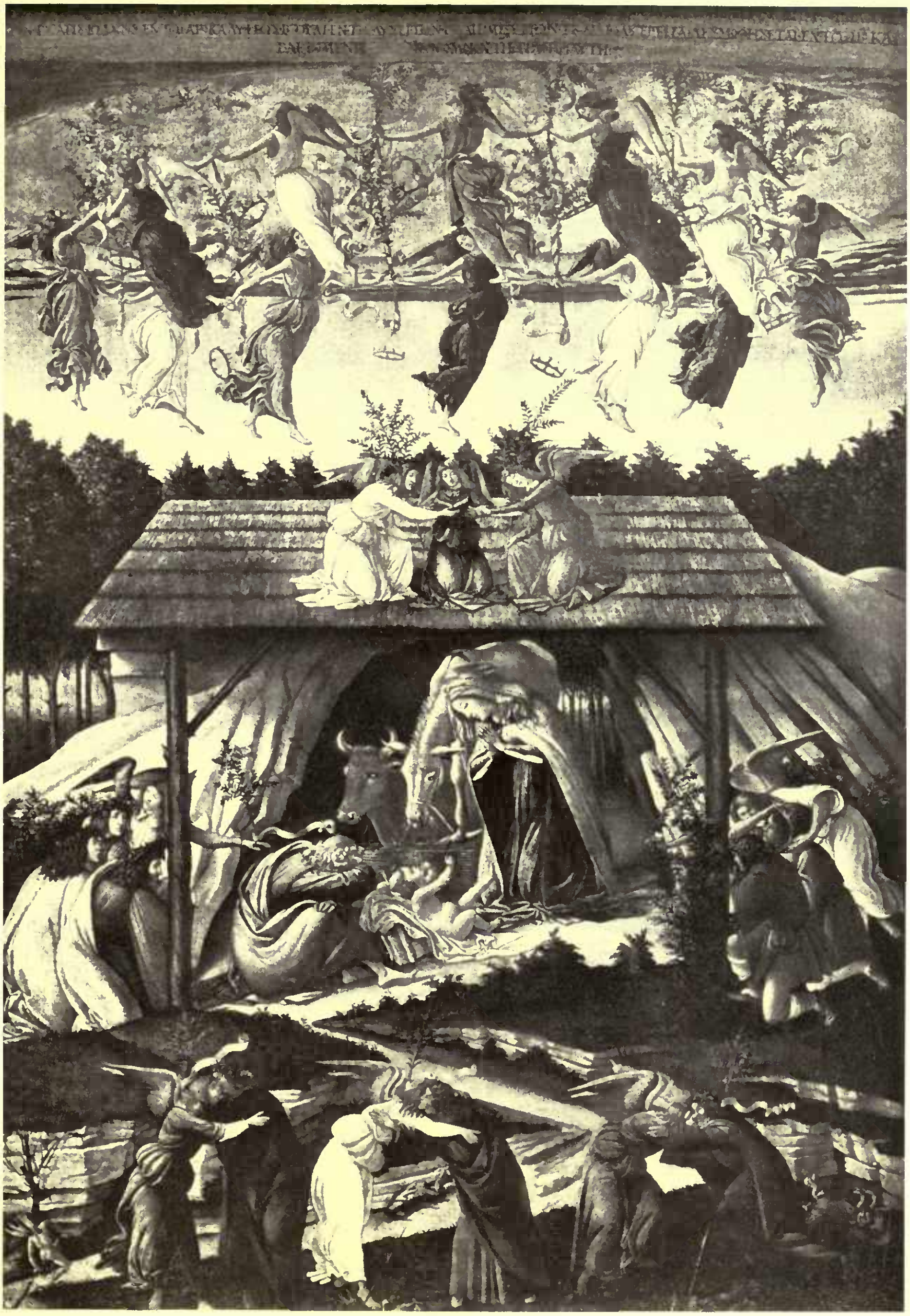
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VIII.

BOTTICELLI
ADORATION OF THE MAGI
UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE



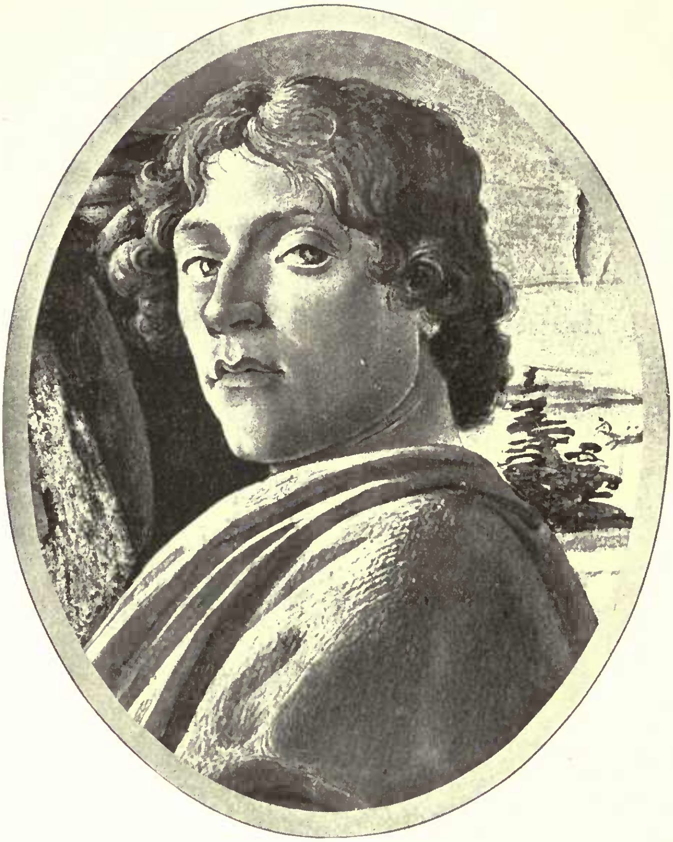
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE IX.

BOTTICELLI
PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN
STÄDEL INSTITUTE, FRANKFORT



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE X.

BOTTICELLI
THE NATIVITY
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



PORTRAIT OF BOTTICELLI BY HIMSELF

In Botticelli's picture of the "Adoration of the Magi" the painter has introduced the figure of himself standing in the group of Florentine citizens. It is this likeness which is here reproduced.

Sandro Botticelli

BORN 1447: DIED 1510
FLORENTINE SCHOOL

JULIA CARTWRIGHT "PORTFOLIO," VOL. 13

SANDRO BOTTICELLI, or, to use his original name, Alessandro di Mariano Filipepi, was born at Florence in the year 1447. His father was a citizen in comfortable circumstances; and Vasari tells us that Sandro, the youngest of Mariano's four sons, was educated with great care, and "instructed in all such things as children are usually taught before they choose a calling." But the boy's strong will first showed itself in a violent distaste to learning. He was constantly discontented and absolutely refused to give his attention to reading, writing, and accounts, says Vasari; until at last his father, despairing of ever turning him into a scholar, placed him in the shop of a goldsmith named Botticello, a great friend of his and an excellent workman, who promised to teach the boy his trade.

Sandro was destined for higher things, and soon showed the artistic bent of his genius; but this early training in the goldsmith's shop was not thrown away. He took from his first master not only the name by which he has become famous, but the precision of line and patient attention to detail which marked all his work in after-life. From him too he learned that use of gold which he turned to such good account in his painting, as we see in the foliage of his backgrounds, in his boy-angels' rippling hair, and the embroidered tissue of his Virgin's robes. But he did not remain many years with Botticello. At a time when Antonio Pollaiuolo and Andrea Verrocchio were goldsmiths as well as painters, there was naturally a good deal of intercourse between the men of both crafts. Before long Sandro was seized with so passionate a desire to embrace the profession of an artist that his father, knowing the force of the boy's inclinations, placed him with the Carmelite monk, Fra Filippo Lippi, then one of the first masters in Florence. This time Sandro had found his vocation. He devoted himself earnestly to his new studies, and soon attained a degree of perfection which no one had expected from the wayward, eccentric boy. By the time of Fra Filippo's death Sandro, although only twenty-two years of age, had already acquired the reputation of being the best painter in Florence. . . .

The same year that Filippo died the young Lorenzo de' Medici succeeded to the government of Florence, and from the first showed Botticelli a generous and liberal patronage, which was never afterwards withdrawn. Through his friendship Sandro was now introduced to the eminent scholars whom Lorenzo loved to collect around him. We are inclined to wonder how the youth who would not learn to read and write fared in this company. But at whatever time of his life Sandro acquired that knowledge of classical learning which his works unfold, he possessed in a rare degree the feeling for beauty that was sufficient in itself to form a close link with the scholars of the Renaissance. . . .

Besides the Madonnas, with which we are accustomed to associate Botticelli's name, he executed at this period other works on a larger scale. Commissions came to him from all sides, and the fifteen years which elapsed between Fra Filippo's death and Sandro's return from Rome mark a period of great productive energy in his life, during which many of his finest works, both in painting and engraving, were executed.

Botticelli's love for his scholars, and for all devoted to art, is mentioned by more than one writer. Filippino Lippi, in whom he saw the son of the master to whom he owed his own training, was the best beloved of all his pupils, while this same sympathy for rising artists drew him to one many years younger than himself, but already famous, Michelangelo Buonarrotti. . . .

It is curious to learn from Vasari that Botticelli, who seems to us so intensely in earnest, delighted in jesting, and indulged in wild practical jokes at the expense of his scholars and friends which made the walls of the workshop ring with laughter. But for all that a vein of deep melancholy runs through his works, and even when he most wished to be gay, he is sad, as it were, in spite of himself. . . . He loved everything that was fair, the shape of the opening rose, the changing ripples on the waves, the grace of the human form; and yet his imagination is ever beating against the walls of this life, asking what lies without, and whither we are tending. This it was which led him to the study of Dante, this which in later years made him lend a willing ear to Savonarola's warnings. This element of sadness becomes more evident in his mythological paintings than in his Madonnas, where its presence is more in harmony with the subject before him. He had breathed new life and meaning into the old forms of mediæval art, and now he was called upon to illustrate those classic myths that were the delight of Renaissance scholars. The beauty of both worlds was equally clear to him, and Lorenzo, quick at discerning the capabilities of the men around him, employed Botticelli to decorate his palace with Greek myths, of which the most generally known is the "Birth of Venus" now in the Uffizi. Besides allegorical subjects he was ordered by Lorenzo to paint several altar-pieces, many of which are still to be seen in the churches and galleries of Florence. Probably most of these works were painted before his visit to Rome, but the only one which bears any date is the fresco of St. Augustine in the church of Ognissanti, painted in 1480. Soon afterwards he was summoned to Rome, together with Ghirlandajo and Perugino, by Pope Sixtus IV., to adorn his newly erected chapel in the Vatican.

The wide reputation which Botticelli had by this time attained appears from his appointment as chief superintendent of the works. His share in the actual execution of the frescos, however, was limited to three of the large subjects, and the earlier portraits of the series of twenty-eight Popes, which are still to be seen on the upper part of the wall. Of the twelve frescos in which scenes from the life of Moses on one wall and from the life of Christ on the other are represented, the three which fell to Sandro's share were "Moses in the Land of Midian," the "Temptation of Christ," and the "Destruction of Korah." But while he was employed on these frescos of the Sistine Chapel, Pope Sixtus IV. died, the works were interrupted, and Sandro returned to Florence.

Before his visit to Rome he had made his first essay in the art of engraving, and besides supplying designs for the illustrated edition of Dante published at Florence in 1482 by Baldini, had himself executed several of the plates. His devotion to the study of the Divine Poet was a remarkable feature of his character, and the engravings show how thoroughly the painter entered into the poet's thoughts. . . .

The last years of Lorenzo de' Medici's life witnessed a marked change in the thoughts and feelings of the Florentines. In 1490 the Dominican friar, Fra Girolamo Savonarola, came to Florence, and, by the eloquence of his preaching and the boldness of a zeal which knew no respect of persons, commanded general attention. The chosen friends of Lorenzo's circle, and most renowned scholars of his court, were among the multitude who flocked to hear him, and of all classes in Florence none embraced the new doctrines with greater enthusiasm than the artists. Sandro threw himself heart and soul into the work of the great revival, and, in Vasari's words, became "a zealous *piagnone*." [A name given to Savonarola's followers, signifying weeper, mourner, or grumbler.]

A striking proof of his constancy to the memory of Savonarola, and his firm belief in the ultimate accomplishment of the friar's prophecies, remain in his famous picture of the "Nativity," which he painted in 1500, and which plainly refutes Vasari's assertion, that in this religious frenzy he gave up painting altogether. If, after that, he painted other pictures, we hear no more of them; soon, we know, he sank into premature old age, worn out by the ceaseless toil of hand and brain. We have Vasari's melancholy picture of the old man forced to go on crutches, unable to stand upright, and depending for his bread on the charity of others. So he lingered on till the 17th of May, 1510, when death at length brought him his well-earned rest, and he was buried in his father's tomb in the old parish church of Ognissanti.

Such, so far as our uncertain knowledge can show, were the chief features of Sandro Botticelli's life. In the breadth and richness of his culture, in the varied character of the subjects which he chose, in the greatness of his aims, and the mystical bent of his genius, he is in an especial manner the representative in art of the age of the Medici, and embodies for us the varied elements and conflicting ideas of that memorable period.

The Art of Botticelli

JOHN RUSKIN "FORS CLAVIGERA"

BOTTICELLI was the only painter of Italy who understood the thoughts of heathens and Christians equally, and could in a measure paint both Aphrodite and the Madonna. So that he is, on the whole, the most universal of painters; and take him all in all, the greatest Florentine workman.

GEORGE B. ROSE "RENAISSANCE MASTERS"

IT is very difficult to write impartially of Botticelli. Those whom he pleases at all are apt to love him to excess and see in his works all possible and impossible perfections; while those who are not touched by his peculiar charm are disposed to look upon him as merely quaint and curious. The truth lies between these two extremes. He is not a great master like Raphael and Leonardo, but he has a singular and personal fascination that marks him as one apart, and gives him a niche in the temple of fame that is all his own. His works are like certain music that strikes a responsive chord only in particular hearts, but a chord that vibrates with an intense and special harmony. He who has caught its singular charm has a joy of his own forever, but he must not blame his neighbor upon whose ear it jars. . . .

No artist has had greater vicissitudes of fame. In his prime he was the favorite painter of the brilliant court of Lorenzo the Magnificent, but with the death of his illustrious patron he sank under the influence of Savonarola, so inimical to his genius, and in his old age he was eclipsed by the glories of Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Raphael. He was almost forgotten when at length he passed away in poverty and neglect, and he seemed consigned to hopeless oblivion when Mr. Ruskin and the English pre-Raphaelites proclaimed his greatness and made him the object of a cult that is extending every day. His pictures, little prized forty years ago, are now sought for with infinite eagerness, and are numbered among the most precious gems of the richest galleries.

One reason of the high regard in which he is now held is the prevailing practice of studying art historically. No artist represents so perfectly a particular moment in history. He stands at the exact point where the mediæval is aspiring toward the classical with infinite but ineffectual desire. In him the Middle Age stretches out its arms with unutterable yearning toward the goddess of Grecian beauty rising again resplendent from the sea, but she still eludes its grasp. He belongs to the time when men kept lamps burning before the bust of Plato as before the Virgin's shrine, yet failed to grasp the essence of Hellenic culture. In a little while the full day is to burst upon them, revealing shapes of classic purity that are to be preserved by Raphael's and by Titian's brush. But Botticelli's contemporaries are still in the early dawn, lit up by a dim and misty light through which the radiant forms of the Grecian goddesses look thin and pale. . . .

Though one of the worst anatomists, he is one of the greatest draughtsmen of the Renaissance. This may seem a contradiction in terms when applied to a painter who dealt so largely with the nude, yet it is true. The anatomy of his figures is usually wretched.

Yet he is one of the greatest masters of the single line that ever lived. He treats the human body simply as a pattern for a living arabesque. As a lineal decorator he stands supreme. In point of color he is perhaps the best of the Florentine school, sometimes bright, usually harmonious, nearly always charming. Yet he subordinates coloring so thoroughly to the line that his pictures have been described as tinted drawings. The tendency of color is usually toward the obliteration of the outline. With him it serves only to accentuate it. In these days when it is the fashion to confound the distinction between the arts, his pictures may be described as symphonies of lines. And all of them are lines of grace. Such harmonious curves it would be difficult to find elsewhere. Frequently they are false to nature, an outrage upon the human anatomy, and to appreciate them we must forget how men are made, and look upon them merely as parts of an arabesque design. We shall then perceive that as lineal decorations they are endowed with a wonderful beauty.

Another merit which he possesses in an extraordinary degree is the presentation of movement. His figures are all in motion or ready to move. It is not a strong movement dependent upon muscular power, it is the light, quick, graceful movement whose seat is in the nerves. His walking figures nearly all rest lightly on the ball of the foot in a position that they could not retain for a moment. They are like instantaneous photographs taken when motion is at the highest point of its curve. And this motion is always graceful. However bad the figures may be in point of anatomy, they always move with an exquisite rhythm. Indeed, the grace of their movements is enhanced by their very imperfection. When we see motion in a body of perfect outline, its grace is only what we expect, and our attention is attracted most by the plastic beauty of the form itself. But when we see these thin, ill-drawn bodies moving so gracefully, it strikes us with all the force of a surprise, and there being no plastic loveliness to charm the eye, we surrender ourselves entirely to the sense of grace. . . .

He is the painter of the breeze. In his pictures it blows continually, sometimes quaintly represented as issuing from the wind-god's mouth, sometimes as only revealed in the flutter of garments — a flutter in which is expressed all the buoyant joy and vitality of the zephyr. No one has ever depicted so faithfully or so daintily the effects of the breeze playing with a woman's vestments.

And what vestments they are! Sometimes heavy, sometimes light, sometimes mere gauzy draperies that only serve to enhance the rhythmic grace of the moving limbs, they fall or flutter in delightful folds, and are usually adorned with those delicious embroideries which were only produced in their perfection during the Middle Ages, when time was a matter of no importance, and when a handmaid would spend years in the beautifying of a garment, as a monk would pass his life in the illumination of a missal. Embroideries so fanciful or so charming have never been depicted by the brush. And however classical the subject, it is clothed in these quaintly beautiful draperies of the Middle Ages undreamed of by the Greeks.

He was the painter of small groups and of single figures. In a large field he lost himself. His great frescos in the Sistine Chapel are charming in many of their details, but the composition is confusing — a confusion heightened by the insertion into one picture of successive episodes of the same story, so that it is only with great labor that we can make out the meaning; and they can scarcely be said to have a general plan. He is like many writers who can tell a short story well, but cannot handle the complicated threads of a long romance. Within his narrow limitations his composition is pleasing, but when he attempts it on too large a scale we see that he has overpassed his powers. . . .

He is one of the most poetical of all painters, with a quaint, sweet poetry that we love sometimes beyond its merits, like some of the old lyrics of Elizabethan and Stuart days, so naïve, so touching, so full of delicate fancies and pleasing affectations, and possessed of a haunting rhythm and a delightful freshness that can never be forgotten. They, too, sing of Grecian gods with the same spirit of mediæval phantasy, striving with the same unsuccess to grasp the spirit of Ovid or Theocritus. The painters of his day were mostly realists, but Botticelli was a poet and a dreamer, living apart in a fairyland of his own creation.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS "RENAISSANCE IN ITALY"

SANDRO BOTTICELLI is one of those artists much respected in their own day, who suffered eclipse from the superior splendor of immediate successors, and to whom, through sympathy stimulated by prolonged study of the fifteenth century, we have of late paid tardy and somewhat exaggerated honors. His fellow-workers seem to have admired him as an able draughtsman gifted with a rare if whimsical imagination; but no one recognized in him a leader of his age. For us he has an almost unique value as representing the interminglement of antique and modern fancy at a moment of transition, as embodying in some of his pictures the subtlest thought and feeling of men for whom the classic myths were beginning to live once more, while new guesses were timidly hazarded in the sphere of orthodoxy.

A friend writing to me from Italy speaks thus of Botticelli, and of the painters associated with him: "When I ask myself what it is I find fascinating in him — for instance, which of his pictures, or what element in them — I am forced to admit that it is the touch of paganism in him, the fairy-story element, *the echo of a beautiful lapsed mythology which he has found the means of transmitting*." The words I have printed in italics seem to me very true. At the same time we must bear in mind that the scientific investigation of nature had not in the fifteenth century begun to stand between the sympathetic intellect and the outer world. There was still the possibility of that "lapsed mythology," the dream of poets and the delight of artists, seeming positively the best form of expression for sentiments aroused by nature.

Self-confident sensuality had not as yet encouraged painters to substitute a florid rhetoric for the travail of their brain; nor was enough known about antiquity to make the servile imitation of Greek or Roman fragments possible. Yet scholarship had already introduced a novel element into the culture of the nation. It was no doubt with a kind of wonder that the artists heard of Fauns and Sylvans, and the birth of Aphrodite from the waves. Such fables took deep hold upon their fancy, stirring them to strange and delicate creations, the offspring of their own thought, and no mere copies of marbles seen in statue-galleries. The very imperfection of these pictures lends a value to them in the eyes of the student, by helping him to comprehend exactly how the revelations of the humanists affected the artistic sense of Italy.

BERNHARD BERENSON "FLORENTINE PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE"

NEVER pretty, scarcely ever charming or even attractive; rarely correct in drawing, and seldom satisfactory in color; in types ill-favored; in feeling acutely intense and even dolorous — what is it then that makes Sandro Botticelli so irresistible that nowadays we may have no alternative but to worship or abhor him? The secret is this: that in European painting there has never again been an artist so indifferent to representation and so intent upon presentation. Educated in a period of triumphant naturalism, he plunged at first into mere representation with almost self-obliterating earnestness; the pupil of Fra Filippo, he was trained to a love of spiritual *genre;* himself gifted with strong instincts for the significant, he was able to create such a type of the thinker as in his fresco of St. Augustine; yet in his best years he left everything, even spiritual significance, behind him, and abandoned himself to the presentation of those qualities alone which in a picture are *directly* life-communicating and life-enhancing. Those of us who care for nothing in the work of art but what it represents are either powerfully attracted or repelled by his unhackneyed types and quivering feeling; but if we are such as have an imagination of touch and of movement that it is easy to stimulate, we feel a pleasure in Botticelli that few, if any, other artists can give us. Long after we have exhausted both the intensest sympathies and the most violent antipathies with which the representative elements in his pictures may have inspired us, we are only on the verge of fully appreciating his real genius. This in its happiest moments is an unparalleled power of perfectly combining values of touch with values of movement.

Look, for instance, at Botticelli's "Venus Rising from the Sea." Throughout, the tactile imagination is roused to a keen activity, by itself almost as life-heightening as music. But the power of music is even surpassed where, as in the goddess's mane-like tresses of hair fluttering to the wind, not in disorderly rout but in masses yielding only after resistance, the movement is directly life-communicating. The entire picture presents us with the quintessence of all that is pleasurable to our imagination of touch and of movement. How we revel in the force and freshness of the wind, in the life of the wave! And such an appeal he always makes. His subject may be fanciful, as in the "Realm of Venus" (the "Spring"); religious, as in the Sistine Chapel frescos or in the "Coronation of the Virgin;" political, as in the recently discovered "Pallas Taming a Centaur;" or even crudely allegorical, as in the Louvre frescos,— no matter how unpropitious, how abstract the idea, the vivid appeal to our tactile sense, the life-communicating movement is always there. Indeed, at times it seems that the less artistic the theme the more artistic the fulfilment, the painter being impelled to give the utmost values of touch and movement to just those figures which are liable to be read off as mere empty symbols. Thus, on the figure representing political disorder—the Centaur—in the "Pallas," Botticelli has lavished his most intimate gifts. He constructs the torso and flanks in such a way that every line, every indentation, every boss appeals so vividly to the sense of touch that our fingers feel as if they had everywhere been in contact with his body, while his face gives to a still heightened degree this convincing sense of reality, every line functioning perfectly for the osseous structure of brow, nose, and cheeks. As to the hair—imagine shapes having the supreme life of line you may see in the contours of licking flames, and yet possessed of all the plasticity of something which caresses the hand that models it to its own desire!

In fact, the mere subject, and even representation in general, was so indifferent to Botticelli, that he appears almost as if haunted by the idea of communicating the *unembodied* values of touch and movement. Now there is a way of rendering even tactile values with almost no body, and that is by translating them as faithfully as may be into values of movement. For instance: we want to render the roundness of a wrist without the slightest touch of either light or shade; we simply give the movement of the wrist's outline and the movement of the drapery as it falls over it, and the roundness is communicated to us almost entirely in terms of movement. But let us go one step further. Take this line that renders the roundness of the wrist, or a more obvious example, the lines that render the movements of the tossing hair, the fluttering draperies, and the dancing waves in the "Birth of Venus"—take these lines alone with all their power of stimulating our imagination of movement, and what do we have? Pure values of movement abstracted, unconnected with any representation whatever. This kind of line, then, being the quintessence of movement, has, like the essential elements in all the arts, a power of stimulating our imagination and of directly communicating life. Well! imagine an art made up entirely of these quintessences of movement-values, and you will have something that holds the same relation to representation that music holds to speech—and this art exists, and is called lineal decoration. In this art of arts Sandro Botticelli may have had rivals in Japan and elsewhere in the East, but in Europe never. To its demands he was ready to sacrifice everything that habits acquired under Filippo and Pollaiuolo,—and his employers!—would permit. The representative element was for him mere *libretto:* he was happiest when his subject lent itself to translation into what may be called a lineal symphony. And to this symphony everything was made to yield; tactile values were translated into values of movement, and, for the same reason,—to prevent the drawing of the eye inward, to permit it to devote itself to the rhythm of the line,—the backgrounds were either entirely suppressed or kept as simple as possible. Color also, with almost a contempt for its representative function, Botticelli entirely subordinated to his lineal scheme, compelling it to draw attention to the line, rather than, as is usual, away from it.

This is the explanation of the value put upon Botticelli's masterpieces. . . . The painter of the "Venus Rising from the Sea," of the "Spring," or of the Villa Lemmi frescos is the greatest artist of lineal design that Europe has ever had.

WALTER PATER "STUDIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE RENAISSANCE"

IN Leonardo's treatise on painting only one contemporary is mentioned by name—Sandro Botticelli. This pre-eminence may be due to chance only, but to some will rather appear a result of deliberate judgment; for people have begun to find out the charm of Botticelli's work, and his name, little known in the last century, is quietly becoming important. In the middle of the fifteenth century he had already anticipated much of that meditative subtlety which is sometimes supposed peculiar to the great imaginative workmen of its close. Leaving the simple religion which had occupied the followers of Giotto for a century, and the simple naturalism which had grown out of it, a thing of birds and flowers only, he sought inspiration in what to him were works of the modern world, the writings of Dante and Boccaccio, and in new readings of his own of classical stories; or if he painted religious subjects, painted them with an undercurrent of original sentiment which touches you as the real matter of the picture through the veil of its ostensible subject. . . .

Botticelli lived in a generation of naturalists, and he might have been a mere naturalist among them. There are traces enough in his work of that alert sense of outward things which, in the pictures of that period, fills the lawns with delicate living creatures, and the hill-sides with pools of water, and the pools of water with flowering reeds. But this was not enough for him; he is a visionary painter, and in his visionariness he resembles Dante. To him, as to Dante, the scene, the color, the outward image or gesture, comes with all its incisive and importunate reality; but awakes in him, moreover, by some subtle structure of his own, a mood which it awakes in no one else, of which it is the double or repetition, and which it clothes, that all may share it, with sensuous circumstances. . . .

His interest is neither in the untempered goodness of Angelico's saints, nor the untempered evil of Orcagna's "Inferno;" but with men and women, in their mixed and uncertain condition, always attractive, clothed sometimes by passion with a character of loveliness and energy, but saddened perpetually by the shadow upon them of the great things from which they shrink. His morality is all sympathy; and it is this sympathy, conveying into his work somewhat more than it is usual of the true complexion of humanity, which makes him, visionary as he is, so forcible a realist.

It is this which gives to his Madonnas their unique expression and charm. He has worked out in them a distinct and peculiar type, definite enough in his own mind, for he has painted it over and over again, sometimes one might think almost mechanically, as a pastime during that dark period when his thoughts were so heavy upon him. Hardly any collection of note is without one of these circular pictures, into which the attendant angels depress their heads so naïvely. Perhaps you have sometimes wondered why those peevish-looking Madonnas, conformed to no acknowledged or obvious type of beauty, attract you more and more, and often come back to you when the Sistine Madonna and the virgins of Fra Angelico are forgotten. At first, contrasting them with those, you may have thought that there was even something in them mean or abject, for the abstract lines of the face have little nobleness, and the color is wan. For with Botticelli she too, though she holds in her hands the "Desire of all nations," is one of those who are neither for God nor for his enemies; and her choice is on her face. The white light on it is cast up hard and cheerless from below, as when snow lies upon the ground, and the children look up with surprise at the strange whiteness of the ceiling. Her trouble is in the very caress of the mysterious child, whose gaze is always far from her, and who has already that sweet look of devotion which men have never been able altogether to love, and which still makes the born saint an object almost of suspicion to his earthly brethren. . . .

There is a certain number of artists who have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere, and these have their place in general culture, and have to be interpreted to it by those who have felt their charm strongly, and are often the objects of a special diligence and a consideration wholly affectionate, just because there is not about them the stress of a great name and authority. Of this select number Botticelli is one; he has the freshness, the uncertain and diffident promise which belongs to the earlier Renaissance itself, and makes it perhaps the most interesting period in the history of the mind; in studying his work one begins to understand to how great a place in human culture the art of Italy had been called.

The Florentine School of Painting

1213 TO 1686

C. BAYET "PRÉCIS D'HISTOIRE DE L'ART"

THE true Italian Renaissance does not clearly begin until the middle of the thirteenth century, but from this time on the development was uninterrupted down to the sixteenth century. Throughout the northern and central parts of Italy individual republics had sprung into being,—republics which by their commerce and industry became prosperous and rich, and in which political life was especially ardent. The accumulation of wealth by these enlightened communities made for artistic progress; and in them, despite political revolution, the arts developed without interruption.

It was with Giotto (1266–1337) that painting in Florence definitely took on a new aspect. Doubtless more than one of his Italian precursors, among them his master, Cimabue, had given proof of originality, but their influence had not been great enough to bring about the formation of a lasting school. Giotto, however, while preserving the religious inspiration of the past, expressed this inspiration in new and more natural forms. His figures have the charm and grace of life; and in attitude, gesture and type, they belong to the world and time in which he lived. Most of the illustrious artists of the fourteenth century in Central Italy flocked to Florence to be near him, and that city became the centre of artistic inspiration. Indeed, so great was his influence, that for many years the work of the Florentine school may be justly reproached with a monotonous uniformity.

During the fifteenth century Florence still maintained her artistic supremacy, but her art gradually changed its character. Faithful still to the observation of nature, it interpreted nature with more largeness and freedom, and at the same time became more studious of the antique. The traditions of the school of Giotto were departed from. Paolo Ucello (1397–1475) introduced the study of perspective, with which the former painters had not concerned themselves; Fra Filippo Lippi (1406–1469), high in the favor in the service of the Medici, treated religious subjects with a liberty of handling and a pronounced tendency toward realism. The most noteworthy master of this half of the fifteenth century is Masaccio (1401–1428), who united unusual force to a wide knowledge of composition. His life was short, but he produced works in which a full maturity of talent is apparent, such, for example, as his frescos in the Church of the Carmine at Florence, which became models for the younger artists of the day.

At the same time there existed in Florence a school devoted to the expression of religious and mystic ideals, and which was linked to that of preceding ages. During the first half of the fifteenth century this school produced a great master in the Dominican monk, Fra Angelico (1387–1455). Having entered a convent in early youth Fra Angelico preserved throughout his life a naïve and profound faith, to which his painting gave expression. He was, however, an exception at Florence, and there followed a period of transition in Florentine work which filled the greater part of the second half of the fifteenth century. The newly arisen passion for antiquity was united and assimilated with the naturalistic tendency. The architects Giuliano and Antonio da San Gallo were absorbed in the study of Roman monuments; the Pollaiuoli painted for the Medici pictures representing such subjects as the "Exploits of Hercules;" Botticelli continually borrowed subjects from pagan mythology, even though he chiefly devoted himself to the painting of Christian Madonnas. So numerous indeed are the eminent painters of merit of this type who combined the study of nature with the study of the antique, that it is difficult to single out one of them as an example. Domenico Ghirlandajo (1449–1494) is perhaps one of the most original. His compositions are well studied and the drawing is firm and precise. At about the same time Benozzo Gozzoli (1420–1498) decorated the walls of the Campo Santo at Pisa with paintings of great picturesque charm, while Luca Signorelli (1441–1523) in his frescos in the cathedral of Orvieto was devoting himself to the expression of force, and his studies in anatomy and from the nude sometimes suggest Michelangelo.

Towards the end of the fifteenth century the prevailing spirit of the Florentine Renaissance found a powerful adversary in the monk Girolamo Savonarola, who condemned all study of pagan antiquity, and, with intent to purify and sanctify art, attempted to prohibit the study of the nude. His fervor and the nobility of his ideas gained over even the artists themselves, and many of them became temporarily his partisans. But the straightened mode of life which Savonarola attempted to impose on the Florentines soon became too irksome for them to bear; his influence declined, and after his death in 1498, art returned to the study of the antique with revived enthusiasm. . . .

It was towards the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth century that Florence produced her greatest masters,—Leonardo da Vinci (1452–1519) and Michelangelo Buonarroti (1475–1564); for although both of these painters passed the greater part of their lives away from Florence, they were both Florentines by birth.

Almost all the greatest works of Leonardo have, by a strange succession of fatalities, perished; but those which still remain suffice to prove that perhaps no other artist has ever possessed in so high a degree the gift of harmoniously blending grace with expressiveness. His influence upon his contemporaries was so great that there grew up about him a school of his own which is called by his name.

The contrast between Leonardo and Michelangelo is striking. The salient characteristics of the one are harmony and repose, while those of the other are vigor, almost to violence, in both conception and expression. If Michelangelo may be deservedly reproached with a tendency towards excess of action, contorted attitude and exaggeration of type, it may be answered that his methods were due to an attempt at the sincere expression of fervent inspiration, while in the hands of his imitators, who lacked the genius of the master, they became theatrical in effect.

In comparison with these two great Florentines and their Umbrian contemporary, Raphael, the minor artists of the time received less attention than would have been accorded them at any other period. Chief among them should be named Fra Bartolommeo (1475–1517), who followed closely in the steps of Leonardo and Raphael; and Andrea del Sarto (1486–1530), a master of high rank as a colorist, and whose work possesses much individuality, grace, and charm.

With the glory of Leonardo and Michelangelo the art of Florence reached its climax, and thereafter speedily declined. Their pupils, and the followers of Raphael, were, for the most part, content with mere slavish imitation unredeemed by any commanding genius; and Florence soon ceased to occupy the eminent position in art which she had held throughout the preceding century.

MEMBERS OF THE FLORENTINE SCHOOL.

ANDREA TAFI, 1213?–94 (Vasari)—Coppo di Marcovaldo, flourished 1261–75—Gaddo Gaddi, 1239–1312 (according to Vasari)—Giovanni Gualtieri (Cimabue), 1240?–1302—Giotto di Bondone, 1266–1337—Taddeo Gaddi, 1300? to after 1366—Puccio Capanna, first half of 14th century—Buonamico Christofani (Buffalmacco), first half of 14th century—Giovanni Jacobi da Milano, flourished 1365—Giottino (real name doubtful), first half of 14th century—Jacopo Landini, about 1310 to about 1390—Agnolo Gaddi (son of Taddeo Gaddi), 14th century—Andrea Orcagna, 1308–68, and his brothers Leonardo (flourished 1332–47) and Jacopo—Francesco Traini, chief of Orcagna's pupils, flourished 1341–45—Antonio Longhi (Veneziano), flourished 1370–87—Gherardo Starnina, 1354, died after 1406—Giuliano d'Arrigo (Pesello), 1367 to after 1427—Tommaso di Fini (Masolino), born 1383—Lorenzo Monaco, flourished 1404–13—Fra Angelico (Guido di Vicchio), 1387–1455—Andrea del Castagno, 1390–1457—Paolo Uccello, about 1397–1475—Tommaso di S. Giovanni (Masaccio), 1401–28—Fra Filippo Lippi, 1406–69—Francesco di Pesello (Pesellino), 1422–57—Alesso Baldovinetti, 1422–99—Domenico Veneziano, flourished 1438, died 1461—Benozzo Gozzoli, 1420–98—Andea Verrocchio, 1435 to about 1488—Antonio Pollaiuolo, 1429–98—Cosimo Rosselli, 1439–1507—Luca Signorelli (Da Cortona), 1441–1523; his principal pupil was Girolamo Genga, 1476–1551—Piero Pollaiuolo, 1443, died before 1496—Sandro Botticelli, 1447–1510—Domenico Bigordi (Ghirlandajo), 1449–94; his works were closely imitated by his pupil and brother-in-law Bastiano Mainardi—Leonardo da Vinci, 1452–1519—Lorenzo di Credi, 1459–1537; his chief scholar was Sogliani, 1492–1544—Filippino Lippi, 1460–1504—Piero di Cosimo, 1462–1521—Raffaellino del Garbo, 1466–1524—Francesco Granacci, 1469–1543—Giuliano Bugiardini, 1471–1554—Mariotto Albertinelli, 1474–1515—Fra Bartolommeo della Porta, 1475–1517—Michelangelo Buonarroti, 1475–1564—Francesco di Christofano (Francia Bigio), 1482–1525—Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, 1483–1560—Andrea del Sarto, 1486–1530; his scholar Puligo closely imitated his style—Jacopo Carucci da Pontormo, 1494–1557—Giulio Clovio of Dalmatia, miniaturist, 1498–1578—Angelo Bronzino, 1502–72—Marcello Venusti, died about 1580—Daniele da Volterra, 1509–66—Francesco de' Rossi (called Del Salviati), 1510–63—Giorgio Vasari, art historian, 1512–74—Alessandro Allori, 1535–1607—Orazio Lomi de' Gentileschi, 1562–1646—Christoforo Allori, 1577–1621—Carlo Dolci, 1616–86.

The Works of Botticelli

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

"VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ST. JOHN" LOUVRE: PARIS

SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE has written: "We recognize in this group not only the refined sentiment which is characteristic of Botticelli's work, but also—what is rarer—a keen sense of physical beauty. The Virgin's features are delicate in outline, and the transparent veil of white muslin which covers, without concealing, her golden hair, is very tastefully arranged, while the powdered aureole on her head forms an agreeable substitute for the usually solid nimbus. Note the careful modelling of the left hand resting on the Child, whose action is graceful and true to nature. One of the most delightful features of the composition is the hedgerow which forms the background of the group, and in which pink and pale roses alternate with sprays of delicate green leaves, set against the sky."

"PORTRAIT OF PIERO DE' MEDICI THE YOUNGER" UFFIZI GALLERY: FLORENCE

PIERO DE' MEDICI was the eldest son and the successor of Lorenzo the Magnificent. His rule was of short duration, for having, through ambition and temerity, involved the republic in a war with France, which led to the occupation of Florence by the French army, he was at the end of two years deposed by the Florentines, and expelled from the city.

In this portrait (formerly thought to be that of the scholar Pico della Mirandola), Botticelli has represented Piero as holding the medal of his great-grandfather, Cosimo de' Medici, "thus in a manner placing himself," as M. Müntz has said, "under the protection of his illustrious ancestor."

"SPRING" ACADEMY: FLORENCE

THE subject of this famous picture, painted originally for the Medici villa at Castello, is supposed to have been suggested by a passage from Lucretius (De Rerum Natura, lib. V.).

Technically delicate in drawing, soft and grey in color, it is one of the most subtle and fascinating of Botticelli's works. In describing it Julia Cartwright says: "Venus the queen, tall of stature and majestic in bearing, stands in a shady grove, while Spring enters garlanded with flowers, and the Graces, robed in gauzy white draperies, which reveal each motion of their limbs, dance hand in hand on the grass. A beautiful youth wearing a winged helmet stands beside them, plucking fruit from the boughs, and a zephyr sports with a nymph who drops roses from her mouth.

"This time Botticelli has put aside mournful forebodings and speculative musings, and has brought nothing but pleasant imagery to adorn his subject. The joy of the spring has for once dispelled care and thought, the world renews her life, and with her we grow young again."

"CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN" UFFIZI GALLERY: FLORENCE

IN this picture the Madonna, clad in a dark-green gold-embroidered robe, and holding the Child in her arms, is surrounded by angels, two of whom hold the crown over her head, while two others offer her the book in which she writes the hymn "Magnificat."

John Addington Symonds has said: "It is not perhaps a mere fancy to imagine that the corolla of an open rose suggested to Botticelli's mind the composition of his best-known picture, the circular 'Coronation of the Virgin' in the Uffizi. This masterpiece combines all Botticelli's best qualities. For rare distinction of beauty in the faces it is unique, while the mystic calm and resignation, so misplaced in his Aphrodites, find a meaning here."

"BIRTH OF VENUS" UFFIZI GALLERY: FLORENCE

"WHAT is strangest," writes Walter Pater, "is that Botticelli carries the sentiment [of sadness] into classical subjects, its most complete expression being a picture in the Uffizi, of Venus rising from the sea, in which the grotesque emblems of the Middle Age, and a landscape full of its peculiar feeling, and even its strange draperies powdered all over in the Gothic manner with a quaint conceit of daisies, frame a figure that reminds you of the faultless nude studies of Ingres. At first, perhaps, you are attracted only by a quaintness of design, which seems to recall all at once whatever you have read of Florence in the fifteenth century; afterwards you may think that this quaintness must be incongruous with the subject, and that the color is cadaverous, or at least cold. And yet the more you come to understand what imaginative coloring really is, that all color is no mere delightful quality of natural things, but a spirit upon them by which they become expressive to the spirit, the better you will like this peculiar quality of color; and you will find that quaint design of Botticelli's a more direct inlet into the Greek temper than the works of the Greeks themselves even of the finest period. Of the Greeks as they really were, of their differences from ourselves, of the aspects of their outward life, we know far more than Botticelli, or his most learned contemporaries; but for us, long familiarity has taken off the edge of the lesson, and we are hardly conscious of what we owe to the Hellenic spirit. But in pictures like this of Botticelli's you have a record of the first impression made by it on minds turned back towards it in almost painful aspiration from a world in which it had been ignored so long; and in the passion, the energy, the industry of realization, with which Botticelli carries out his intention, is the exact measure of the legitimate influence over the human mind of the imaginative system of which this is the central myth. The light is, indeed, cold—mere sunless dawn; but a later painter would have cloyed you with sunshine; and you can see the better for that quietness in the morning air each long promontory as it slopes down to the water's edge. Men go forth to their labors until the evening; but she is awake before them, and you might think that the sorrow in her face was at the thought of the whole long day of love yet to come. An emblematical figure of the wind blows hard across the grey water, moving forward the dainty-lipped shell on which she sails, the sea 'showing his teeth' as it moves in thin lines of foam, and sucking in one by one the falling roses, each severe in outline, plucked off short at the stalk, but embrowned a little, as Botticelli's flowers always are. Botticelli meant all that imagery to be altogether pleasurable; and it was partly an incompleteness of resources, inseparable from the art of that time, that subdued and chilled it; but his predilection for minor tones counts also; and what is unmistakable is the sadness with which he has conceived the goddess of pleasure as the depositary of a great power over the lives of men."

"PALLAS AND A CENTAUR" PITTI PALACE: FLORENCE

IN 1895 this picture was found by the English artist, Mr. William Spence, in an obscure corner of one of the royal apartments of the Pitti Palace, where for many years it had hung unnoticed and forgotten. It is believed to commemorate the return of Lorenzo de' Medici to Florence in 1480, after his pacificatory visit to Naples, where by his skilful diplomacy peace was brought about between his native city and her enemies,—Pope Sixtus IV. and the King of Naples,—whose alliance had threatened her welfare. In Pallas, the goddess of wisdom, holding captive a centaur, symbol of that lower nature inimical to peace and wisdom, is indicated the triumph of mind over matter, of Lorenzo over his enemies, while in the distance is seen the ship of glad tidings which brought Lorenzo home.

A writer in the Italian Gazette describes the picture as "a harmony of green and gold—gold of the richest tone from the bright bay of the centaur's hide, through all gradations of Pallas's long auburn locks waving below her waist, her light tan buskins, and the ivory tones of the diaphanous white garment where it reveals the limbs beneath—from the rich olive of Pallas's mantle to the pale green of sea and shore, and the grey of the goddess's eyes. The transparent robe is sown with a design composed of three, or sometimes four interlaced gem-set rings, the device of Lorenzo the Magnificent. A sapphire set in four conventional green leaves forms a blossom-like termination to a spiral spray of olive upon either breast, the sprays nearly meeting in the centre being clasped together by Lorenzo's ring itself—a very pledge of peace. Head, arms, and waist are wreathed with the beautifully decorated olive branches, in fantastic luxuriant grace."

"MADONNA ENTHRONED" BERLIN GALLERY

"BOTTICELLI preferred the circular form for his compositions," writes Sidney Colvin, "and a large number of devotional pieces in this form, by his own hand and those of his scholars, are scattered through the museums and private collections of Europe, and are among the most poetical examples of religious art that Italy has left us."

In the one here reproduced, the Virgin and Child are surrounded by rose-crowned angels bearing in their hands lighted candles entwined with flowers. It is of this picture that Julius Meyer writes: "Gravely reverential the angels stand around the Madonna, their wings still half lifted, as if they had just swept through the air; and in the light, shimmering garments, moved by the faintest breath of wind, we seem still to hear the rustle, as it were, of their flight."

"ADORATION OF THE MAGI" UFFIZI GALLERY: FLORENCE

THIS picture, intended especially to honor the deceased Cosimo de' Medici, is one of Botticelli's finest works.

Under a ruined pent-house are seen the Mother and Child, their figures illumined by a golden light. In the King who kneels before the Virgin and kisses the foot of the Infant Jesus may be recognized the portrait of Lorenzo de' Medici's grandfather, Cosimo, while in the faces of the other Magi and among those of the Florentine citizens in the foreground of the picture, Botticelli has represented various members of the Medici family. At one side, with the head turned almost fully toward the spectator, may be seen the figure of the painter himself.

Vasari says of this picture: "The composition, the design, and the coloring are so beautiful that every artist who examines it is astonished, and at the time, it obtained so great a name in Florence and other places for the master, that Pope Sixtus IV., having erected the chapel built by him in his palace at Rome, and desiring to have it adorned with paintings, commanded that Sandro Botticelli should be appointed superintendent of the work."

"PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN" STÄDEL INSTITUTE: FRANKFORT

THIS is one of the few, and it is perhaps the most beautiful of Botticelli's portraits of women. Although sometimes spoken of as a likeness of Lucrezia Tornabuoni, it is more probably an ideal head, and is now generally so considered.

Ulmann gives the following description: "The luxuriant fair hair adorned with strings of pearls and entwined with rose-colored ribbons is arranged in graceful knots. On the crown of the head is a spray of heron-quills held in place by a ruby in the form of a flower. A large cameo, on which is represented the punishment of Marsyas, is worn around the long, slender throat. Pale in color, the profile stands out sharp and distinct in its outline against the dark background.

"The features have nothing about them of the character of a portrait, but represent rather Botticelli's ideal of womanly beauty; the same type which prevails in his goddesses, nymphs, and graces: a high, arched brow; a straight nose with delicate nostrils; a mouth with lips slightly parted and with an expression of sadness about it; large, light eyes shadowed by heavy lids beneath horizontal and delicately pencilled eye-brows. If this picture be compared with the heads of the Graces in the 'Spring,' with the Goddess of Spring in the 'Birth of Venus,' or with the Venus in the picture of 'Venus and Mars' in the London National Gallery, the similarity of feature will be perceived. . . .

"The fact that the woman in the Frankfort picture wears the cameo with the design of Apollo and Marsyas, which was in the possession of the Medici, seems to prove conclusively that the work was painted for a member of that family."

"THE NATIVITY" NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

"I KNOW of no other picture by Botticelli," writes Dr. Richter, "so closely connected with the manner of the *cinquecento* as is this. The centre is occupied by the Nativity, the subject, within the narrow cycle of Christian iconography, most frequently represented in art; but the accessories present subject-matter not only unusual, but by itself unintelligible. In the upper part of the picture is a mysteriously worded Greek inscription in the right interpretation of which the key to the problem is to be found. It runs as follows: 'This picture, I, Alexander, painted at the end of the year 1500, in the troubles of Italy, in the half-time after the time during the fulfilment of the eleventh of St. John, in the Second Woe of the Apocalypse, in the loosing of the devil for three years and a half. Afterwards he shall be chained, and we shall see him trodden down, as in this picture.'

"On May 12, 1497, exactly three and a half years before the date of this inscription, Fra Girolamo Savonarola had been excommunicated by the Pope for heresy and insubordination. His trial, conducted in Florence, was known to be a mere farce; he was tortured; burned alive in the Piazza Signoria amid the triumphant shouts of his enemies, and his ashes flung into the Arno. Gino Capponi, in his history of the Florentine Republic, says: 'For Florence the death of Savonarola meant the triumph of all that was most corrupt; vice was everywhere rampant, and virtuous living was utterly despised.'

"These terrible events seemed to Botticelli foretold in the awful words with which the writer of the Apocalypse shadows forth the Second Woe. . . . He evidently considered that this prophecy was literally fulfilled by the life and death of Savonarola; and he summarizes both the prophecy and his interpretation of it in the Greek inscription above his picture.

"In the foreground are men embraced by angels, while devils hide in the clefts of the rock; these are evidently the 'witnesses,' to whom the Spirit of Life was returned, welcomed back to earth by angels, ere they are rapt heavenward. They bear olive boughs in their hands, because in the Apocalypse they are called olive trees.

"There is but one point at variance with the Biblical text: in it two witnesses are spoken of, here there are three. This deviation was doubtless intentional. When Savonarola died, two others shared his palm of martyrdom, Fra Domenico Buonvicini and Fra Silvestre Marussi; the three figures crowned with myrtle represent the three risen and glorified martyrs."

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF BOTTICELLI WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

BERGAMO, Morelli Gallery: Portrait of Giuliano de' Medici; Story of Virginia; Head of Christ — Berlin Gallery: Madonna and Saints; Madonna Enthroned (Plate vii); St. Sebastian — Dresden, Royal Gallery: Scenes from Life of St. Zanobius — Florence, Academy: Coronation; Predella to Coronation; Spring ("Primavera") (Plate iii); Madonna, Saints and Angels; Dead Christ; Death of St. Augustine; Salome; Vision of St. Augustine — Florence, Pitti Palace: Pallas and a Centaur (Plate vi) — Florence, Uffizi Gallery: Birth of Venus (Plate v); Judith; Holophernes; St. Augustine; Portrait of Piero de' Medici the Younger (Plate ii); Calumny; Adoration of the Magi (Plate viii); Coronation of the Virgin (Plate iv); Madonna and Angels ("of the Pomegranate") — Florence, Corsini Gallery: Portrait of Man with Ring — Florence, Capponi Palace: Communion of St. Jerome — Florence, Church of Ognissanti: St. Augustine (fresco) — Frankfort, Städel Institute: Portrait of a Woman (Plate ix) — London, National Gallery: Adoration of the Magi; Portrait of a Young Man; Mars and Venus; The Nativity (Plate x) — Milan, Poldi-Pezzoli Collection: Madonna —

Paris, Louvre: Madonna and Child with St. John (Plate I); Lorenzo Tornabuoni Introduced into the Circle of the Sciences (fresco); Giovanna Tornabuoni with Venus and the Graces (fresco) — Rome, Sistine Chapel (frescos): Moses in the Land of Midian; Destruction of Korah; Temptation of Christ; Single figures of Popes — St. Petersburg, Hermitage Gallery: Adoration of the Magi.

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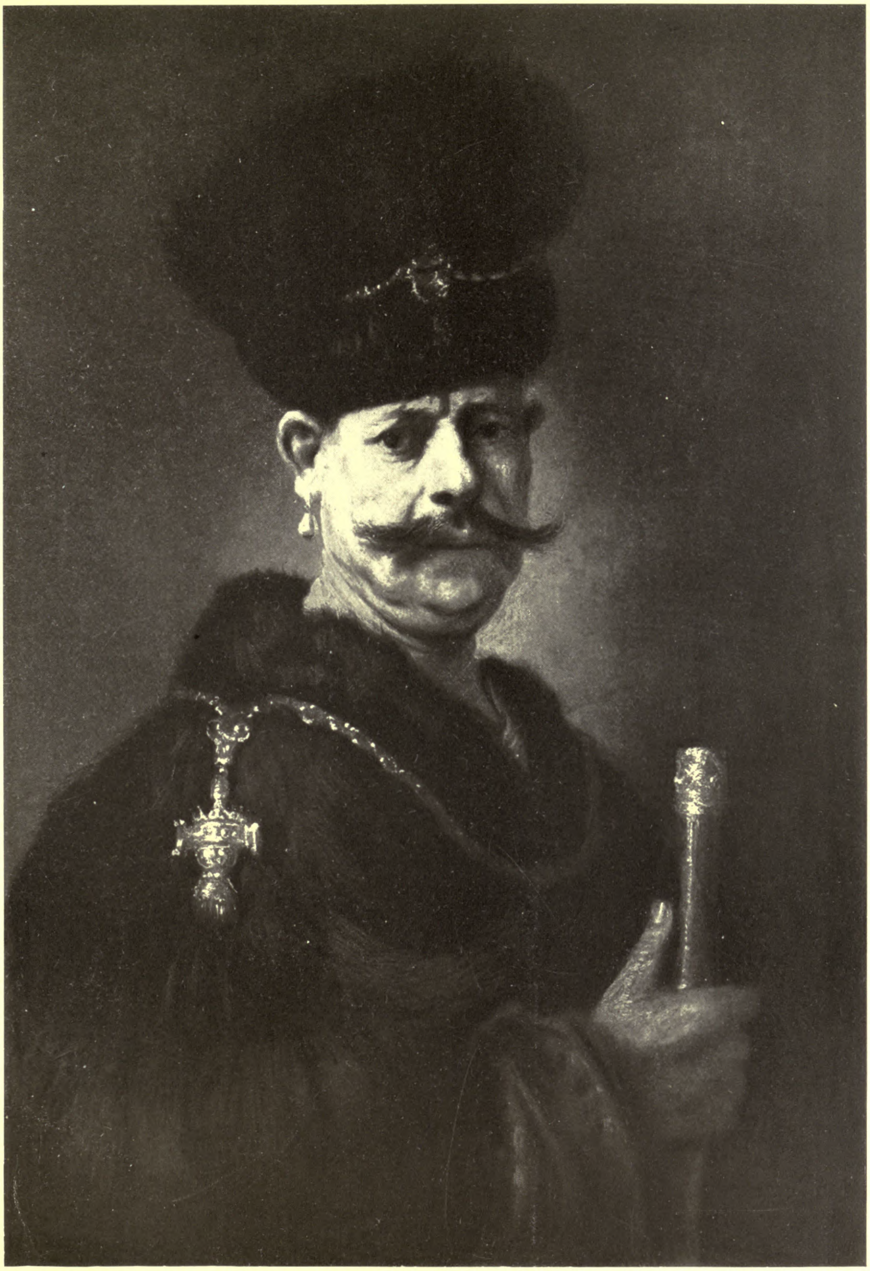
Rembrandt

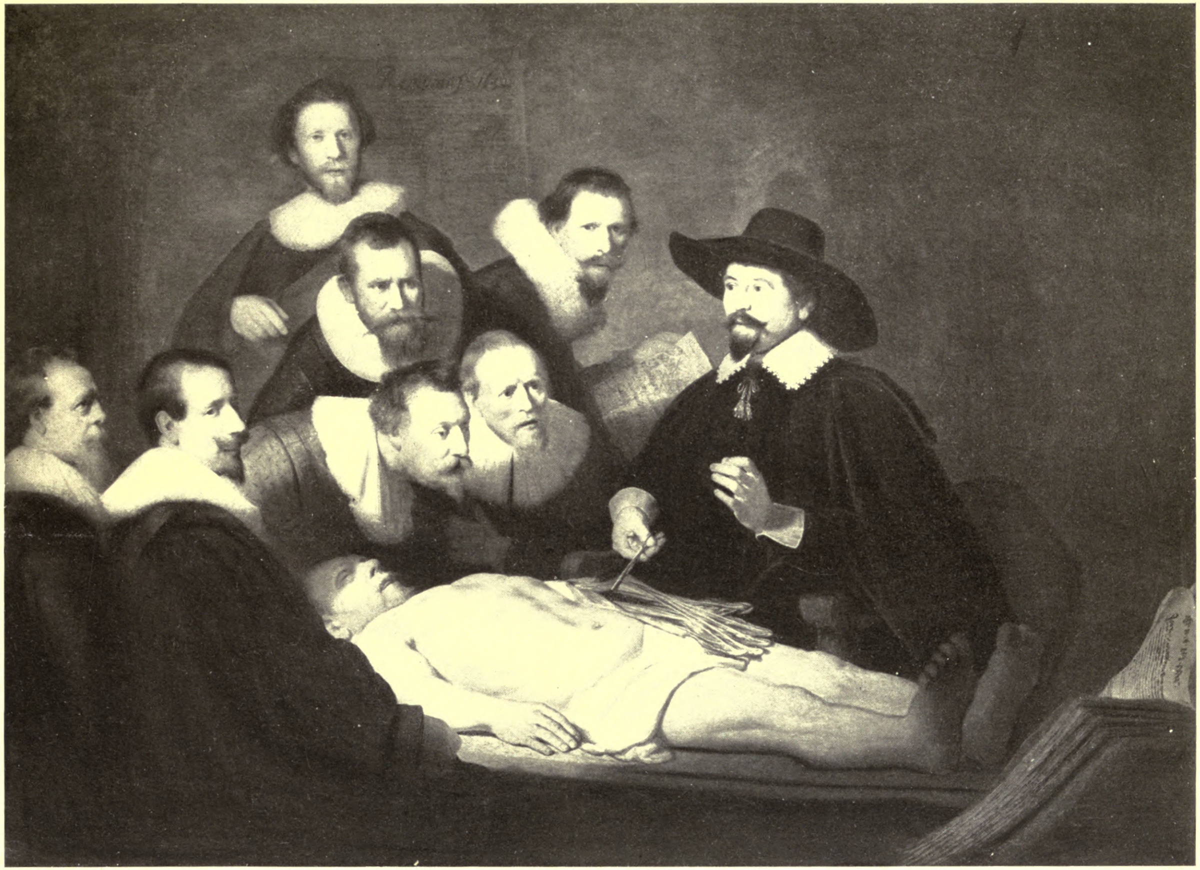
DUTCH SCHOOL



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE I.

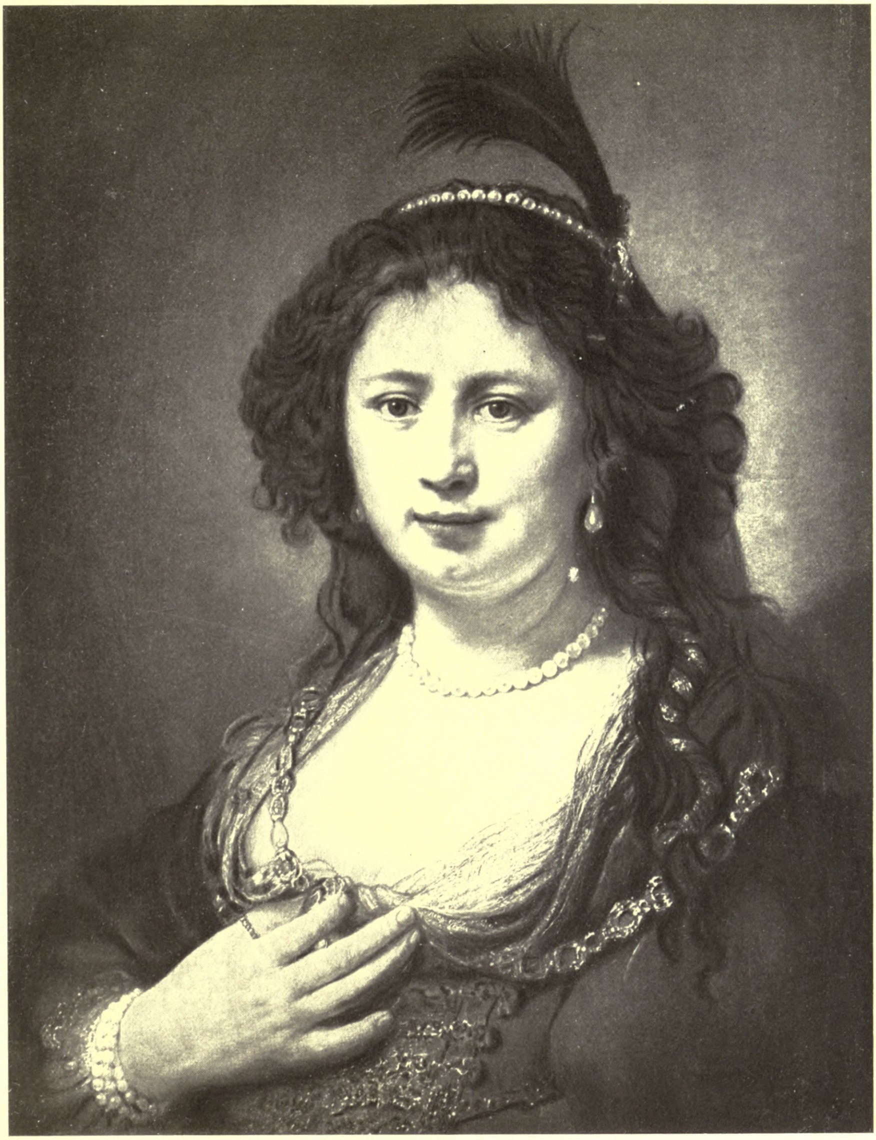
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

REMBRANDT
MAN WITH A FUR CAP
THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG



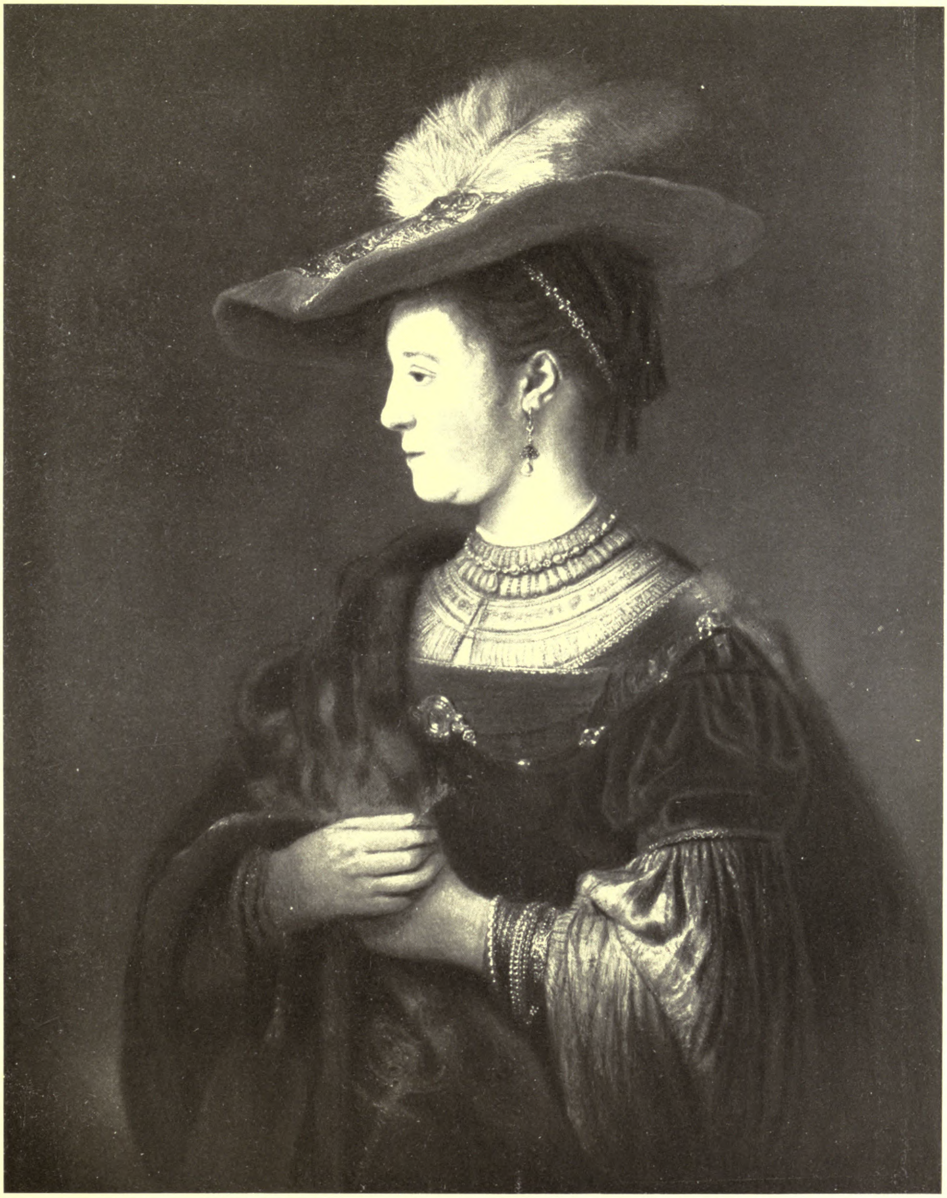
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE II.
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

REMBRANDT
THE ANATOMY LESSON
GALLERY OF THE HAGUE



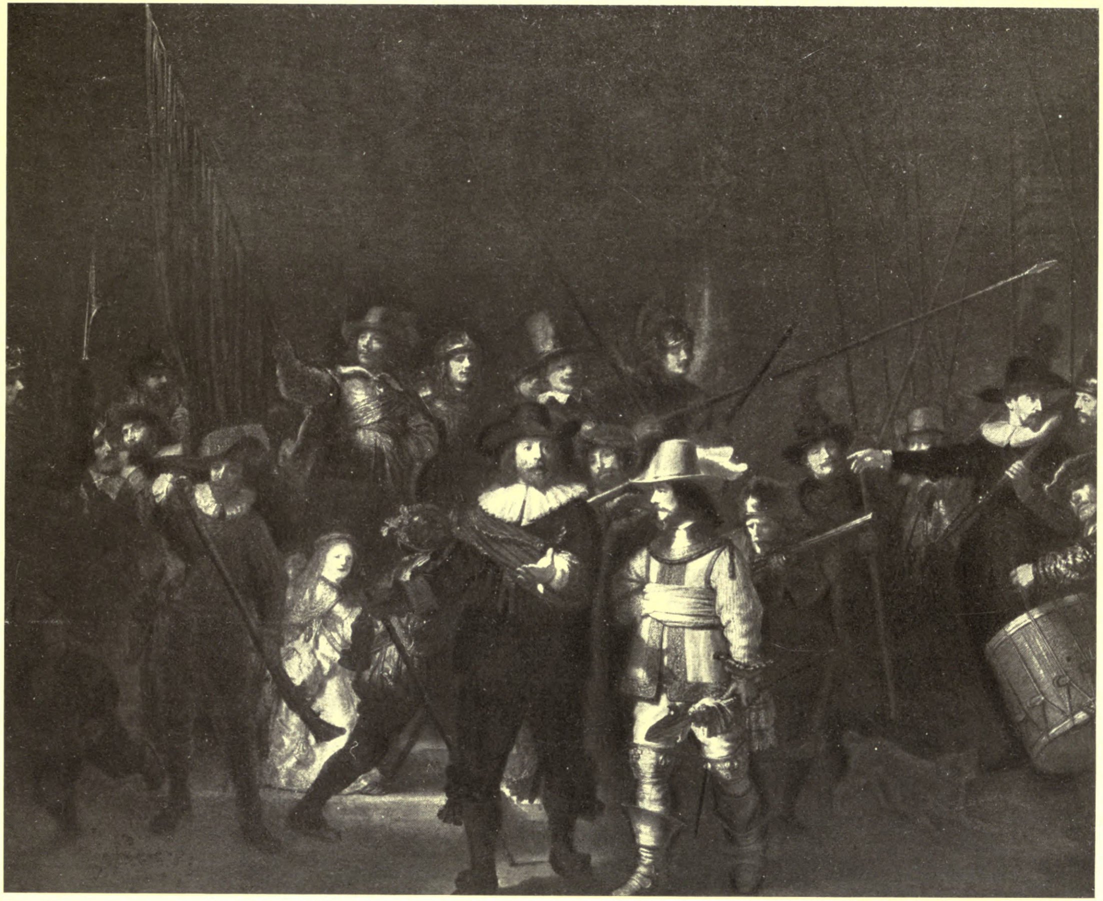
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE III.
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

REMBRANDT
PORTRAIT OF A LADY
LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY, VIENNA



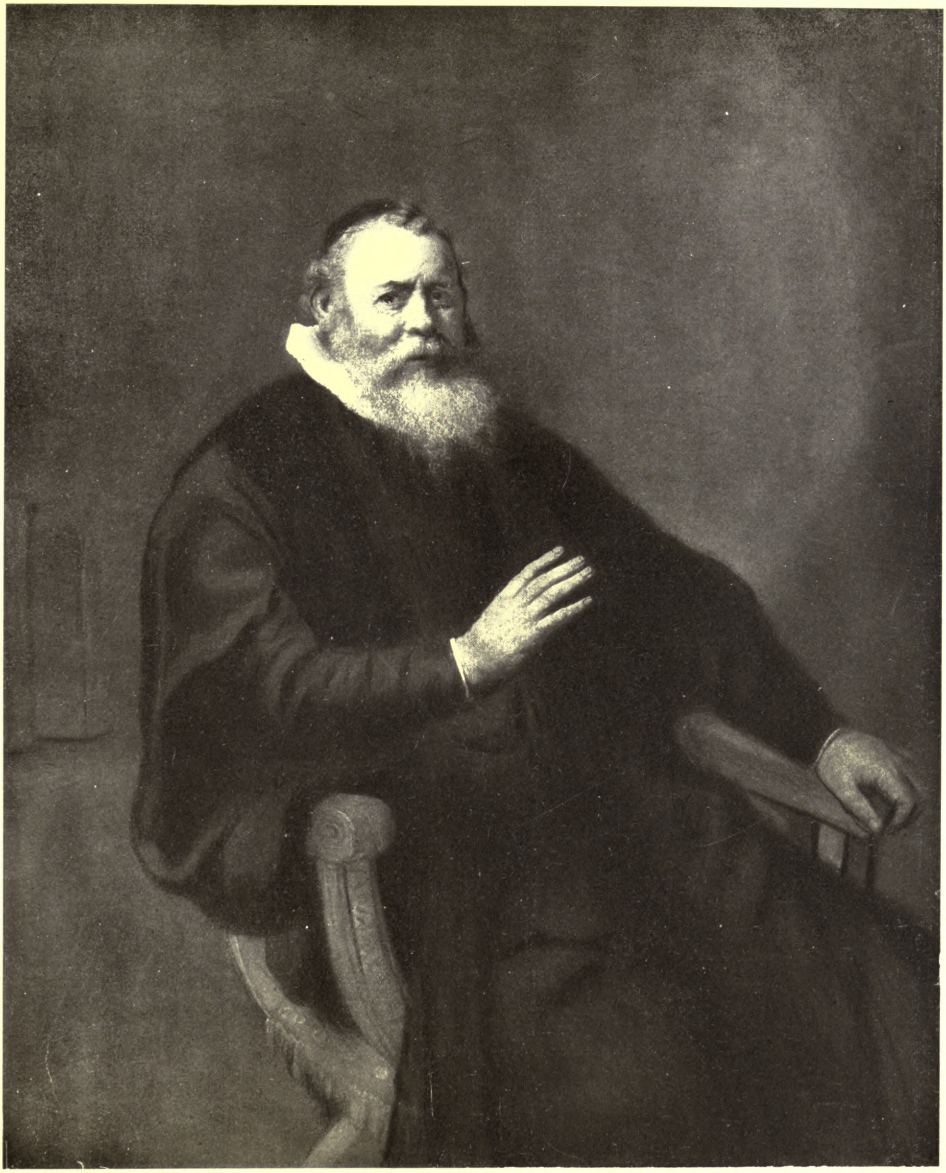
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

REMBRANDT
PORTRAIT OF SASKIA
CASSEL GALLERY



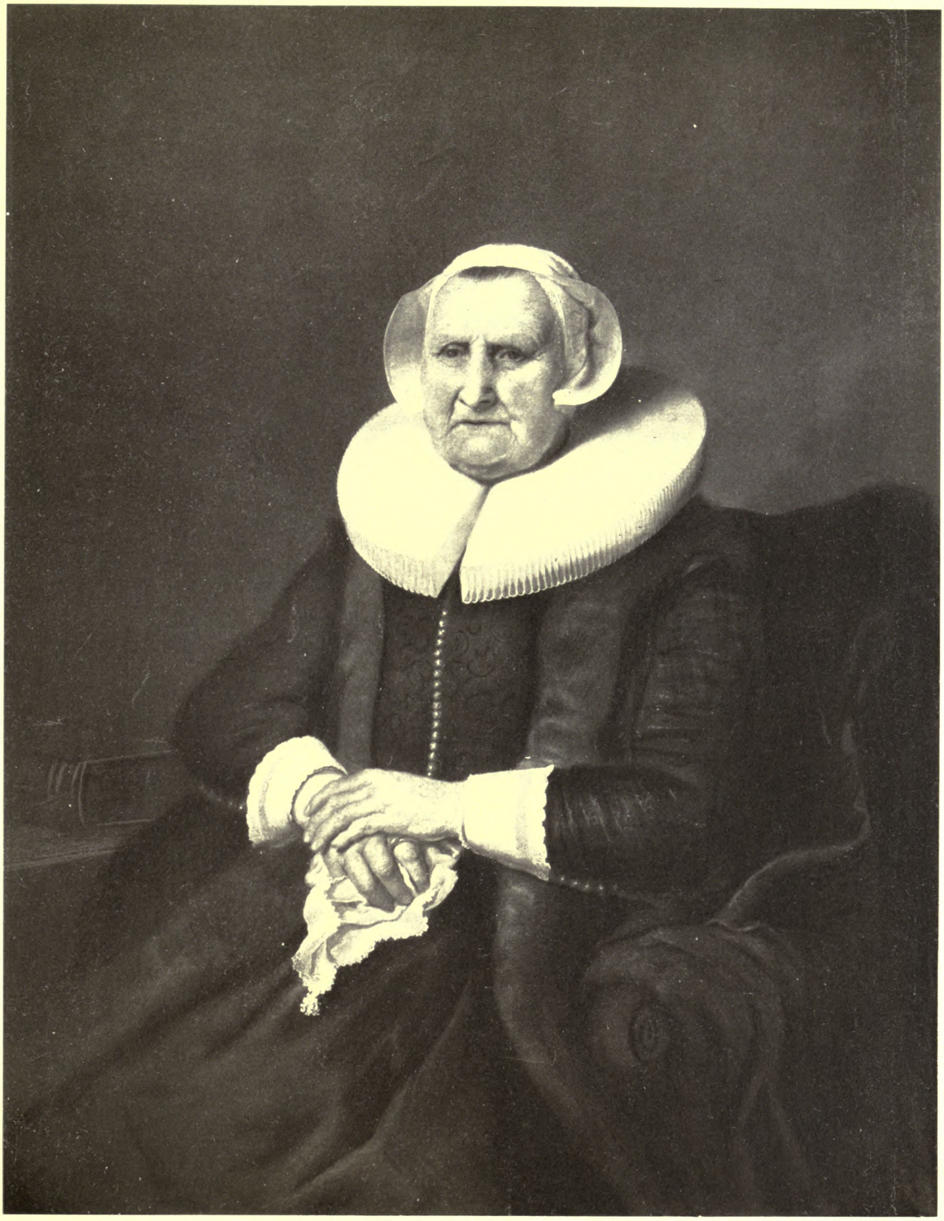
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE V.
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

REMBRANDT
SORTIE OF THE CIVIC GUARD
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM



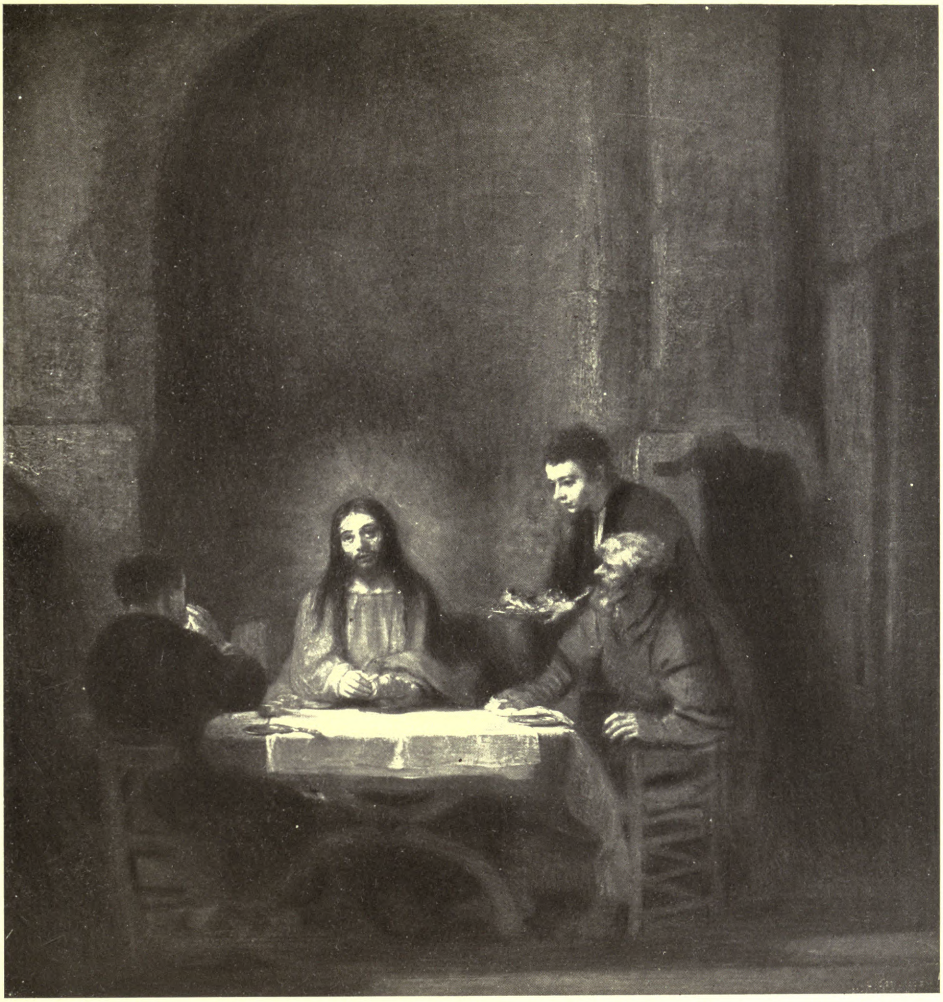
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VI.
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

REMBRANDT
PORTRAIT OF ÉLÉAZAR SWALMIUS
ANTWERP MUSEUM



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VII.
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

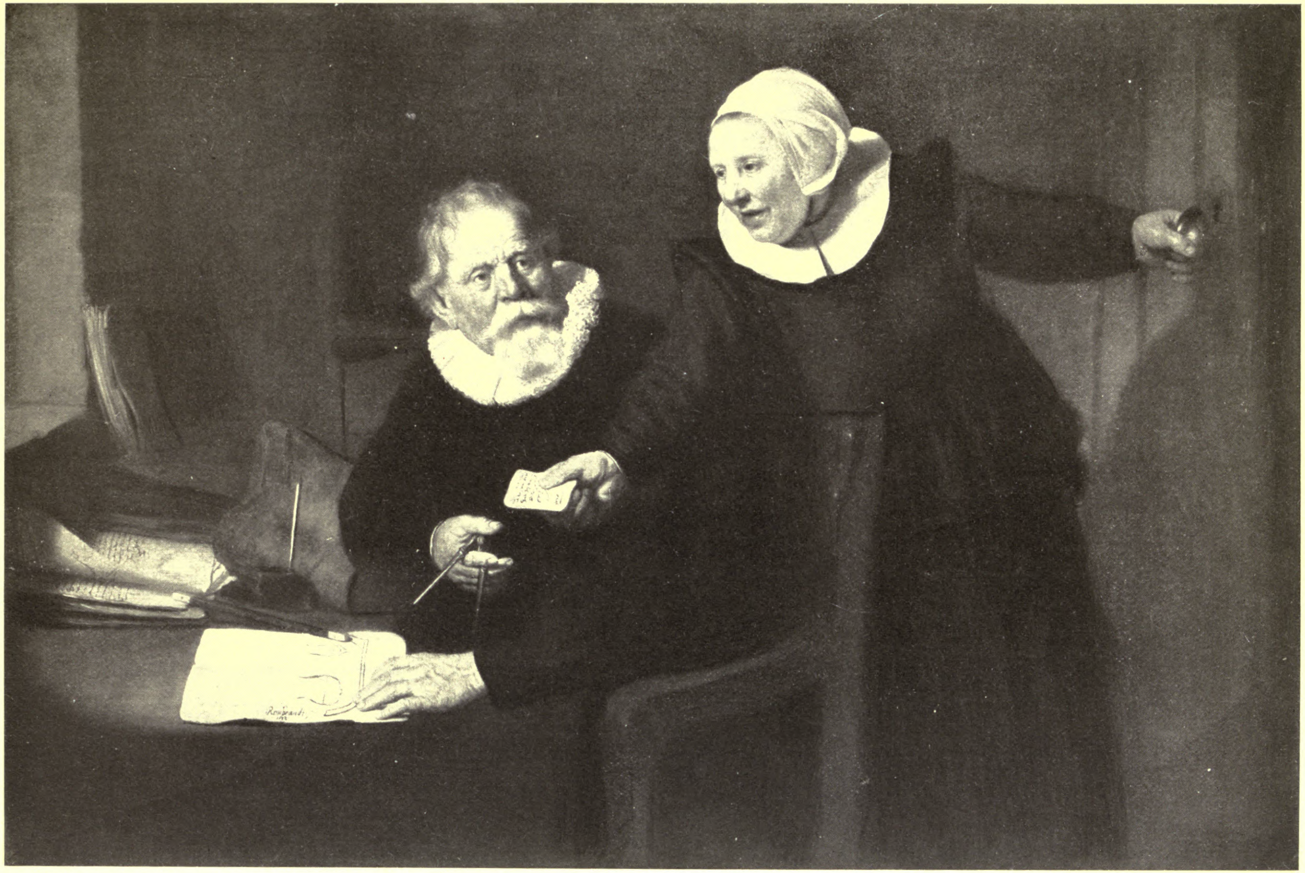
REMBRANDT
PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH BAS
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VIII.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

REMBRANDT
CHRIST AT EMMAUS
LOUVRE, PARIS



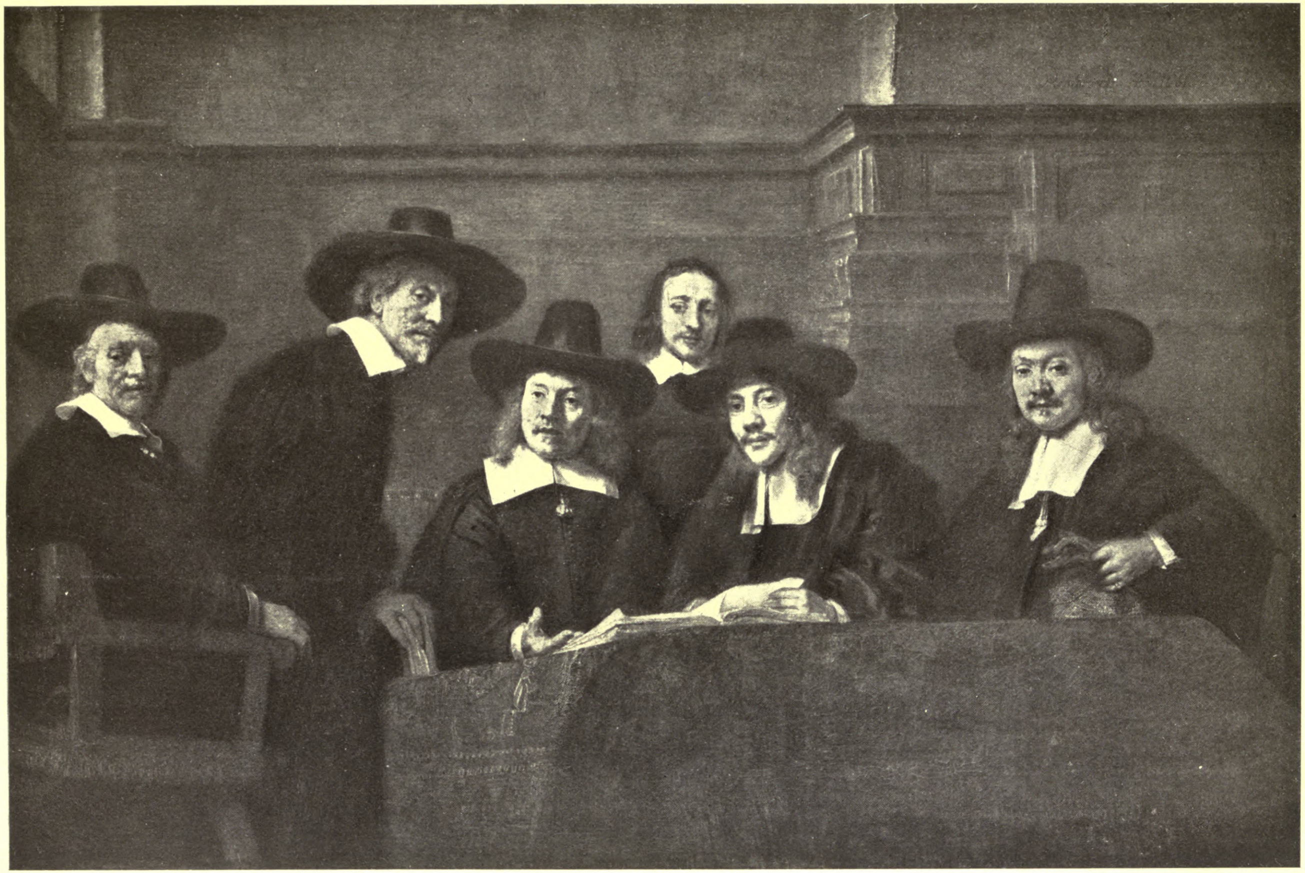
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE IX

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

REMBRANDT

THE SHIPBUILDER AND HIS WIFE

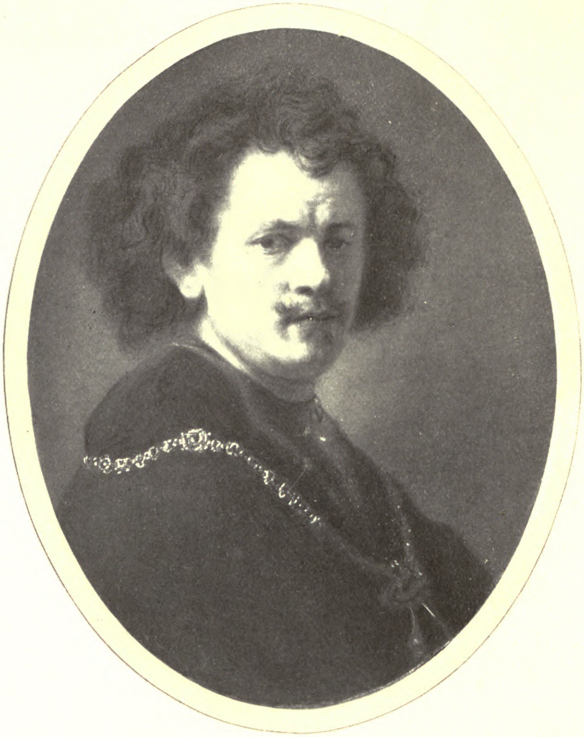
BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE X.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

REMBRANDT
THE SYNDICS OF THE CLOTH GUILD
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM



PORTRAIT OF REMBRANDT BY HIMSELF LOUVRE, PARIS

Rembrandt painted more than forty portraits of himself, in many aspects and various fantastical costumes. Although probably few of them can be described as accurate likenesses, it is clear that he was a strong man, of ordinary figure, with a thick nose, coarse but firm mouth framed with a stiff moustache and imperial, and dark, piercing eyes. The portrait here reproduced was painted in 1633, and shows him clad in a violet velvet mantle with a jewelled gold chain about his shoulders.

Rembrandt van Rijn

BORN 1606: DIED 1669
DUTCH SCHOOL

UNTIL within the last half-century the generally accepted story of Rembrandt's life was made up of a collection of fictitious statements, the falsity of which has been proved by the careful researches of M. Charles Vosmaer and his fellow-workers, of MM. Bredius, de Vries, Immerzeel, and others, and lastly of Dr. Wilhelm Bode, and M. Émile Michel, whose work upon Rembrandt, published in 1893, is now the standard authority on the subject.

But, although much concerning Rembrandt has been revealed, although “the cobwebs of myth with which, partly through malice, partly through ignorance, the master's image had been overwhelmed have been torn away,” nevertheless, painstaking and seemingly exhaustive as the researches have been, much concerning the life of the greatest of Dutch painters still remains shrouded in darkness and mystery.

WALTER ARMSTRONG — “FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW,” 1894

THE doubts in connection with Rembrandt begin with the date of his birth. Three different years, 1606, 1607, and 1608, have been given. M. Michel, following Dr. Bredius, says he was born at Leyden on July 15, 1606, which makes him sixty-three at his death, in 1669. He was the fifth of six children born to the miller, Harmen van Rijn (Harmen of the Rhine) by his wife, Neeltjen Willemsdochter van Zuitbroeck. Humble as they were in station, his parents sent him to the Latin school in order that, as Orlers, the best authority for his early years, puts it, “he might in the fulness of time be able to serve his native city and the Republic with his knowledge.” Such studies were not to the boy's mind, however, and Harmen soon perceived that his son's inclination towards art would have to be indulged. He was placed with Jakob van Swanenburch, whom he quitted three years later to study under Lastman at Amsterdam. It was during the first short stay in the city whose chief ornament he was afterwards to become, that he underwent the influence of Elsheimer, who had been Lastman's master in Rome, and of Lievens, who was his fellow-pupil in Lastman's studio. But Rembrandt only stayed six months in Amsterdam. He returned to Leyden in 1624, “determined,” says Orlers, “to study and practise painting alone, in his own fashion.” He remained six years in his native town, working much from the members of his own family and from himself, carrying out those elaborately staged compositions which mark his first period as a painter, and taking the first steps as an etcher. . . .

M. Michel in his “Life of Rembrandt” paints a graphic picture of Amsterdam in 1631, of her growing trade and prosperity, and of the transformation, not only in the city itself, but in the spirit of the inhabitants, which followed the long struggle with

Spain. The revival of civil life had been followed by a great increase in the attention given to the arts. The institutions fostered by the war had encouraged painters, and now, with returning prosperity, other institutions, and especially those connected with charity, came forward to commission pictures. For a long time Amsterdam was the chief place to profit by the return of peace. Her position, at once well sheltered and easily accessible both from the interior and the sea, has often been likened to that of Venice, but perhaps a comparison would be better with Constantinople. Her position at the head of the then navigable Zuyder Zee, and at a point where all the canals of Holland converged from the south, was very similar to that of the Eastern capital on the Sea of Marmora. Within a century of William the Silent's assassination in the palace at Delft, Amsterdam had practically grown into the town we all knew until the other day. Like several other Dutch cities, she has now begun to put on suburbs at an alarming rate, but in 1630 she was already at the knees of that rampart over which she only began to swarm some twenty years ago.

It was in this Amsterdam that Rembrandt established himself in 1630; here, in 1632, that he painted his first corporation picture, the "Lesson in Anatomy;" and here, in 1634, that he married his wife, Saskia van Uylenborch, much of whose short married life must have been spent in sitting to her husband. M. Michel enumerates some eighteen portraits of her, of one kind or another, not counting compositions in which she may have sat for single figures. Some have recognized her features in an even greater number of cases. Saskia died in 1642, the year of "The Night Watch." Vosmaer, through a misapprehension by his friend, Dr. Scheltema, of an entry in a parish book, gave a second wife to Rembrandt, one Catharina van Wyck, whom he was supposed to have married in 1665. It is now believed that Saskia's only successor was Hendrickje Stoffels, whose connection with the master began about 1650 and lasted till her death, which is supposed to have occurred about 1662. The most intricate and obscure points in Rembrandt's life are those connected with Saskia's disposition of her property. She made a will in favor of her son Titus, with a contingent remainder for the benefit of her sister Hiskia, but as the will also contained a stipulation that Rembrandt should not be legally bound to carry out its provisions, "because she had confidence that he would behave in the matter in strict obedience to his conscience," it is difficult to understand exactly how it came to precipitate his ruin. However this may be, the fact remains that between 1654 and 1658 the painter was stripped of all the property he had accumulated in the historic house in the Breestraat, and that for the rest of his life he was a sort of nomad, shifting his lodgings with uncomfortable frequency, carrying with him nothing but the materials of his art and some little wreckage from his collections, which seem to have been saved we know not how. During all this period, except the last few years, he had for legal *tuteurs* Hendrickje, and his son Titus, who made shift to manage his affairs while he confined his thoughts to art. How he passed the melancholy years which intervened between their deaths and his own we can only conjecture. . . .

Rembrandt's son Titus died in 1668, and the old painter was left with two children (a daughter and a granddaughter) to form his only links with the past. His own death took place about thirteen months later. So far no allusion to it has been found in any contemporary document, except the death-register of the Werter-Kerk of Amsterdam, in which this entry occurs: "Tuesday, October 8th, 1669; Rembrandt van Rijn, painter, on the Roozegraft, opposite the Doolhof. Leaves two children."

The Art of Rembrandt

EUGÈNE FROMENTIN has given us, in his "Maîtres d'Autrefois," the most illuminating, the most penetrating, criticism upon Rembrandt that has yet appeared — a key criticism, which renders many confusing and diverse opinions reconcilable. Unfortunately the length of his masterly essay makes it impossible to reproduce it here in its entirety, but in the following synopsis (though for the sake of condensation we have been obliged to depart from the logical order of the original) we shall use Fromentin's own expressions wherever possible.

The starting-point or text of the theory is, that Rembrandt's was a dual nature, that he was two men in one, — the first a trained, facile, and workmanlike Dutch painter of his own time, above all a realist; the second a visionary, a dreamer, an idealist whose ideal was *light*.

The first of these Rembrandts, — Rembrandt the realist, the accomplished technician, — whom Fromentin has called the "exterior man," was possessed of a clear mind, a vigorous hand, and infallible logic; indeed in every quality the very opposite of the romantic genius to whom the admiration of the world has been almost entirely given. And assuredly, in his way, this "exterior" Rembrandt is no inferior master. His manner of seeing is thoroughly healthy, his way of painting edifying from the simplicity of the means employed, attesting that he wished above all things to make his work comprehensible and veracious. His palette is limpid, without cloudiness, tinged with the true colors of the daylight. His drawing makes you forget it, but it forgets nothing. He expresses and characterizes, with their true individualities, features, glances, attitudes and gestures, the normal habits and the accidents of life, — he is, in a word, admirably lifelike. His execution has the propriety, the breadth, the high bearing, the firm tissue, the force and conciseness which characterize painters who are masters of their craft. As the work of this clear-seeing, workmanlike realist, the "exterior" Rembrandt, we may instance the portrait of "Burgomaster Six" in the Six Gallery at Amsterdam, "The Gilder" in our own country, and the "Portrait of Elizabeth Bas" reproduced in this issue (though this example is not so apt an instance as the other pictures named). In these portraits there is no poetry, no idealism, and yet they are so thorough in workmanship, so truly seen and rightly rendered, that they deservedly rank among the world's masterpieces.

So much for the "exterior" Rembrandt. Let us now turn to the other, — Rembrandt the idealist, the dreamer. Here is a painter far more subtle, more difficult to characterize. Perhaps we shall more clearly see what he was if we approach him through an example of his work, such as, for instance, the "Christ at Emmaus" (Plate VIII).

This little picture, insignificant in appearance, of no great composition, subdued in color, almost awkward in execution, would alone be sufficient to establish the greatness of a painter. Not to speak of the disciple who clasps his hands in worship, nor of the other, who, astounded, his gaze fixed upon the face of Christ, is plainly uttering an exclamation of amazement, one might only remember in this marvellous work the figure of the Christ, and it would be enough. What painter has not given us his conception of Christ? From Leonardo, Raphael, and Titian, to Van Dyck, Holbein, Rubens, and Van Eyck, how have they not deified, humanized, and transfigured him, told the story of his passion and of his death, related the events of his earthly life, and conceived the glories of his apotheosis? But has he ever been imagined like this? In pilgrim's garb; pale, emaciated; breaking bread as on the evening of the Last Supper; the traces of torture still on the blackened lips; the great, dark, gentle eyes widely opened and raised towards heaven; the halo, a sort of phosphorescent light, enveloping him in an indefinable glory; and on his face the inexplicable look of a living, breathing human being, who has passed through death! The bearing so impossible to describe, and assuredly impossible to copy, the intense feeling of the face, where the features are undefined and where the expression is given by the movement of the lips and by the look, — these things, inspired one knows not whence and produced one knows not how, are all priceless. No art recalls them, no one before Rembrandt, no one after him, has expressed them.

And if, seeking to discover the means by which such marvels are produced, we look into the picture for an explanation, do we find it by saying, as so many critics have contented themselves with saying, that Rembrandt was a consummate master of chiaroscuro? Not if we mean by chiaroscuro the play and opposition of light and shadow, in which dark waves, shaded, deepened, thickened, revolve around bright centres which are thereby made to appear more distinct and radiant, and yet in which the darkness is transparent, the half-darkness easy to pierce, and even the strongest colors have a sort of penetrability which prevents their being black. This form of expression was by no means either the invention or the exclusive quality of Rembrandt. All the great Italians, notably Leonardo and Titian, have used it; nay, Rembrandt in his other self — the realist, the exterior man — used it consummately. Indeed it was the native and necessary form in which Rembrandt, in either of his personalities, always expressed his ideas. Surely this does not explain the mystery.

But let us take a step further: let us admit (and it is undeniably true) that this idealist, this dreaming Rembrandt, was *more* than a mere master of chiaroscuro, — that he was the greatest master of it that has ever lived, and that because it was so intimately adapted to his genius, he developed it into a means of expression of which it had never before nor has it since been capable. Admit that under his hand, misty, veiled, discreet, it lends a charm to half-hidden things, invites curiosity, adds an attraction to moral beauty, and finally, partakes of sentiment, of emotion, of the uncertain, the indefinite, of the dream and of the ideal, — in a word, lives a double life, the life it has by nature and that which comes to it through communicated emotion. And yet, admitting all this (and though it is clear that in thus broadening the meaning of the word "chiaroscuro" we are nearer and nearer to the secret), we have not solved the mystery, nor quite lifted the veil which hides the supreme greatness of Rembrandt the dreamer, the idealist, the painter of the "Christ at Emmaus."

Suppose, then, that in despair of classifying him as merely a master of chiaroscuro, in despair of stretching the word to make it contain the whole truth about him, in despair of finding a ready-made term in the vocabulary, we should invent one, and call him a "luminarist;" coining this barbarous word to signify a man who would *conceive light outside of recognized laws*, who would attach to it an extraordinary meaning, who would make great sacrifices to it. If such is its signification, Rembrandt is at once defined and judged; for it expresses an idea, a rare eulogium, and a criticism. The whole career of Rembrandt the dreamer turns round this troublesome objective point, — to paint only by the help of light, to draw only with light. He has proved that light exists in itself, independent of exterior form and of coloring; and that it can, by the force and variety of its usage, the power of its effects, the number, the depth and the subtlety of the ideas which it may be made to express, become the principle of a new art. Life he perceives in a dream, as an accent of another world, which renders real life almost cold and makes it seem pale; and his ideal, as in a dream, pursued with closed eyes, is light, — the nimbus around objects, phosphorescence on a black ground. It is fugitive, uncertain, formed of imperceptible lineaments, all ready to disappear before they are fixed, ephemeral, and dazzling. To arrest the vision, place it upon canvas, give it form and relief, preserve its fragile texture, give it brilliancy, and let the result be a strong, masculine, and substantial painting, as real as any other, which would resist contact with Rubens, Titian, Veronese, Giorgione, Van Dyck,— this is what Rembrandt the "luminarist" attempted. Did he accomplish it? The judgment of the world is there to say. When this dreamer of light used it *appropriately*, when he used it to express what no other painter in the world has expressed, when, in a word, he accosts with his dark lantern the world of the marvellous, of conscience, the ideal, *then* he has no peer, because he has no equal in the art of showing the invisible. All the differing judgments that have been pronounced upon his works—beautiful, defective, doubtful, incontestable — can be brought back to this one simple question: Was the occasion one for making light an exclusive condition? Did the subject require it, did it allow it, or exclude it? In the first case the work results from the *spirit* of the work: infallibly it must be admirable. In the second the result is uncertain; and almost invariably the work is disputable or a poor success. But why was it that Rembrandt the pure idealist, the dreamer of the invisible, the enamored of light, so seldom attained to this supreme achievement? Perhaps we may discover.

To recur to the little picture which has served us as a point of departure for inquiry into his nature, we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that, in spite of its wonderful effects, it is technically in every way inferior to the portrait of Elizabeth Bas. It is not well drawn, it is colorless, in its physical appearance the canvas is mean and insignificant, the workmanship is timid and almost fumbling; indeed in its very essential inspiration, the handling of its light, it is not unimpeachable, for even light in the hand of this dispenser of it was no marvellously submissive and docile instrument of which he was sure. It possessed him, governed him, conducted him to the impossible, inspired him sometimes to the point of sublimity, and sometimes betrayed him.

How, then, are we to reconcile the work of these two men — the exterior man, the master of technique, who can be so clear, with this idealist, this dreamer of dreams, whose visions are so often haltingly expressed?

The key to the mystery lies in the diversity of the two natures — nay, in their adversity! Of almost equal force, but in objects opposite, they clog, hamper, and embarrass each other. Rembrandt was not a man whom tension fortifies, to whom it gives balance. The visionary bends himself uneasily to the expression of natural truth, but is inimitable when the obligation of veracity does not hamper his hand; the technician is a workman who can be magnificent when the visionary does not trouble and distract him. One perfection he rarely shows because of the difficulty of maintaining himself in this ideal state, of painting an entire picture in it; because he could rarely escape the rising in him of the realist to trouble the dreamer. To the other he as rarely attains, because the idealist so constantly intervened to disturb the calm workman.

The whole history of Rembrandt's life, then, may be expressed as a struggle for the reconciliation of his two natures, a struggle of which the painter himself was, perhaps, unconscious. All his works bear testimony to the difficulty he had in finding a subject of such mixed character that both sides of his talent might be manifested together without injury to each other. To Fromentin the principal interest of "The Night Watch" lies in the fact that it is to him a clear evidence of struggle,— a battle-ground which marks the progress of the reconciliation, a splendid failure which shows us the painter in a day of great ambiguity, when neither his thought was free nor his hand healthy.

Did he ever succeed in effecting the reconciliation, in finding the subject? If never completely, surely most nearly in "The Syndics." A group of burghers and merchants, but notable men, assembled in their own house, before a table with an open register upon it, surprised in full council. No one of them is posing, they are all living.

Occupied without acting, they speak without moving their lips. A warm atmosphere, increased tenfold in value, envelops the whole with rich, grave half-tints. The painting and relief of the linens, the faces, and the hands is extraordinary, and the extreme vivacity of the light is as delicately observed as if Nature herself had given its measure and quality. The picture is at once very real and very imaginative, both copied and conceived, prudently managed and magnificently painted. In this canvas all Rembrandt's efforts have borne fruit; not one of his researches has been in vain. Here he meant to treat living nature as he treated fictions, by mingling the ideal and the true, and here he succeeded. The two men who had long divided the forces of his mind joined hands in this hour of success.

Taken thus, as a dual nature, Rembrandt is wholly explained,—his life, his work, his leanings, his conceptions, his poetry, his methods, his way of working, even to the color of his paintings, which is only a bold and studied spiritualization of the material elements of his art.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE "THE DIAL," VOL. 16

REMBRANDT was a remarkable man in the annals of art, a superb etcher and a supreme painter, whose like it is not probable we shall see again. Primarily he was a portrait-painter. The single figure was more consonant with his art-methods than the composed group. This was probably due to several causes. He was no lover of the traditional or academic, and never followed school formulæ in composition to any extent. His composition was his own, and it was sometimes good and sometimes bad. He had not a particle of what has been called "style," had no care for line as line, and was uniquely individual in the picturesque. With peculiar methods that became dominant in his art and were opposed to classic composition, he often distorted lights and shadows, and built up certain portions of a composition by dragging down other portions; and this, while a forceful method of procedure with the single figure, as his portraits attest, was not perhaps the best method of handling composed groups, as a number of his large figure-pieces attest. His mastery of light-and-shade rather militated against his composition, just as it bleached and often falsified his color. Fine in many instances as a colorist, he was prone to destroy the purity and value of tones by subordination; and, positive as he was in handling, he at times lapsed into heaviness and ineffectual kneading.

Mentally he was a man keen to observe, assimilate, and synthesize. His conception was localized with his own people and time (he never built up the imaginary or followed Italy), and yet into types taken from the streets and shops of Amsterdam he infused the very largest humanity through his inherent sympathy with man. Dramatic, even tragic, he was at times, and yet showed it less in vehement action than in passionate expression. He had a way of striking universal truths through the human face, a turned head, bent body, or outstretched hand, that was powerful in the extreme. His people have great dignity and character; and we are made to feel that they are types of the Dutch race—people of substantial physique, slow in thought and impulse, yet capable of feeling, comprehending, enjoying, suffering. His landscapes, again, are a synthesis of all Dutch landscape, a grouping of the great truths of light, space, and air. Whatever he turned his mind upon was treated with that breadth of view that overlooks the little and grasps the great.

He painted many subjects, dating from 1627 to the time of his death, and at first was a little sharp in detail and cold in coloring. After 1654 he grew much broader in handling and warmer in coloring, tending, toward the end of his life, to rather hot tones. His domestic troubles served only to heighten and deepen his art, and perhaps his best canvases were painted under stress of circumstances and in sadness of heart. His life is another proof, if needed, that the greatest truths and beauties are to be seen only through tears. Too bad for the man! But the world — the same ungrateful, selfish world that has always lighted its torch at the funeral pyres of genius — is the gainer.

WALTER ARMSTRONG "MAGAZINE OF ART," VOL. 23

MORE, perhaps, than in the case of any other first-rate artist do we recognize the work of Rembrandt by the personality behind it. Superb though his technique is, it does not lend itself readily to those tests we are now taught to consider scientific. He varied his manner in the most curious and unusual way. In a single year you will find pictures painted with the luminous thinness of Van Eyck, and others in which the loaded brush is used with extraordinary vigor and bravura. . . . Once Rembrandt was "through" with his tentative period — which in his case lasted a very short time — he played with his manners, fusing this picture into a polished skin, loading the paint onto that as if he wished to design in ridge and furrow; winning his light to-day from within, catching it to-morrow on the surface of his paint; alternately diffusing the interest over his canvas and concentrating it, even with violence, on a single point. The one thing in which he never varies is loyalty to his own gift. From first to last he *paints;* he understands that what he has to say must be said *in* and not *through* paint; that the emotions and ideas for him are those which can be expressed in the material in which he deals. Within these limits his variety is so absolute that instances of mere repetition are scarcely to be found in the whole range of his work. Each conception suggested its own treatment; and it is not until we reach the very end of his career, when at last his brain is stiffening with age, that evolution ceases, and methods and types begin to lose their power of variation. To the superficial observer — may he forgive me! — all this may seem the reverse of the truth, and he may assert, with some plausibility, that Rembrandts are more like each other than the works of any one else. But this impression, which is, perhaps, the one carried away by most visitors to a picture gallery, results naturally from the fact that his productions stand so decisively apart from the common stream of art. It is not that he repeats himself, but that he repeats no one else. His individuality is so imperious, self-sufficing, and all-transforming, that its presence blinds us to the infinite variety of its manifestations, and we have to wait till the dazzle is over before we can recognize how changeful he is.

ÉMILE MICHEL "REMBRANDT: HIS LIFE, WORK, AND TIME"

POSTERITY has taken upon itself to avenge the oblivion into which Rembrandt fell. And yet we would be wrong to bear too hardly upon his contemporaries for their want of appreciation. Rembrandt's art was too original, too diametrically opposed to received ideas, for things to be otherwise. The average man could not understand it, and the touch of moroseness in the artist's self-contained personality was not calculated to attract his affection. He scandalized his fellow-townsmen by some of his proceedings, and in none did he lay himself out to please them. Always in extremes, his temperament offers many contradictions. From one point of view he was a dreamer, incapable of managing his affairs, or even of arranging his daily life. On the other hand, in all that touched his work he showed a tenacity and a sense of system which are rare even with the best-regulated artists. He created his own methods of study from the very foundation. Simple in his habits and of an extreme frugality, he yet shrank from no expenditure when it was a case of satisfying an artist's caprice. Good-humored, kindly, and ready to do a service as he was, he nevertheless lived apart, in a solitude which had something forbidding about it. He took an interest in all things, and yet, although his movements were perfectly free, he never left his native country. Gifted with a fine imagination, he yet clung to the skirts of nature; eager for every novelty, it was yet in the humblest and most beaten tracks of life that he sought and found the subjects he dressed in unexpected poetry. His sense of beauty was perfect, and he spares us no extreme of ugliness. On a single canvas he will mix up the highest aspirations with the commonest trivialities, the most absolute want of taste with a refinement of delicacy almost excessive.

From the extreme precision and finish of the work of his youth to the breadth and largeness of that of his maturity was a steady march. In his first productions — his studies, of course, excepted — his touch is fused, delicate, and subtle; in his later works it is broader, freer, more decisive; and it ends with the somewhat forbidding abruptness of his old age. In this connection some of his own remarks are significant — "Hang these pictures in a very strong light," he says, in his youth, when speaking of his "Passion" series. As age came upon him he kept the critics more at arm's length. "The smell of paint is not good for the health," we hear him saying to some one who came too close to his easel. At the same time, as a broader treatment led him to enlarge his figures, it also caused him to diminish their number, for he felt that to multiply the points of interest, as he used to do, was hurtful to the unity of the final result. His aim was to deepen and clarify the effects. Among all possible movements and gestures he sought for those which best agreed with the character of his subject, and established the closest and most definite relations between the various figures. So too, in his portraits, he attached gradually less and less importance to the costume and to various colors. He suppressed strong contrasts, and so led the eye more surely to the true centre of interest, the head. He recognized that all the features are not of equal moment. He insists upon those which give individuality to a countenance, — upon the mouth, and, still more, upon the eyes, which he endows with a singular vivacity. As for color, after having first experimented with a sort of monochrome made up of reddish tones, and afterwards with a richer and more varied palette, he came to see that harmony, as he understood it, was to be obtained by the utmost possible enforcement of certain dominant tones — golden and tawny browns, and especially reds — and by their juxtaposition to broken tints of iron-gray and neutral brown. His chiaroscuro, too, was modified as his powers grew. The sharp transitions of his early work disappeared to make way for the quieter contrasts with which he obtained effects quite as powerful and more subtle and various.

His originality of interpretation was always controlled by study of nature. Nature made him what he was, and to her he turned unceasingly. One of his principles was that "Nature alone should be followed." Tradition had little power over him, and yet he never deliberately threw off its yoke. On the contrary he was always keen to know what men had done before his time, and to profit by their teaching. But when a subject had to be treated he did not trouble himself too much about what others had said. He thought about it for himself; he entered into it; he, as it were, lived it over again, and then set himself to reproduce it in his own way, giving special force to those aspects which had stirred his own emotions.

Rembrandt belongs to the breed of artists which can have no posterity. His place is with the Michelangelos, the Shakespeares, the Beethovens. An artistic Prometheus, he stole the celestial fire, and with it put life into what was inert, and expressed the immaterial and evasive sides of nature in his breathing forms. — FROM THE FRENCH BY FLORENCE SIMMONDS.

The Dutch School of Painting

1600 TO 1700

IN its beginning Dutch painting was, in both method and technique, closely allied to that of Flanders as practised under the Van Eycks, and it was not until the early part of the seventeenth century that art in Holland showed decided originality and force, and that, simultaneously with the birth of political freedom in the country, a school of painting came into being which rapidly rose to eminence and became justly famous.

Setting aside the Italian methods followed by the Flemish, the characteristics of the Dutch school were distinctly individual and national. Domestic scenes, *genre* pictures, and portraiture predominated; and the Dutch, always a plain, matter-of-fact race, no idealists, but fond of home and of peaceful living, told in their art the story of the lives of their countrymen with a fidelity and truth to nature that is always characteristic, and often realistic to a fault. In portraiture they were especially strong. Among their earliest painters in this branch we find the name of Michael Janse Mierevelt (1567–1641), and among the greatest and most celebrated is that of Franz Hals (1584–1666), whose drawing, modelling, color, and technique entitle him to a place in the front rank of portraitists. A little later came Rembrandt Harmens van Rijn (1606–1669), the greatest painter of the Dutch school, and also famous as an etcher. His influence upon the art of his country was immense. Among his pupils were Ferdinand Bol (1611–1680), Govaert Flinck (1615–1660), Nicolaas Maes (1632–1693) and many others. A painter who stands somewhat apart from the followers of either Hals or Rembrandt is Bartholomew van der Helst (1612–1670), whose numerous works are principally portraits and large groups.

At this same period a great number of painters in Holland were engaged in producing *genre* pictures — works finished with the utmost precision and delicacy of touch, and on so small a scale that these artists are known as the "Dutch Little Masters." The best painter among them was perhaps Gerard Terburg, or Terborch, (1617–1681), whose works are interiors, "conversation pieces," etc., marked by their delicate but firm technique, skilful management of light and shade, and by refinement and dignity. Gerard Dou (1613–1675), a pupil of Rembrandt, is one of the best known of the Dutch *genre* painters. His work is full of elaborately painted detail, and represents, for the most part, scenes in the middle and lower classes of Dutch life. Gabriel Metsu (1630–1667), Caspar Netscher (1639–1684), Franz van Mieris (1635–1681), Godefried Schalken (1643–1706), were all painters of interiors, market, street, or kitchen scenes. Adrian van Ostade (1610–1685) represented peasant life, and Jan Steen (1625?–1679) depicted Dutch merrymakings, drunken scenes, etc., with power and skill, but with small refinement. Pieter de Hooghe, or Hooch, (1632?–1681) is celebrated as a painter of sunlight and of out-of-door effects as seen through an open window or door.

The Dutch artists were among the first to give a distinctive character to landscape painting, and many of them devoted themselves to this branch. Although as a rule somewhat subdued and monotonous in color, their pictures often excelled in light and in aërial perspective and atmospheric effects. Jan van Goyen (1596–1656), whose works are mostly depictions of Dutch bays, canals, and rivers, was one of the earliest landscapists of the seventeenth century; while one of the most celebrated was Jakob van Ruisdael (1625?–1682). His pictures are of wild mountainous country, abounding in rushing streams, waterfalls and woods, with gray skies and dark shadows. Meindert Hobbema (1638–1709), whose work met with more appreciation in England than in his own country, was a painter of wood-scenes, village streets, meadows, mills, etc. His pictures are full of sunshine, and show a close study of nature. Philip Wouverman (1619–1668), who painted horses, cavalry skirmishes, and riding-parties, Aelbert Cuyp (1620–1691), a painter of landscape with cattle, Paul Potter (1625–1654), who achieved his reputation by his famous picture of "The Young Bull," now in the Museum of The Hague, and Adrian van der Velde (1635–1672), who also introduced cattle into his pictures, were all eminent as Dutch landscapists.

Willem van der Velde the Younger (1633–1707) and Ludolf Backhuysen (1631–1708) were the most noted among the seventeenth-century marine painters of Holland; and of the still-life, flower, and fruit painters who became celebrated in their own day, were Jan David van Heem (1603–1684), Jan van Huysam (1682–1749), Willem van Aelst (1620–1679), Willem Kalf (1620–1693) and others.

With the seventeenth century the glory of the Dutch school of painting passed, and was followed in the eighteenth by a period of decadence, unbroken until our own time, when a revival has taken place, and modern Dutch art, represented by such painters as Israels, the brothers Maris, Mesdag, and Mauve, ably holds its own among contemporary schools of painting.

The Works of Rembrandt

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

"MAN WITH A FUR CAP" THE HERMITAGE: ST. PETERSBURG

THIS portrait of a man, with his fantastic high cap, fur tippet, red robe, and gold-headed stick was painted in 1637, and was formerly believed to represent John III. Sobieski, King of Poland. It is probably, however, a fancy study; possibly, as has been suggested by M. Mantz and others, Rembrandt himself was the original.

"THE ANATOMY LESSON" GALLERY OF THE HAGUE

"THE Anatomy Lesson," the first of Rembrandt's great portrait subjects, was painted in 1632 at the request of the celebrated anatomist, Nicolaas Pieterszoon Tulp, for the Guild of Surgeons. In the picture Professor Tulp is seen standing behind an operating-table upon which is placed the corpse. Forceps in hand, he lifts the tendons of the partly dissected arm, while around him press his colleagues, eager to watch and to listen. It is a marvellous picture for a young man of twenty-six, and is generally accepted as a milestone in the career of the painter, and as marking a new departure.

"It is Rembrandt's triumph," says Frederick Wedmore, "that over all this terrible reality of the dead, the reality of the living is victorious; and our final impression of his picture is not of the stunted corpse, but of the activity of vigor and intellect in the lecturing surgeon and pressing crowd."

Malcolm Bell has written: "The enthusiasm aroused by 'The Anatomy Lesson,' when it was finished and hung in its predestined place in the little dissecting-room of the Guild of Surgeons, was immediate and immense. Commissions flowed in upon the artist faster than he could execute them, so that those who wished to be immortalized by him had often to wait their turn for months together, while all the wealth and fashion of the city flocked to the far-off studio in the outskirts, the more fortunate to give their sittings, the later comers to put down their names in anticipation of the future leisure. From the beginning, too, pupils came clamoring to his doors, eager to pay down their hundred florins a year, as Sandrart says they did, and work with and for the lion of the day."

"PORTRAIT OF A LADY" LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: VIENNA

OF the portraits painted by Rembrandt in 1636, two are in the Liechtenstein Gallery, Vienna. One of these depicts a young man in officer's costume, the other represents his wife. It is this latter picture which is here reproduced. The lady is richly dressed in brown, with a gold-embroidered stomacher. On her chestnut hair rests a little circle of pearls to which a long blue feather is attached. Pearls are in her ears and around her neck and wrist.

"Few of Rembrandt's works," writes Dr. Bode, "even those painted during his best period, represent the charm of woman so alluringly as this portrait of a lady, whose radiantly fair complexion shines out from its framework of luxuriant hair, and is offset by a rich and superbly painted costume. Few of his portraits are so striking in their personality, and are at the same time so essentially feminine. In this picture Rembrandt shows himself the peer of Rubens as a painter of voluptuous beauty."

"PORTRAIT OF SASKIA" CASSEL GALLERY

THIS portrait of Saskia van Uylenborch was probably painted in 1634, shortly before her marriage to Rembrandt, which took place in that year. Seen in profile and standing, she is richly dressed, and is adorned with a profusion of pearls and precious stones. Her broad hat of red velvet is trimmed with a long white feather; and in one hand she holds a sprig of rosemary, an emblem of betrothal at that time in Holland.

In describing the picture Vosmaer says: "The figure is well defined against a dark-brown background. The face is entirely in light, almost without shadows, but lifelike and fresh in color, while the rest of the figure is in half-shadow. The whole portrait is finished with extreme care, but lacks freedom in the treatment; the handling being precise and without that quality of suggestiveness which distinguishes so much of Rembrandt's work."

"SORTIE OF THE CIVIC GUARD" RYKS MUSEUM: AMSTERDAM

AMONG the Guilds or Corporations prominent in the history of Holland, the military companies played an important part. Their members were drawn from the principal families of each city, and it was upon them that the civic authorities depended for the maintenance of public order. It was customary to perpetuate the honors of these Guilds in portraits paid for by subscription on the part of each member desirous of being depicted, and presented by them to the Corporation to hang in the halls of the Doelens or places of assembly. Such a picture Rembrandt was asked to paint for Captain Frans Banning Cocq and his company of musketeers.

Erroneously called "The Night Watch," — a name given it by French writers at the end of the eighteenth century, — it is not a night scene, as its darkened condition, caused by time, thick coatings of varnish, and fumes from peat-fires and tobacco smoke seemed to indicate, but on the contrary, as a recent cleaning and restoration has proved, was painted in full sunlight. It has even been asserted that the exact position of the sun can be ascertained from the shadow cast by Banning Cocq's hand on the tunic of his lieutenant.

The incident represented is a call to arms of the Civic Guard. The company is issuing from its guild house; the captain, dressed in black and wearing a red scarf, gives his orders to the lieutenant, who, clad in yellow, with a white scarf about his waist, and wearing a yellow hat adorned with a white feather, walks at his side — the two men preceding the rest of the group.

The canvas measures eleven by fourteen feet, but as originally painted in 1642 was considerably larger. The mutilation which it has undergone took place in 1715, when the picture was removed from the Hall of the Musketeers' Doelen to the Town Hall of Amsterdam; and in order to suit it to the dimensions of the place assigned to it, part of the drum to the left, and two figures to the right, of the canvas were cut off. A contemporary copy of the work by Gerrit Lundens, now in the National Gallery, London, shows this to have been the case.

By its originality of treatment "The Night Watch" stands alone in the history of corporation pictures. "It was destined to deal a fatal blow to Rembrandt's reputation," writes M. Michel, "and to sensibly diminish his *clientèle*. . . . To begin with, his treatment of light was disconcerting in the extreme to the average Dutch mind — a mind pre-eminently sober and practical, which insisted on clarity and precision in all things. Secondly, those more immediately concerned in the matter naturally resented so audacious a divergence from traditional ideas. Relying on the orthodox precedents, each had paid for a good likeness of himself, and a good place on the canvas. But the painter boldly ignored the terms of the tacit contract. The two officers prominent in the centre of the composition had, of course, nothing to complain of, but the rank and file, with the exception of some four or five members, had come off very badly. Faces in deep shadow relieved by stray gleams of light, others scarcely visible, and others again so faintly rendered as to be barely recognizable, were not at all to their taste. Disregarding established conditions of these portrait groups, the painter had sacrificed their personalities to æsthetic considerations. His first care had been to compose a picture. . . . After such a blow to their vanity the civic guards bestowed their patronage elsewhere, and Rembrandt's commissions fell off from this time forward."

"PORTRAIT OF ÉLÉAZAR SWALMIUS" ANTWERP MUSEUM

"ESPECIALLY strong and effective," writes Dr. Bode, "is the portrait of Éléazar Swalmius, a clergyman of Amsterdam. This venerable personage, of about sixty years of age and of imposing presence, is seated in a low arm-chair, and regards the spectator with a benevolent expression, accompanying the words which he seems to have just uttered with a characteristic gesture of the hand." The portrait is dated 1637, and in the catalogue of the gallery is called "Portrait of a Burgomaster."

"PORTRAIT OF ELIZABETH BAS" RYKS MUSEUM: AMSTERDAM

"EXQUISITE as is the technique in the portrait of Elizabeth Bas," writes M. Michel, "it is altogether lost sight of in the profound impression produced by the creation as a whole. By far the most remarkable portrait painted by Rembrandt at this period (1643–1646), it fairly claims to rank among his great masterpieces. Elizabeth Bas, widow of the Admiral J. Hendrick Swartenhout, belonged herself to a family of no great importance; but by her marriage with one of those heroic sailors who contributed so largely to the glory and prosperity of Holland, she had been admitted to the most distinguished society of Amsterdam. Born in 1571, she appears to have been from seventy-two to seventy-five years old when the portrait was painted. It is a three-quarters length of an old lady, seated, and facing the spectator. Her black dress is marked by the subdued elegance proper to her rank and age. A closely fitting white cap with semicircular ear-pieces surrounds the face, showing the roots of the hair in front, and the whiteness of the large goffered ruff is mitigated by the pronounced shadow cast by the head. In spite of her yellow complexion and parchment skin, the old lady's bearing is still erect and stately. The vigorous contours, sharply defined against the neutral background, the close, incisive drawing, the truth of the modelling, the decision of the accents, the extreme frankness of the intonations, even the choice of attitude, all combine to suggest the individuality of the sitter. Greatly as Rembrandt excelled in the rendering of those essential traits that character and habit stamp on a human face, he never gave more eloquent expression of his powers than in this masterpiece of sincerity and divination."

"CHRIST AT EMMAUS" LOUVRE: PARIS

A DESCRIPTION of this remarkable picture, included in a criticism by Fromentin, will be found on pages 23, 24, and 25 of this number. It was painted in 1648. It is unusually small in size, measuring only twenty-six by twenty-seven inches.

"THE SHIPBUILDER AND HIS WIFE" BUCKINGHAM PALACE: LONDON

"REMBRANDT'S great masterpiece of 1633, a year so rich in important works," writes M. Michel, "is the large canvas known as 'The Shipbuilder and His Wife.' The husband, an elderly man with a white beard and moustache, and strongly marked but placid features, sits at a table, busily drawing the plan of a ship's hull. He holds a compass in his right hand, and turns for a moment from his task to his wife, an old woman in a white cap, who has just entered the room to hand him what is doubtless a letter.

"The frank and generous execution, the soft, warm light, the sober color, the transparent shadows, are all in exquisite harmony with the homely scene, and attune the spectator's mind to fuller sympathy with the old couple. By bringing them thus together he has given us not merely a picture, but an epitome of two lives, which, thanks to his art, are as closely associated in our memories as in reality."

"SYNDICS OF THE CLOTH GUILD" RYKS MUSEUM: AMSTERDAM

"COMMISSIONED by the Guild of Drapers, or Cloth-workers," writes M. Michel, "to paint a portrait group of their Syndics (or directors) for the Hall of the Corporation, Rembrandt delivered to them, in 1661, the great picture which formerly hung in the Chamber of the Controllers and Gaugers of Cloth at the Staalhof, and has now been removed to the Ryks Museum.

"As was the custom among the military guilds, which gradually declined as the civic corporations increased in importance, it became a practice among the latter to decorate their halls with portraits of their dignitaries. Whatever the character of the Company, the manner of representation differed little in these portraits. . . .

"In this instance Rembrandt made no attempt to vary traditional treatment by picturesque episode, or novel method of illumination, as in the case of 'The Night Watch.' The five members of the Corporation are ranged round the inevitable table, prosaically occupied in the verification of their accounts. They are all dressed in black costumes, with flat white collars, and broad-brimmed black hats. Behind them, and somewhat in the shadow, as befits his office, a servant, also in black, awaits their orders with uncovered head. The table-cloth is of a rich scarlet; a wainscot of yellowish-brown wood with simple mouldings, forms the background for the heads. No accessories, no variation in the costumes; an equally diffused light, falling from the left on the faces, which are those of men of mature years, some verging on old age. With such modest materials Rembrandt produced his masterpiece.

"At the first glance we are fascinated by the extraordinary reality of the scene, by the commanding presence and intense vitality of the models. They are simply honest citizens discussing the details of their calling; but there is an air of dignity on the manly faces that compels respect. The eyes look out frankly from the canvas; the lips seem formed for the utterance of wise and sincere words. Such is the work, but, contemplating it, the student finds it difficult to analyze the secret of its greatness, so artfully is its art concealed. Unfettered by the limitations imposed on him, the master's genius finds its opportunity in the arrangement of the figures and their spacing on the canvas, in the slight inflection of the line of faces, in the unstudied variety of gesture and attitude, in the rhythm and balance of the whole. We note the solid structure of the heads and figures, the absolute truth of the values, the individual and expressive quality of each head, and the unison between them. Passing from the drawing to the color, our enthusiasm is raised by the harmony of intense velvety blacks and warm whites with brilliant carnations, which seem to have been kneaded, as it were, with sunshine; by the shadows which bring the forms into relief by an unerring perception of their surfaces and textures; and, finally, by the general harmony, the extraordinary vivacity of which can only be appreciated by comparing it with the surrounding canvases. . . .

"Never before had Rembrandt achieved such perfection; never again was he to repeat the triumph of that supreme moment when all his natural gifts joined forces with the vast experiences of a life devoted to his art, in such a crowning manifestation of his genius. Brilliant and poetical, his masterpiece was at the same time absolutely correct and unexceptionable. Criticism, which still wrangles over 'The Night Watch,' is unanimous in admiration of the 'Syndics.' In it the colorist and the draughtsman, the simple and the subtle, the realist and the idealist alike recognize one of the masterpieces of painting."

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF REMBRANDT, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

AMSTERDAM, Ryks Museum: Sortie of the Civic Guard ("The Night Watch") (Plate v); Rembrandt's Father; Young Lady; Syndics of the Cloth Guild (Plate x); Jewish Bride; Anatomy Lesson of Dr. Deyman; Elizabeth Bas (Plate vii) — Amsterdam, Six Collection: Burgomaster Six; Anna Vymer; Ephraim Bonus; Joseph Interpreting his Dreams — Antwerp Museum: Éléazar Swalmius (Plate vi) — Berlin Gallery: Money-Changer; Judith, or Minerva; Rape of Proserpina; Two Portraits of Rembrandt; Samson Threatening his Father-in-Law; Saskia; A Rabbi; Wife of Tobit; Joseph's Dream; Susannah and the Elders; Daniel's Vision; Minister Anslo and a Widow; Joseph and Potiphar's Wife; Old Man, study; Jacob Wrestling with the Angel; Moses Breaking Tables of Law; John the Baptist Preaching; Hendrickje Stoffels — Boston, Art Museum: Dr. Nicolaas Tulp; Wife of Dr. Tulp — Brunswick Gallery: Unknown Man; Portrait of Woman; Warrior; Stormy Landscape; Noli me tangere; Family Group — Brussels Museum: Portrait of Man; Old Woman — Cassel Gallery: Portrait of Man; Three Portraits of Rembrandt; Three Portraits of Old Men; Head of Old Man; Portrait said to be Coppenol; Jacob blessing the Sons of Joseph; Man in Armor; Saskia (Plate iv); Jan Herman Krul; Holy Family; Winter Landscape; The Ruin; Portrait of Bruyningh; Young Woman — Chicago, Art Institute: Young Girl — Dresden, Royal Gallery: Saskia; Portrait of Man; Willem Burchgraeff; Capture of Ganymede; Rembrandt and Saskia; Samson's Wedding Feast; Sportsman with Bittern; Saskia Holding a Pink; Sacrifice of Manoah; Old Woman Weighing Gold; Young Man; Three Portraits of Old Men; Entombment; Portrait of Rembrandt — Dublin, National Gallery: Shepherds at Night; Two Portraits of Men — Dulwich Gallery: Young Man; Girl at Window — Edinburgh, National Gallery: Young Woman in Bed — The Hague Gallery: Rembrandt's Mother; Rembrandt's Father; Rembrandt; Young Girl; Presentation in Temple; Anatomy Lesson (Plate ii); Rembrandt as Officer; Woman at her Toilet; Susannah at the Bath; Portrait believed to be Rembrandt's Brother; Man Laughing — Hampton Court: A Rabbi — London, Buckingham Palace: Shipbuilder and his Wife (Plate ix); Burgomaster Pancras and his Wife; Lady with Fan; Christ and Mary Magdalen; Jewish Rabbi; Rembrandt; Adoration of Magi — London, Dorchester House: Martin Looten; Man with Sword; Portrait of Lady; Titus — London, Grosvenor House: Salutation; Gentleman with Hawk; Lady with Fan; Nicholas Bercham and his Wife; Rembrandt; Landscape — London, Ilchester House: Rembrandt in Oriental Dress — London, National Gallery: Old Woman; Portrait of Man; Ecce Homo; Rembrandt (*bis*); Woman taken in Adultery; Adoration of the Shepherds; Woman Bathing; A Rabbi; Old Man; A Monk; Portrait of a Woman; Jewish Merchant; Landscape; Christ taken from the Cross; A Burgomaster; Portrait of Old Lady — London, Wallace Collection: Burgomaster Pellicorne and his Son; Wife and Daughter of Pellicorne; Good Samaritan; Rembrandt's Mother; A Boy; Landscape; Rembrandt (*bis*); Young Negro; Young Man; Old Man; Unmerciful Servant — Madrid, The Prado: Queen Artemisia (or Cleopatra) — Munich Gallery: Holy Family; Descent from the Cross; Elevation of the Cross; Ascension; Entombment; Resurrection; Sacrifice of Isaac; Adoration of Shepherds; Rembrandt; A Turk — New York, Havemeyer Collection: Portraits of a Burgomaster and his Wife; Old Woman; Paulus Doomer ("The Gilder") — New York, Metropolitan Museum: Man with a Broad Collar; Old Man; The Mills; Adoration of the Shepherds — Paris, Louvre: Philosopher in Meditation (*bis*); Rembrandt (Page 20); Three Portraits of Rembrandt; Angel Raphael Leaving Tobit; Christ at Emmaus (Plate VIII); Good Samaritan; Carpenter's Home; Saint Matthew; Young Man; Venus and Cupid; Slaughter-House; Bathsheba; Hendrickje Stoffels; Three Portraits of Men — Paris, M. Rodolphe Kann's Collection: Head of Christ; Titus; A Rabbi; Young Woman; Old Woman (*bis*) — Paris, Baron Gustav de Rothschild's Collection: Martin Daey; Wife of Martin Daey; Standard-Bearer — St. Petersburg, Hermitage: Rembrandt's Father; Portrait of a Man; Descent from the Cross; Incredulity of St. Thomas; Jewish Bride; Sacrifice of Isaac; Oriental; Danaë; Man with Fur Cap, called Sobieski (Plate I); Young Man; Parable of Master of the Vineyard; Five Portraits of Old Women; David and Absalom; Holy Family; Portrait of Man; Abraham Receiving Angels; Sons of Jacob; Disgrace of Haman; Pallas; Hannah and Infant Samuel; Girl with Broom; Old Jew; Three Portraits of Old Men; Joseph and Potiphar's Wife; St. Peter's Denial; Young Woman; Young Woman Trying on Earring; Portrait of Man; Young Man; Jeremias de Decker; Prodigal Son; Old Jew — Vienna, Imperial Gallery: Portrait of Man; Portrait of Woman; St. Paul; Rembrandt (*bis*); Rembrandt's Mother; Young Man Singing — Vienna, Liechtenstein Gallery: Portrait of Saskia, or Rembrandt's Sister; Young Girl at her Toilet; Portrait of Man; Portrait of Lady (Plate III); Rembrandt.

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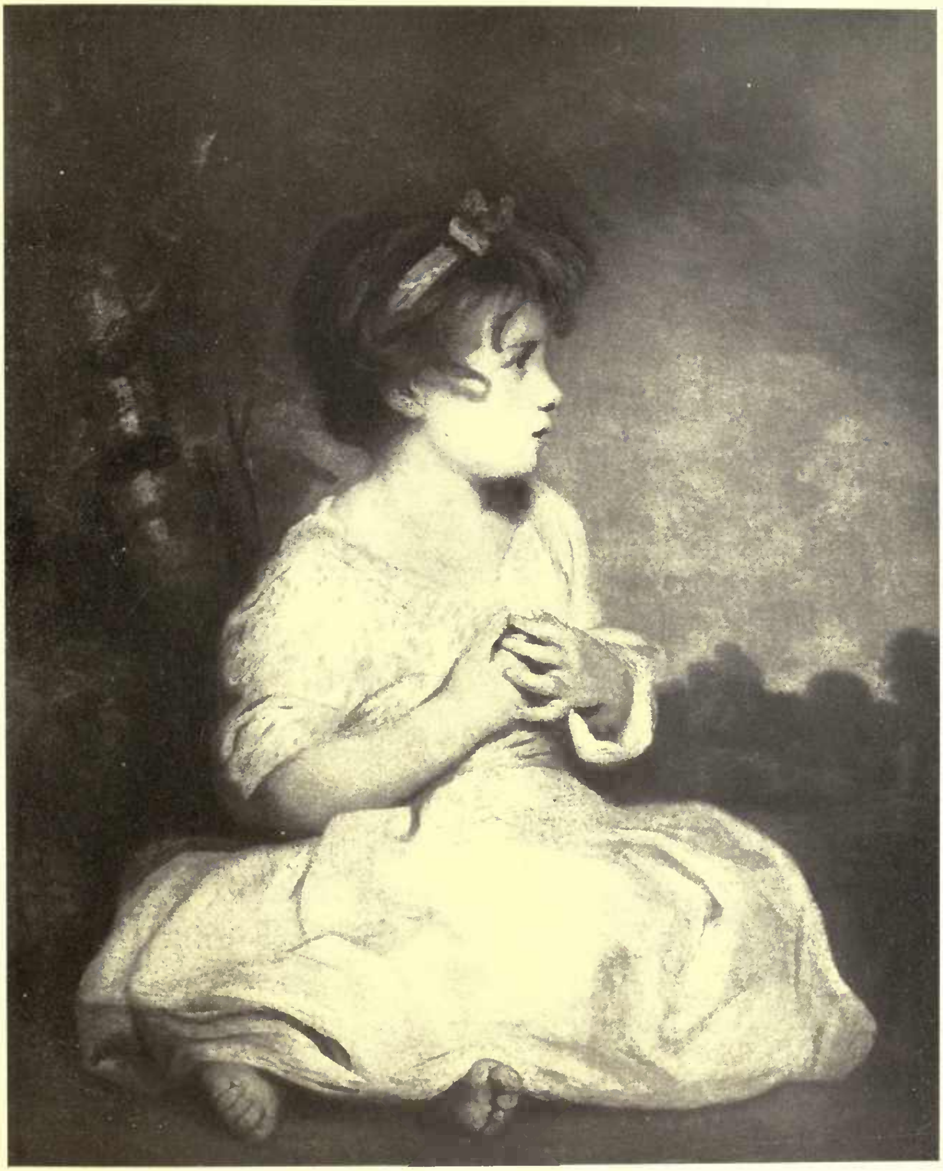
Sir Joshua Reynolds

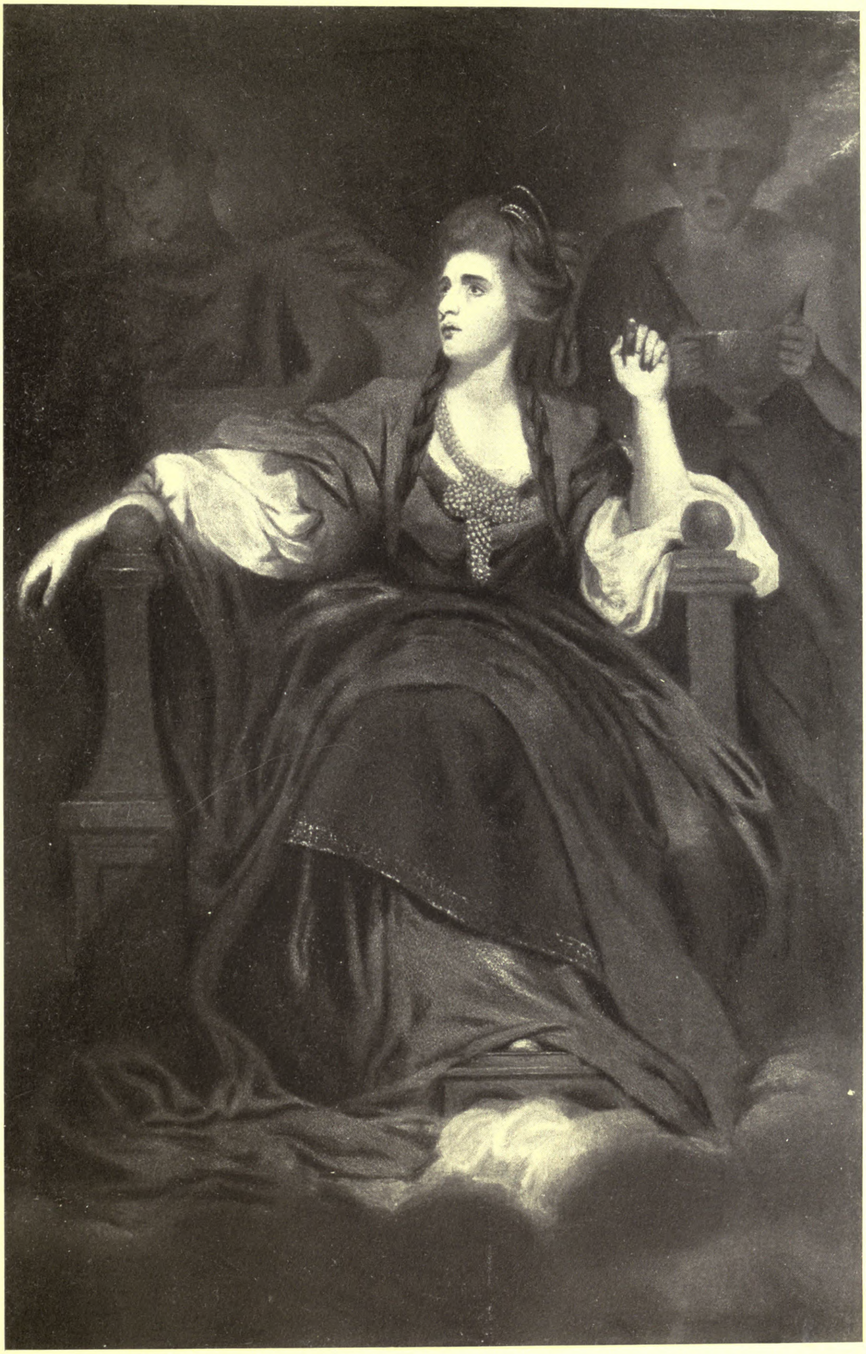
ENGLISH SCHOOL



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE I.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

REYNOLDS
THE AGE OF INNOCENCE
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



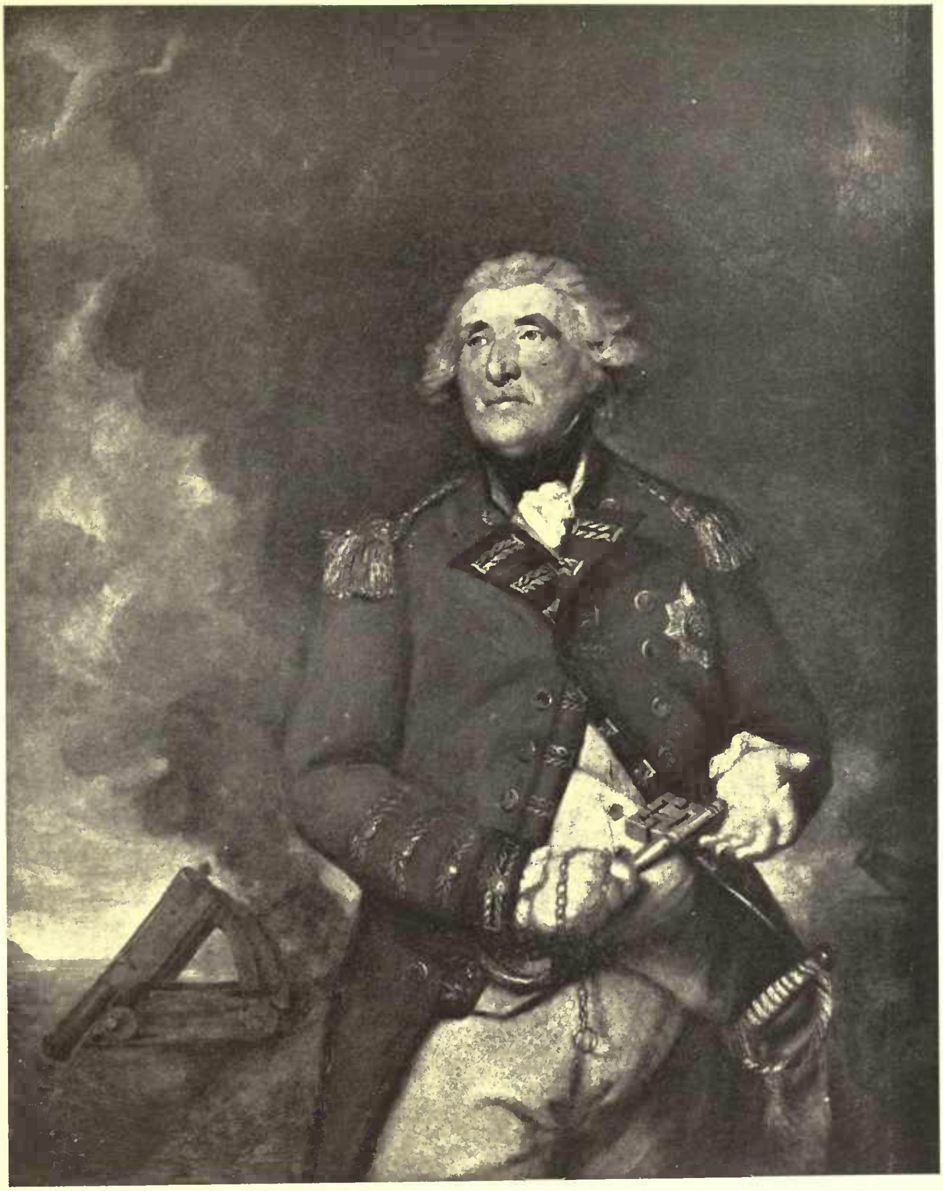
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE II.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINE

REYNOLDS

MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE

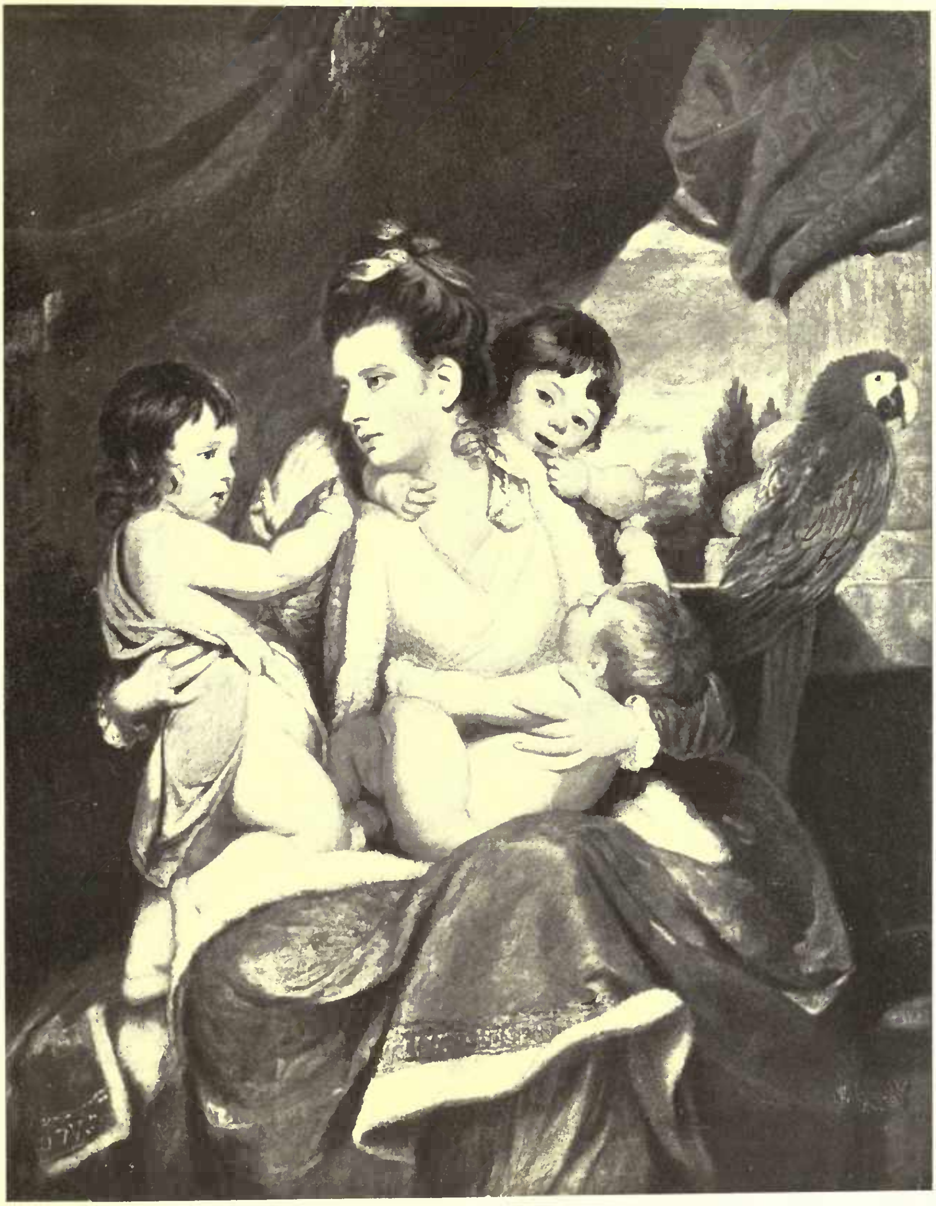
GROSVENOR HOUSE, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE III.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

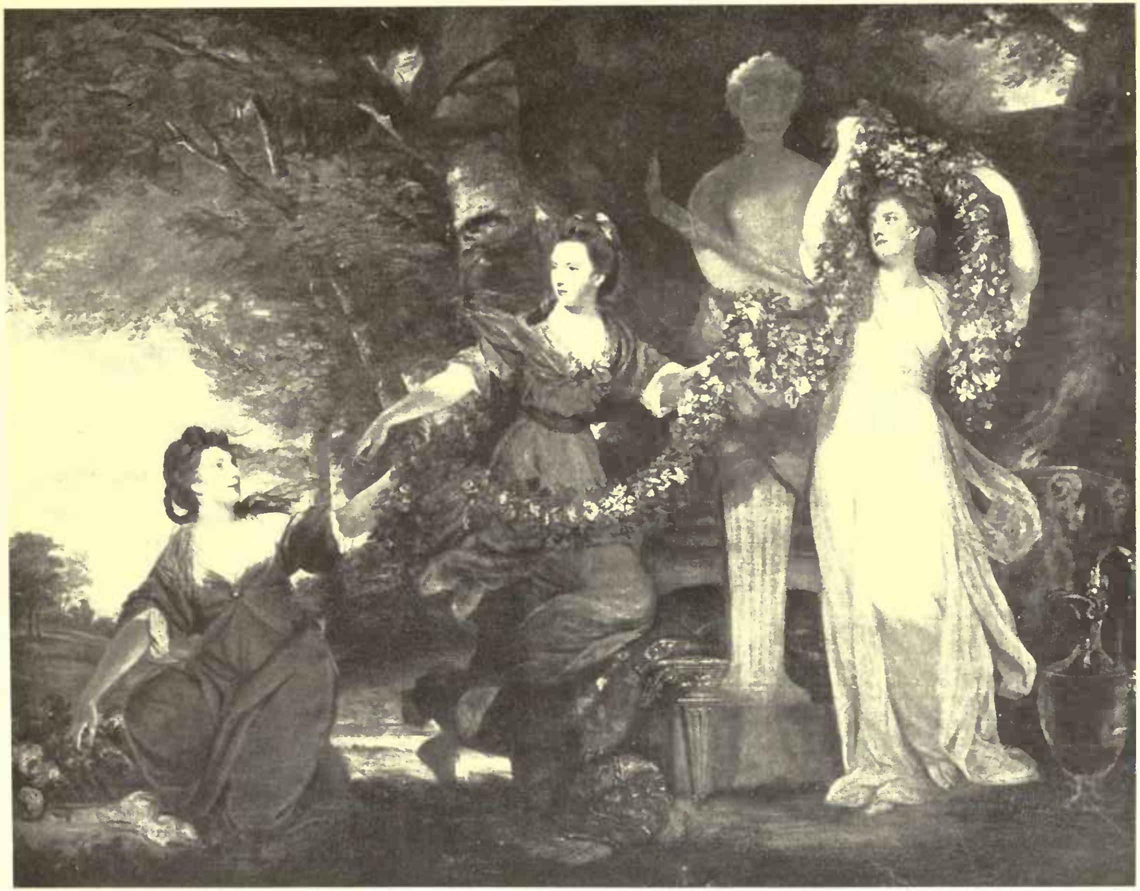
REYNOLDS
PORTRAIT OF LORD HEATHFIELD
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE IV.

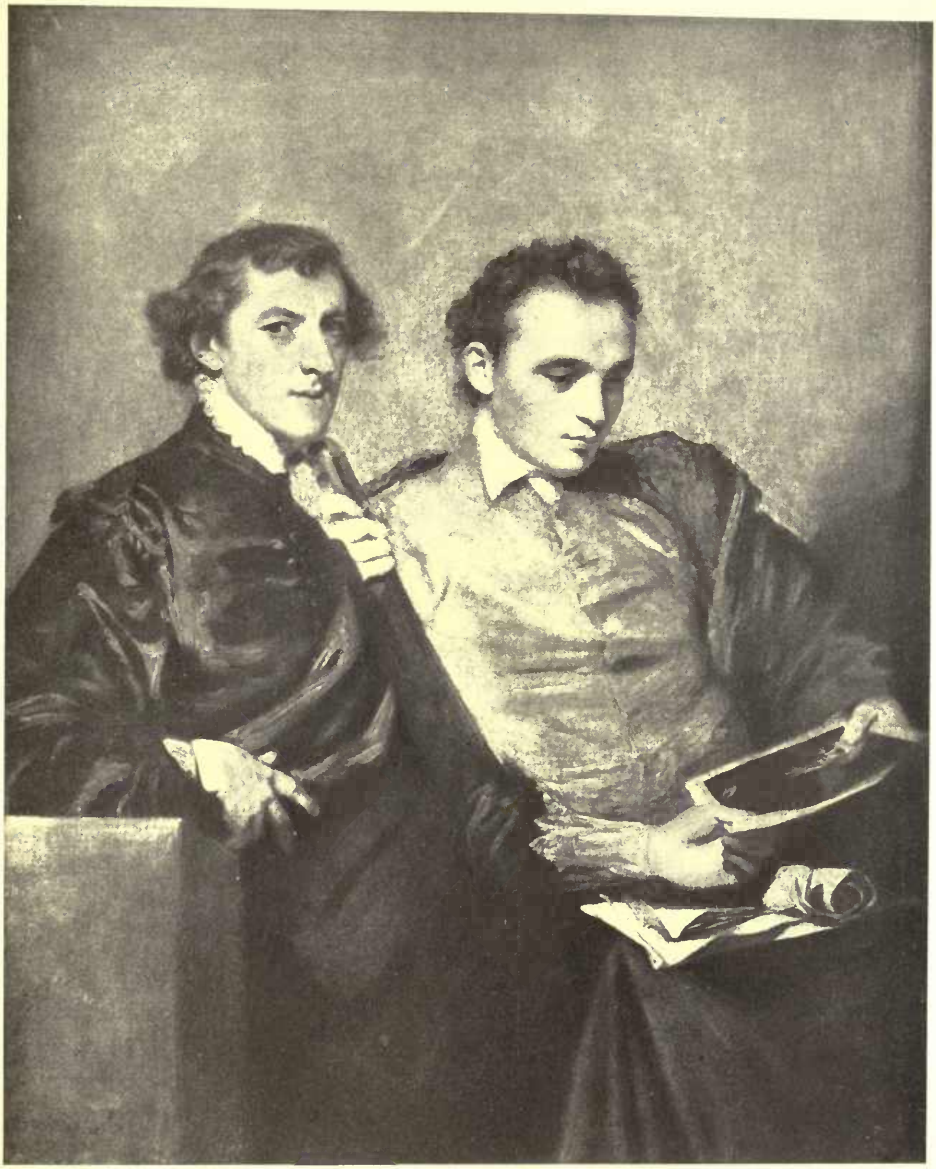
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

REYNOLDS
LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

REYNOLDS
THREE LADIES ADORNING A TERM OF HYMEN
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



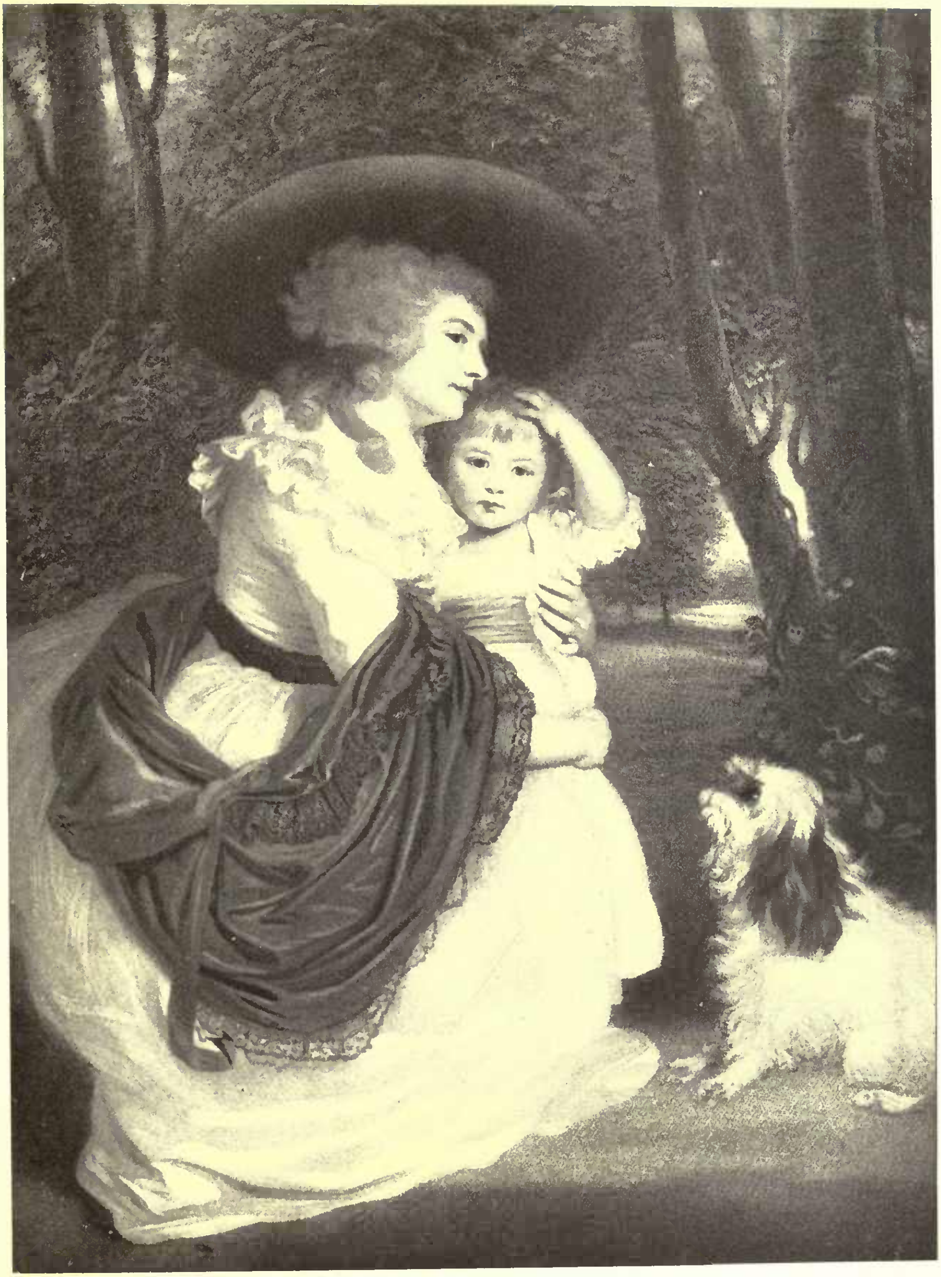
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VI.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

REYNOLDS

PORTRAITS OF TWO GENTLEMEN

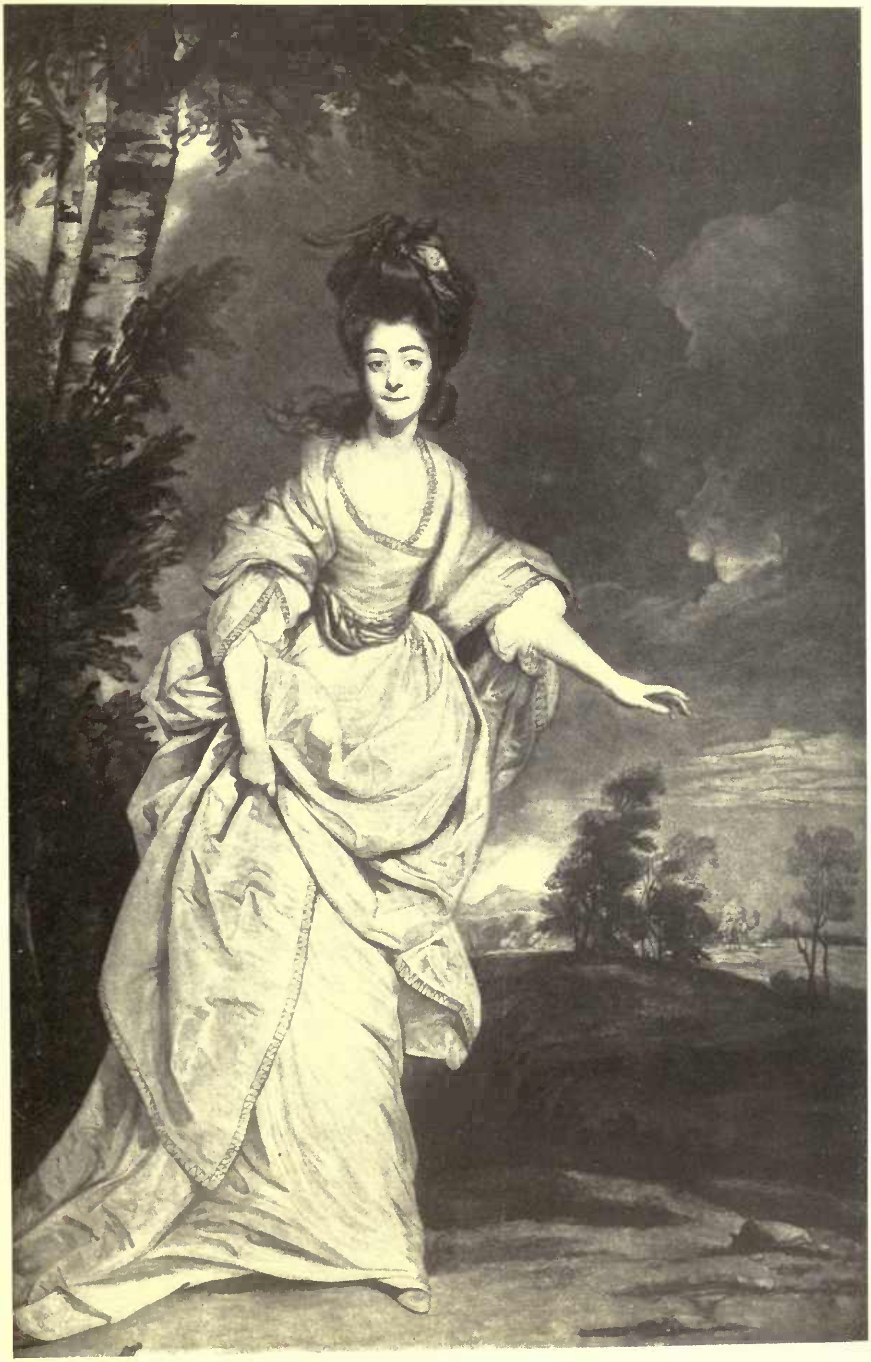
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VII.

MEZZOTINT BY SAMUEL COUSINS, R.A.

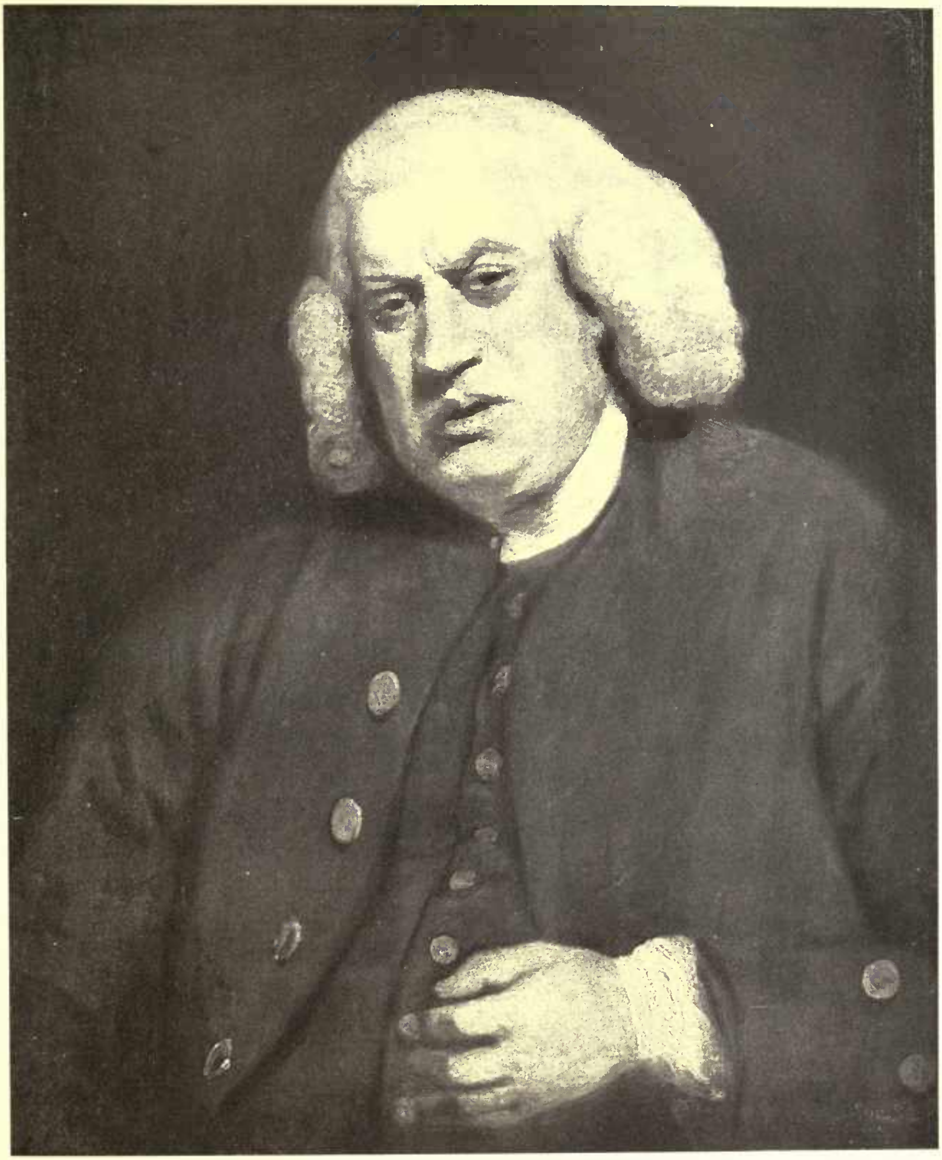
REYNOLDS
COUNTESS SPENCER AND HER CHILD
OWNED BY EARL SPENCER



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VIII.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VALENTINE

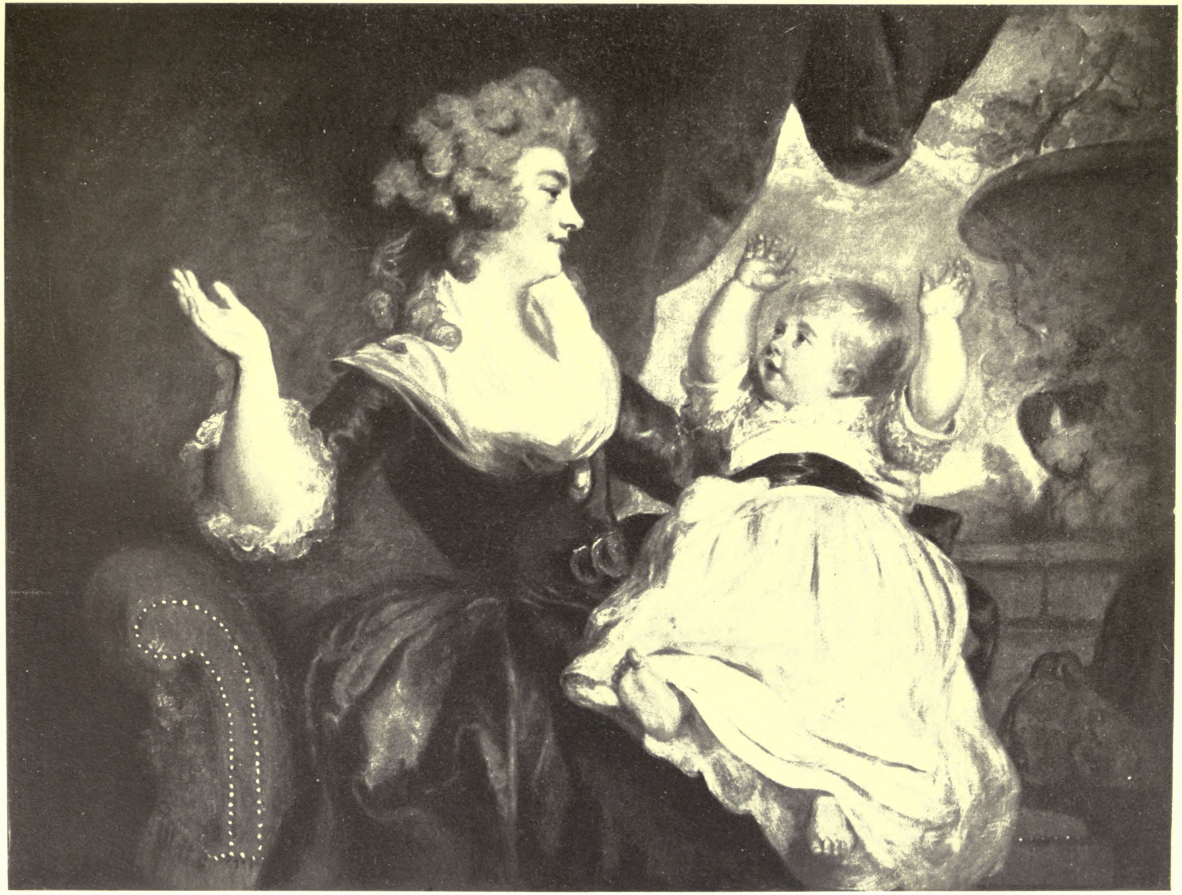
REYNOLDS
PORTRAIT OF VISCOUNTESS CROSBIE
OWNED BY SIR CHARLES TENANT



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE IX.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

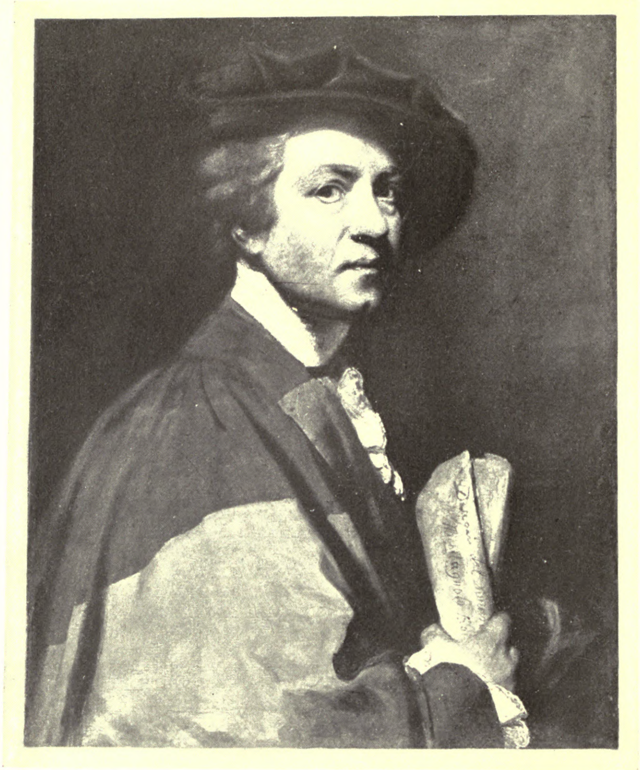
REYNOLDS
PORTRAIT OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE X.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

REYNOLDS
DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND HER CHILD
ROYAL GALLERY, WINDSOR



PORTRAIT OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS BY HIMSELF. UFFIZI, FLORENCE

In 1775 Reynolds was elected a member of the Imperial Academy of Florence, and in compliance with its regulations, which provide that a newly elected member shall present his portrait, painted by his own hand, to the Academy, he sent this likeness, showing him at the age of fifty-two, and in the dress of his Oxford University honors.

Sir Joshua Reynolds

BORN 1723: DIED 1792
ENGLISH SCHOOL

E. G. JOHNSON INTRODUCTION TO "REYNOLDS' DISCOURSES"

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was born on July 16, 1723, at Plympton, Devonshire, where his father, the Reverend Samuel Reynolds, rector of the Plympton Grammar School, initiated him into those classical studies which, later, contributed to the refinement and grace of his pencil. He early discovered an inclination for his art — to the dissatisfaction of his father, who would have made him an apothecary — by diligently copying the prints that fell in his way, and by mastering and applying, while in his eighth year, the "Jesuits' Rules of Perspective," and, afterwards, Richardson's "Theory of Painting." Overborne by the advice of friends, the senior Reynolds was, in 1740, induced to yield to his son's preference of the palette and brush over the mortar and pestle; and Joshua was sent to London and placed under the tuition of Hudson, a portrait-painter of more vogue and pretension than merit. Under this barren source of instruction, however, he rapidly overtook his master, who soon contrived to make things so unpleasant for the too promising pupil that he remained in the studio but two of the four years for which he was bound, returning in 1743 to Devonshire, and setting up for himself as a portrait-painter. He settled at Plymouth, where he met with prompt and unexpected success, painting some thirty portraits, and finding patrons whose good offices secured his future success. . . .

While at Plymouth, Commodore Keppel, to whom he had been recommended by Lord Edgcumbe, his life-long friend and patron, being appointed to the Mediterranean Station, invited the young painter to accompany him; and he accordingly sailed from Plymouth early in 1749, and on his arrival at Leghorn proceeded to Rome, whence he reported, "I am now at the height of my wishes, in the midst of the greatest works of art that the world has produced."

Reynolds' practice and habit of study during his two years in Rome were regulated by the soundest judgment. Seeking truth, taste, and beauty at the fountain-head, he diligently copied, sketched, and mentally analyzed such portions of the works of Raphael, Michelangelo, and other masters as seemed to him to bear most directly upon his chosen branch. [He paid for this diligence dearly, for from a cold caught in the corridors of the Vatican the deafness from which he suffered throughout his life was contracted.]

On leaving Rome he visited other Italian cities: Parma, where he fell under Correggio's influence; Florence; and Venice, where he remained six weeks studying the great colorists upon whose works his own style was chiefly founded.

He had now been absent from England about three years, when he began to think of returning. He arrived in London in 1752, and took rooms in St. Martin's Lane, afterwards removing to the large house on Newport Street where he remained until his final removal to Leicester Square (where his house, number 47, may still be seen, nearly opposite to the site of Hogarth's).

English art, as a national art, had already begun under Hogarth; and it remained for the genius of Reynolds to mature and elevate it,—his influence extending more directly, of course, to his peculiar branch. That Sir Joshua, with his leaning toward what he called "the grand style," chose portraiture as his profession was due partly to his consciousness of an ignorance of anatomy which made it impossible for him at any period of his life to draw the nude figure accurately, and partly to the fact that portrait-painting was then in England the only path to substantial success. He speedily became the vogue, and his studio was thronged, says Northcote, "with women who wished to be transmitted as angels, and men who wished to appear as heroes and philosophers."

Reynolds' life, during a period of upwards of thirty years, was one of unbroken success. Other painters rose from time to time to share his popularity,—Gainsborough, Romney, Opie, Hoppner,—but not to contest his supremacy. Not to be painted by Reynolds was, for a person of note, almost a breach of duty; and in his canvases we see mirrored the men and women who contributed, in whatever department, to the eminence of the period,—Garrick, Siddons, Burke, Johnson, Goldsmith, Sterne, Fox, Boswell, Erskine, Gibbon. Philosophers, statesmen, actors, soldiers,—all are there, snatched, as it were, from the midst of life, the expression and action of the moment caught and held in suspension by the genius of the painter. . . .

The saddest defect in his portraits is their evanescence. Sir Joshua's "flying colors," so exquisite when newly laid, were partly due, no doubt, to his lack of thorough elementary training, and in part to a fondness for dabbling in experimental mixtures. A firm believer in the "Venetian secret," he spent a great portion of his life in exploring arcana, the key to which might endow his canvases with the richness of Titian and the flowery hues of Veronese; and to such a length did he carry experiment that he utterly destroyed several fine paintings of the Venetian school to trace the process of laying on, and to analyze the chemical mixture of the tints. . . .

Sir Joshua's career was, as has been stated, one of unbroken success, and it is in the ascending scale of his prices that his rising reputation is most readily traced. His original price for a head was five guineas; in 1755 he raised it to twelve; five years later it was twenty-five, ten years later thirty-five, while in his later years it was fifty. His industry may be judged from the fact that at the time when his price was twenty-five guineas, he told Dr. Johnson that he was making £6,000 a year. He received six sitters a day, and calculated upon finishing a portrait in four hours. One of the speediest of painters, Sir Joshua boasted that he had covered more canvas than any preceding artist in the three generations which he portrayed. Taylor thinks that his authenticated pictures numbered about three thousand; and Hamilton's catalogue states that there are two thousand that can be placed.

Sir Joshua's life was not without external honors. In 1768, when the Royal Academy was founded, he was elected president by acclamation, and was knighted by the King (George III.),—an honor that has ever since been bestowed upon the holder of the office. In 1773 he was chosen mayor of his native town, Plympton,—a distinction, he told the King, which gave him more pleasure than any he had ever received, "except," he politely added, "that which your Majesty so graciously conferred upon me." The Academy dinners were started by him, and his celebrated Discourses were delivered before the students at the annual prize-giving.

In 1789, when he was in his sixty-sixth year, his left eye became suddenly darkened while he was painting a portrait. Within ten weeks its sight was totally gone, and he was thenceforth compelled to practically relinquish his profession, taking up the pencil only occasionally to re-touch the many portraits which had been left on his hands. "There is now an end of the pursuit," he said to Sheridan; "the race is over, whether it is won or lost."

His final Discourse was delivered on December 10, 1790; he was afterwards seized with a liver complaint, and after a long illness, borne with a mild and cheerful fortitude, died on February 23, 1792. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, the resting-place of Sir Christopher Wren and the great Van Dyck.

JAMES NORTHCOTE "LIFE OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS"

IN his stature Sir Joshua Reynolds was rather under the middle size, of a florid complexion, roundish blunt features, and a lively aspect; not corpulent, though somewhat inclined to it, but extremely active; with manners uncommonly polished and agreeable.

EDMOND MALONE "LIFE AND WRITINGS OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS"

WITH an uncommon equability of temper, which, however, never degenerated into insipidity or apathy, Sir Joshua possessed a constant flow of spirits, which rendered him at all times a most pleasing companion; always cheerful, and ready to be amused with whatever was going forward, and from an ardent thirst of knowledge anxious to obtain information on every subject that was presented to his mind. In conversation, his manner was perfectly natural, simple, and unassuming. Finding how little time he could spare from his profession for the purpose of acquiring general knowledge from books, he very early and wisely resolved to partake as much as possible of the society of all the ingenious and learned men of his own time; in consequence of which, and of his cheerful and convivial habits, his table for above thirty years exhibited an assemblage of all the talents of Great Britain and Ireland; there being during that period scarce a person in the three kingdoms distinguished for his attainments in literature or the arts, or for his exertions at the bar, in the senate, or the field, who was not occasionally found there.

In the fifteen years during which I had the pleasure of living with Sir Joshua on terms of great intimacy and friendship, he appeared to me the happiest man I have ever known. Indeed, he acknowledged to a friend in his last illness that he had been fortunate and happy beyond the common lot of humanity. . . . While engaged in his painting-room he had the pleasure of seeing and conversing with all the beautiful, accomplished, and illustrious characters of his time; and when not employed in his art, his hours were generally passed in the most pleasing and enlightening society that London could produce. Though from the time of his returning from Italy he was very deaf, he contrived by the aid of an ear-trumpet to partake of the conversation of his friends with great facility and address; and such was the serenity of his temper, that what he did not hear he never troubled those with whom he conversed to repeat.

COSMO MONKHOUSE "DICTIONARY OF NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY"

HIS literary work consists mainly of his Discourses, which probably received some polish from Johnson, Burke, Malone, and others before they were published, but were essentially his own, both in style and thought. ("Sir Joshua," said Johnson, "would as soon get me to paint for him as to write for him.") They were the results less of reading than experience, and are distinguished by that broad and happy generalization which was the characteristic also of his art.

They contain advice to students which is of permanent value, expressed in language which could scarcely be improved. If we make some allowance for the time at which he wrote, most of his judgments on pictures and artists may be accepted now. His ideas are generally sound, and if there sometimes seems a discrepancy between his practice and his theory, it is greatly due to the fact that he was a portrait-painter, while his addresses dealt with ideal art.

The Art of Reynolds

LESLIE AND TAYLOR "LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS"

IT is as a portrait-painter that Sir Joshua Reynolds won his fame and will keep it. In his subject-pictures the defects of his technical knowledge are too great to be mastered by any countervailing power he could bring to such work. He was as little in earnest about it as was compatible with his honest nature. He is best in it when he comes closest to portraiture.

Apart from their charms of grace, beauty, and character, and looking at their purely technical qualities, his pictures are to be praised with great reservation. Fine sentiment of color and happy disposition of light and shadow can rarely be denied them even in second-rate examples. On the other hand, his work is often deficient in solidity, showing flat-tinted surfaces instead of the true effects of graduated color on salient or retiring forms. His earlier works (before 1770) are, as a rule, better in point of modelling, though not of effect, than his later ones. That charm of indistinct outline, which Northcote selected for praise — "waning and retiring, now losing and then recovering itself again," — is almost unfailing, at least in pictures or parts of pictures from his own hand, and not the draperyman's. But his imperfect knowledge of the chemistry of color, and his somewhat reckless ventures after effect through combinations of pigments and media, have played havoc with hundreds of his pictures, and branded them with the stigma of "evanescence" even more widely than they deserve. The cleaner, in many of these cases, has, I believe, far more to answer for than the experimentalist. But Reynolds must be admitted ignorant of much that to painters under happier conditions was rudimentary knowledge. And we can only excuse his recklessness in experimenting by the intense craving for force and truth of effect that lay at the bottom of it. He felt deeply and almost impatiently the gulf between the technical merits of his pictures and those of the great Venetians or Rembrandt, whom at different epochs he worshipped with equal reverence. I have no doubt his inferiority to these men in power, in mastery of materials, and in certainty of method, was just as apparent to Sir Joshua as it is to any unbiased judge who now compares his pictures with those of Titian, Rembrandt, or Velasquez. His drawing, too, of limbs and the trunk was always slight; it never goes beyond suggestion, it frequently suggests imperfectly, and is often quite wrong. But he could draw faces admirably with the brush; his attitudes and hands have generally great character; and even in bodies and limbs it is astonishing how much the charm of his sentiment and color blinds us to careless or wrong drawing.

We should never forget, in estimating Reynolds, that no painter's work includes a wider range of various merit between the best and worst examples. He painted such a vast mass of portraits — I am still afraid to fix their total — and employed draperymen and journeymen so much in repetitions and in draperies and backgrounds, that it is very difficult to say what pictures or parts of pictures are the actual handiwork of the master, even when the evidence of their having come from the Leicester Fields studio, or nest of studios, is quite satisfactory.

Estimating Reynolds at his best, he stands high among the great portrait-painters of the world, and has achieved as distinct a place for himself in their ranks as Titian or Tintoret, Velasquez or Rembrandt. No English painter has a place beside him in this noble army of artists except Gainsborough, who in many technical points may be pronounced his superior, though his range of power is far narrower.

JAMES NORTHCOTE "LIFE OF SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS"

TO sum up the whole of Sir Joshua's character as a professional man, it may be observed that when we contemplate him as a painter we are to recollect that after the death of Kneller the arts of England fell to the lowest state of barbarism, and each professor either followed that painter's steps, or else wandered in utter darkness, till Reynolds, like the sun, dispelled the mist, and threw an unprecedented splendor on the department of portraiture. Hence the English school is, in a great degree, the growth of his admirable example. Delighted with the picturesque beauties of Rubens, he was the first that attempted a bright and gay background to portraits; and defying the dull and ignorant rules of his master at a very early period of life, emancipated his art from the shackles with which it had been encumbered in the school of Hudson.

His pictures in general possess a degree of merit superior to mere portraits; they assume the rank of history. His portraits of men are distinguished by a certain air of dignity, and those of women and children by a grace, a beauty, and simplicity which have seldom been equalled, and never surpassed. No painter ever gave so completely as himself that momentary fascinating expression, that irresistible charm, which accompanies and denotes "the Cynthia of the minute." In his attempts to give character where it did not exist, he has sometimes lost likeness; but the deficiencies of the portrait were often compensated by the beauty of the picture. The attitudes of his figures are generally full of grace, ease, and propriety; he could throw them into the boldest variations, and he often ventures on postures which inferior painters could not execute; or which, if attempted, would inevitably destroy their credit. His chief aim, however, was *color* and *effect;* and these he always varied as the subject required. Whatever deficiencies there may be in the design of this great master, no one at any period better understood the principles of coloring; nor can it be doubted that he carried this branch of his art to a very high degree of excellence.

The opinion he has given of Raphael may, with equal justice, be applied to himself: "His materials were generally borrowed, but the noble structure was his own." No one ever appropriated the ideas of others to his own purpose with more skill than Sir Joshua. Perhaps there is no painter that ever went before him from whom he has not derived some advantage, and appropriated certain excellencies with judicious selection and consummate taste. Yet after all that can be alleged against him as a borrower of forms from other masters, it must be allowed that he engrafted on them beauties peculiarly his own. The severest critics, indeed, must admit that his manner is truly original, bold, and free. Freedom is certainly one of his principal characteristics; and to this he seems often to have sacrificed every other consideration.

ANNA B. JAMESON "PRIVATE GALLERIES OF ART IN LONDON"

HE was the first English painter who ventured to give light, gay landscape backgrounds to his portraits; and the first who enlivened them by momentary action or expression.

Yet he had some faults, or rather some deficiencies, which must ever be regretted. The most charming of colorists, he wanted some consistent principle of coloring; he tampered with his palette, and tried experiments with vegetable colors, which in many cases failed, particularly where the *impasto* was thick: his thinly painted pictures have stood much better. He never, through life, could draw firmly and correctly. He confessed and lamented, with characteristic modesty, his deficiencies in this respect. He endeavored, as far as possible, to hide them by the charms of expression and sentiment, and the splendor and fascination of his color; he partly succeeded, not wholly — and never, in his historical pictures. In fact, he did not paint history well, and in every picture of that class which he attempted, his faults of design, and his want of severity of style, are apparent. . . .

But his fancy pictures are enchanting; they are so many bits of lyric poetry, full of novel and graceful ideas, full of amenity and sweetness; his parodies and adaptations of certain old pictures are exquisitely felicitous. His portraits of illustrious men have the dignity and authority of history; his portraits of beautiful women, all the charm of poetry; his picture of "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" combined both. . . . As yet, in the English school of art, Reynolds remains unequalled, in the union of felicitous invention and variety in the treatment of his subject with fidelity to general nature; and in a certain characteristic grace and simplicity, more allied to mental and moral refinement than to mere conventional elegance.

JAMES SMETHAM "ESSAY ON SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS"

THE men we see apart from the framings and contrivances, and limitations of art, are puzzlingly little. Seen against the great backgrounds of nature, man is nothing. The generalissimo ruling among thunder-clouds, and making the mountains bow on the canvas of Reynolds, is but a speck out of doors. Man has to dignify *himself*, and to the great painter who can do it for him, as Reynolds could, he will willingly accord "ceremonies of bravery even in the infamy of his nature." This vast desire of man Reynolds was able to gratify. He rendered with equal perception and ease the politician in his robes of office; the mighty noble in velvet and ermine; the wit, with his jest simmering on his features; the student poring over his book, or looking afar with contemplative serenity; the country gentleman with his favorite dog, enjoying the repose of a rustic seat in the shade of his ancestral beech-tree, in the gray afternoon; the dilettante fingering his gem or his gem-like glass of wine; the man of pleasure taking it with easy grace; the fashionable beauty pillowed in state, with her gray towers of curl and plaster and plume, or tripping under narrow trees that bend to make her bending more graceful; the actress in tragic state, in saucy surprises, or in the mere lazy luxury of living; or, sweetest of all, the little children! It is in these that Reynolds reaches farthest into the heart. There is a throng of little ones peering at us from canvas to canvas, calling us back to our childhood with winning smiles and wondering eyes.

On the force, and dignity, and life, and naturalness of his portraits, there was, as his most peculiar distinction, the crown of grace. He was, as Ruskin happily calls him, "lily-sceptred." Taken by itself, and apart from science, we might almost say that Raphael himself had no higher sense of grace. We pardon even his incorrectness in the bewitching fluency of this element in his female portraits. It reached to the disposition of a curl and the flow of a fold. That, and the sense of life and motion which pervades his pictures carry us away, and do not even suffer us long to weary of his works. And it was just that exquisitely balanced mixture of outward practical sense and spirit with the amenity of a graceful soul that made him so beloved in society, so able to please, without flattery or loss of independence. . . .

Burke says that Reynolds seemed to descend to portraiture from a higher sphere. It was from the mount of philosophy that he descended, and not from "the highest heaven of invention." There was one thing he had not, — the perception of the unseen, of the something beyond. "Great and graceful as he paints," he is "a man of the earth," seeing, it is true, all that is noblest and best on this visible diurnal sphere, but never quitting it. In one instance — the portrait of Mrs. Siddons — we just feel the inflation of the balloon. It strains, and rocks, but it does not leave the ground. It was Mrs. Siddons more than Sir Joshua who gave the spiritual element to it. Whatever he could reach by vision and taste he could do, but the gates of imagination were closed and sealed to him. It was his calling to portray, and the allowance of his gifts was large enough. . . .

Reynolds' methods of painting were chiefly useful in the way of warning. Many of his finest pictures are already blurred and blighted beyond hope of recovery. His aims as to color and texture were not always satisfactory. It was his practice to lay in the likeness in what is called "dead color," with little more than black and white; over this, when dry, he passed transparent varnishes and mixtures charged with the tints required to complete the color. These colors — carmines, lakes, and other vegetable hues — were often fleeting. They "sparkled and exhaled" under the power of sunshine. [Horace Walpole suggested that his portraits be paid for by annuities, — so long as they lasted!] Sometimes the varnish would turn brown or green, and ruin the complexion. Sometimes a thick-headed cleaner would fetch it all off, and find the *caput mortuum* below. A still more fatal practice was to lay one coat on another, with materials that had no blood relationship, and then there were constant feuds and insurrections among the pigments, and the picture was rent asunder. "Oh, heavens! Murder! Murder!" says the ranting Haydon, as he spells out the comical occult recipes, partly broken English and partly Italian, in which Sir Joshua recorded these experiments. "Murder! — it would crack under the brush!" His pictures have often a very special charm, arising from what Haydon calls "his glorious gemmy surface." This was in part owing to the reflex influence of his want of facility. There were ten pictures under the "Infant Hercules;" and many of his best pictures, before he had done with them, had been so loaded with coat on coat of rich pigment, rough and intermingled with all the tints of the palette, that they were ready for the final and magical "surface" that enchanted Haydon. When the full idea was seized, then came the "lily-sceptred" hand, and the light brush, in its graceful sweeps catching the upper surfaces of the many-colored granules, permits the eye to see, through the liberated airy stroke, the sparkle of the buried wealth beneath.

E. G. JOHNSON INTRODUCTION TO "REYNOLDS' DISCOURSES"

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS is the painter of English gentlemen, and English ladies, and English children, painting these to perfection and painting little else — save charming bits of English landscape to set them in. This is his range; but within that range how various he is! He is the courtliest, the most graceful, of his craft. His portraits stir no profound thoughts, challenge no inquiry. He rarely meddles with the deeper moods and passions; and in his world one finds none of those sombre, solemn-thoughted people of Italian portraiture, faces with an under-glow of smouldering passion or hidden import, like that of Leonardo's "Mona Lisa," — a sphynx-face, with its veiled eyes and enigmatic smile. "The style is the man." From the profusion of nature the painter selects the facts most congenial to his temperament, sequesters them, and fixes them upon the canvas. Sir Joshua was all gentleness and affability, one of the most gracious of recorded characters, in the best sense a courtier; his lines had fallen in pleasant places, and he reflected the world as he saw it, — a trim, well-kept English world of park and woodland and cheerful vista, of smooth-rolling greensward chequered with flickering lights and shadows, peopled with the stateliest of gentlemen, the loveliest of ladies, the most artless of children. The grace of Reynolds has passed into a proverb; and in this quality, within certain limits, he is equal to any of the Italians. As a painter of children he stands pre-eminent,—thanks, perhaps, in part to his models, for no children are so charming as English children, with their unspoiled naturalness and dainty freshness and purity of color. There was something in the kindly nature of the painter keenly responsive to the humors of the little ones, to whom he never failed to endear himself; and, oddly enough, no one has rendered so lovingly and accurately, and in such manifold phases, the special charm of childhood as the childless Reynolds.

His greatness stopped with portraiture. Admirable and various as he was within his scope, his scope itself was strangely limited, petty, even, when one recalls the magnificent universality of a Raphael, whose genius swept the field of pictorial achievement, taking all art for its province. . . . Reynolds' attempts at ideal and historical compositions are failures,—at the best, pale reflections; sometimes, it must be confessed, mere caricatures. When he touches the tragical and supernatural he is at his worst. Compare the grotesque goblins, the paltry pantomime terrors of his "Macbeth and the Witches," or the vapid symbolical figures that debase his superb portrait of Mrs. Siddons, with the terrific forms that rose at the beck of Michelangelo, and his feebleness becomes apparent. But sublime as Michelangelo was, and, in his province and degree, incomparably great, there are few of us, I think, who do not turn with heartfelt if shamefaced pleasure from his chilling intellectual sublimity to the gentler graces, the sweet humanity, and familiar charm of Sir Joshua Reynolds.

COSMO MONKHOUSE "THE ACADEMY": VOL. 25

NO particular advantage is gained by attempting the impossible and invidious task of measuring the exact height of Sir Joshua as compared with the greatest of the old masters; but it is pleasant and safe to assert that he belonged to that small and choice group of artists of all time who have done something to enlarge the scope of their particular branch of art—who are not only masters, but initiators. He was born at a time when an artist of ambition had practically no choice but to become a portrait-painter, or to waste his life in vain rivalry with the greatest artists of Greece and Italy—to wreck himself, in short, on the ill-surveyed shores of "high art." Sir Joshua was the first of English artists to comprehend thoroughly how largely the charm of the masterpieces of pictorial imagination was dependent on the knowledge of principles common to all pictures without distinction of subject, and to perceive how greatly the artistic pleasure of which portraits are capable could be enlarged by distinction and vivacity of design, by careful schemes of color, and by effective distribution of light and shade. He had the wit to perceive that even a born painter like himself might find ample room for the exercise of his special faculty, and yet render the principal, if not the only, service which his contemporaries required of an artist by the record of the faces and figures of themselves and their friends.

When he went to Italy he studied the old masters intently; he examined with the greatest care their methods and the sources of the effects which he admired; but he made few copies. Probably no artist ever learned more from the old masters, but all his knowledge went to nourish his own individual artistic faculty. He gathered knowledge from Hudson and Michelangelo, but he was Reynolds from first to last.

He painted more fully than any other artist the world he lived in, which besides being a world of fashion was a world of much taste and refinement, a world of much culture and manliness, of much wit and wisdom, and of not a little genius. That he should have been able to reflect every part of this world, and one part as well as another, with no small portion of its life and movement, is the crown of Sir Joshua, not only as an artist, but as a man of intellect and a cultivated gentleman.

The English School of Painting

FROM 1700

THE English school of painting is the latest national school that has risen in Europe, for the modern schools of Germany and Belgium, though of still more recent date, should properly be classed rather as revivals. There had been, it is true, English miniature painters of some celebrity in the reign of Elizabeth and under the Commonwealth; but in the main, English art had depended upon such foreigners as Mabuse, Holbein, Rubens, Van Dyck, Lely, and Kneller, who were, from time to time, employed at her court, until the beginning of the eighteenth century.

English art has excelled in portraiture and landscape, not in works of the imaginative and creative type. Moreover, the English mind has never possessed the pictorial sense in a high degree; and English love of beauty has found its outlet rather in poetry and literature than in line and color. It is natural, therefore, that the national art, developing so late, should follow the already formed literary bent, and content itself with expressing in its painting things that might equally be expressed in poetry, romance, or history, — content itself with a story-telling, an illustrative art, rather than attempt to controvert a settled national habit of mind, and force imaginative expression into a new mould, as it were, and become creative art in the larger sense.

The first native name of note in British art history is that of Hogarth (1697–1764), one of the most vigorous and original geniuses of any age, who, unrivalled as a moral caricaturist, and essentially an impassioned satirist, was also great as a painter. His influence on the art of his time was, however, slight; and the honor of inspiring the modern English school properly belongs to Sir Joshua Reynolds (1723–1792), the subject of the present monograph. His eminent contemporary and rival, Thomas Gainsborough (1727–1788), was a portraitist, endowed with much originality, grace, and poetry, and a high color-sense. Gainsborough was, moreover, the first of the illustrious line of English landscape painters, — a branch to which, on the whole, the greatest glory of the school belongs. Among other painters who flourished during the latter half of the last century were Richard Wilson (1713–1782), who, though rather pseudo-classic than English in feeling, may be considered the founder of the English landscape school; and the portrait and historical painters, George Romney (1734–1802), graceful, vivacious, and charming in color, whose best works are bust portraits; James Barry (1741–1806); John Opie (1761–1807); James Northcote (1746–1831), the favorite pupil of Reynolds; Henry Fuseli (1741–1825); John Singleton Copley (1737–1815), and Benjamin West (1738–1820), though the last two were natives of America. William Blake (1757–1827) occupies a unique position among English artists; hardly to be classed as a painter, he was an imaginative artist of remarkable but unequal power, who lived and died with very inadequate recognition.

The influence of Reynolds upon the succeeding generation of painters was shown in a strong bias for color, which now forms one of the chief characteristics of the school. In the first quarter of the present century flourished the portraitists, Sir Thomas Lawrence (1769–1830), not a very strong painter but highly popular from his brilliant and picturesque though somewhat meretricious methods; John Hoppner (1759–1810); William Beechey (1753–1839); and Henry Raeburn (1756–1823), whose portrait heads rank intrinsically higher but are less popular than the portraits of Lawrence.

Contemporaneously, there was developed under the leadership of John Crome of Norwich (1769–1821), known as "Old" Crome, an influential school of landscape painters, which was called the Norwich school. Crome, a keen student of nature, painted English scenery with simplicity and power, though his rendering was dry and mannered. John Cotman (1782–1842) was his most notable follower in the Norwich school.

About the same period flourished David Wilkie (1785–1841), who, though somewhat Dutch in choice of subject and constrained in method, was, next to Hogarth, the best painter of low life that England has produced; B. R. Haydon (1786–1846), an historical painter of genius in spite of marked mannerisms; William Etty (1787–1849); J. M. W. Turner (1775–1851), the most original and imaginative of landscape painters, who for wide range of subject and power of atmospheric effect stands alone, but who, especially in his later years, grew distorted and extravagant in his work; John Constable (1776–1837), a man of wide influence, whose grasp, sincerity, and sensitiveness rendered him perhaps the most capable and rounded of English landscapists; Augustus Callcott (1779–1844); William Collins (1788–1847); George Morland (1763–1804), who painted realistic subjects of English country life, and moralities in the manner of Hogarth; R. P. Bonington (1801–1828); John Martin (1789–1854), and many others.

Historical and *genre* painting were cultivated during the same time by Edward Bird (1762–1819); Robert Smirke (1752–1845); Thomas Stothard (1755–1834), and others; and their work was continued by G. S. Newton (1794–1835); C. R. Leslie (1794–1859); William Mulready (1786–1863), a fine draughtsman, but weak colorist, whose pictures of village boys, etc., are still popular; Daniel Maclise (1811–1870); Charles Eastlake (1793–1865), whose services to English art were, however, greater as a writer than as a painter; and others, some of whom also painted landscapes and portraits with success. Sir Edwin Landseer (1802–1873) holds a peculiar and prominent position as a painter of animals; but, though his subjects were highly popular, his treatment of them was over-sentimental and commonplace in motive.

The English school of water-color painting, which, especially in the department of landscapes, is perhaps the best in the world, was originally founded by John Cozens (1752–1799) and Thomas Girtin (1775–1802), but only rose into prominence at the beginning of the present century. Among its chief artists were J. M. W. Turner, before mentioned; Samuel Prout (1783–1852), celebrated for his studies of architectural subjects; Copley Fielding (1787–1849); David Roberts (1796–1864); Peter Dewint (1784–1849); William Hunt (1790–1864); John F. Lewis (1805–1876); George Cattermole (1800–1868), and David Cox (1783–1859).

About 1847 occurred, under the name of "Pre-Raphaelitism," the most recent movement in English art. Its leaders were artists who, associating themselves with sculptors and poets to the number of seven in all, founded the "Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood," the object of which was, as stated by its most earnest advocate, John Ruskin, to oppose the modern system of teaching, and paint nature as it was around them, with the help of modern science, and "with the earnestness and scrupulous exactness in truth of the men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries" — whence the name. The painters of the Brotherhood were, primarily, Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882), one of the most notable for his strong mystical and poetical imagination, and the richness of his coloring; Holman Hunt (born 1827), who carried the pre-Raphaelite love for detail so far as to entirely sacrifice truth of ensemble; and Sir John Millais (1829–1896), who, however, soon fell away from the Brotherhood and became more conventional in his methods. Maddox Brown (1821–1893), though never a member of the band, followed many of its doctrines. Edward Burne-Jones (1833–1898), the most notable exponent of the pre-Raphaelite teaching, was a painter of great poetical, imaginative, and decorative qualities; Albert Moore (1840–1893) was a graceful follower of the Burne-Jones type. The movement as a whole left a powerful impression on English art. Among recent English artists of eminence we may mention Sir Frederick Leighton (1830–1896), a fine academic draughtsman but deficient as a colorist.

The Works of Reynolds

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

"THE AGE OF INNOCENCE" NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

IT is rather singular that though the "Age of Innocence" is one of Sir Joshua's most familiar works, little or nothing seems to be known respecting it, — even the date of its execution is uncertain, but as many pictures of the class to which it belongs have been assigned to the year 1773, and the following ones, it has been supposed to belong to this period. "If it were only for his love of children," writes J. Comyns Carr, "and his power of interpreting the fascination of childish beauty, Reynolds would still amply deserve the fame that he has won. In a certain sense he may be said to rank as the inventor of this particular department of portraiture. Others indeed, and amongst them men more highly gifted than he, had painted the likenesses of children, but not with his peculiar appreciation of their charm." And another writer, F. G. Stephens, has said, "Reynolds of all artists painted children best, knew most of childhood, depicted its appearances in the truest and happiest spirit of comedy, entered into its changeful soul with the tenderest, heartiest sympathy, played with the playful, sighed with the sorrowful, and mastered all the craft of infancy."

"MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE" GROSVENOR HOUSE: LONDON

"WHEN Mrs. Siddons sat for this portrait in 1784," writes Mrs. Jameson, "this unequalled actress, and in every way admirable woman, was in her thirtieth year, in the prime of her glorious beauty, and in the full blaze of her popularity, honored in her profession, and honoring it by the union of moral and personal dignity — of genius and virtue. Of her, Dr. Johnson, the sternest of moralists, had said, that neither praise nor money, those corrupters of mankind, had corrupted her. Of her, George the Fourth, the most fastidious judge of manners, had said, 'She is the only real queen — all others are counterfeits!'

"It has been said that when Mrs. Siddons went to sit to Sir Joshua for this picture, the attitude first sketched was different; that as he paused in his work, she turned round to gaze upon a picture which hung opposite, and placed herself in the attitude we see before us; and that Sir Joshua instantly seized the felicitous and characteristic action and look, and fixed them on his canvas.

"Mrs. Siddons' own account is somewhat different. She says, 'When I attended him for the first sitting, after more gratifying encomiums than I can now repeat, he took me by the hand, saying, "Ascend your undisputed throne, and graciously bestow upon me some idea of the Tragic Muse." I walked up the steps, and instantly seated myself in the attitude in which the Tragic Muse now appears. This idea satisfied him so well that without one moment's hesitation he determined not to alter it. When I attended him for the last sitting, he seemed afraid of touching the picture, and after pausingly contemplating his work, he said, "No; I will merely add a little more color to the face." I then begged him to pardon my presumption in hoping that he would not heighten that tone of complexion so accordant with the chilly and concentrated musings of pale melancholy.' Sir Joshua complied with this request, and added the assurance that the colors would remain unfaded as long as the canvas would keep them together; and this has apparently been the case. The tone of color is a little pale and sombre, as suited the subject, but rich, mellow, and in perfect harmony. . . .

"Sir Joshua has painted his name on the gold border of the drapery (as some of the old painters painted theirs on the garment of the Madonna). Mrs. Siddons, on examining the picture near, perceived it, and made the remark to Sir Joshua. He replied, with a sort of poetical courtesy, 'I could not lose the honor this opportunity afforded me of going down to posterity on the hem of your garment!'"

It has frequently been said that the general idea of this work was borrowed from Michelangelo's "Isaiah." The two attendant figures variously described as "Pity and Terror," "Pity and Remorse," and with more probability as "Crime and Remorse," also suggest that Reynolds had in mind the Sistine Chapel. There is a replica of this famous picture in the Dulwich Gallery, another at Langley Park, Stowe, and yet another in the gallery of Lord Normanton.

"PORTRAIT OF LORD HEATHFIELD" NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

"IT was as Lieutenant-General Elliot," writes Frederick Wedmore, "that Lord Heathfield was known, when, from 1779 to 1783, he was the hero and the organizer of the defence of Gibraltar, which had, as its result, the retention of the rock in English hands unto this very day. Lieutenant-General Elliot was a man of years even at the beginning of the siege. He was sixty-two at that time. Arrayed against him then — and for four successive winters — were the fleets of France and Spain — some fifty ships — and an army of forty thousand men. In 1783 the siege was raised. In 1787 this portrait of its hero was painted by Sir Joshua. And, on July 6, 1790, Lord Heathfield died at his seat at Kalkofen, near Aix-la-Chapelle."

"It is in all respects one of the finest and most characteristic portraits Sir Joshua ever painted," writes F. E. Pulling. "The head is full of animation, the figure finely drawn, especially the left hand, which is foreshortened with consummate skill; and the whole is painted with the greatest possible breadth of manner and vigor of coloring. The background is sublimely conceived, and serves to throw out the figure with surprising force of effect. Volumes of smoke obscure the atmosphere, and we almost hear the roar of artillery; a cannon behind him, pointed perpendicularly downwards, shows the immense elevation of the spot on which he stands. The circumstance, and the keys grasped firmly in his hand, give to the picture something beyond mere portraiture; almost an historic interest and significance."

"LADY COCKBURN AND HER CHILDREN" NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON[1]

"IN the year 1775," says Northcote, "Sir Joshua finished the picture of Lady Cockburn with her three children in one group, and sent it to the Royal Academy. When it was first brought into the room, in order to its being exhibited, all the painters then present were so struck with its extraordinary splendor and excellence that they testified their approbation of it by suddenly clapping with their hands. . . . I observed that at the commencement of this picture, the whole group of figures was so placed on the canvas as to throw all the principal light too much on one side of the composition, which gave it a very awkward appearance, and created a great difficulty, as it required much consideration to overcome the defect. After many trials Sir Joshua at last, with true judicious management, illumined the vacant space in the canvas behind the figures by an opening of most exquisitely colored landscape in the background."

This picture and that of "Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse" are, according to Leslie and Taylor, the only ones on which Sir Joshua inscribed his signature at length. In both he has put his name on the hem of the lady's garment — "a seal of his own approval of his work."

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[1] Since this account was printed the picture has been sold to Mr. Beit of London for £22,000.

"Technically," writes Claude Phillips, "the canvas may be selected as showing Reynolds the eclectic in art, but also the master who indicates his right to borrow where he chooses, since he can assimilate and completely make his own what he takes. The lighting of the picture, and its splendid tawny color-harmony, formed by the red of the curtain, the warm flesh-tints, the rich orange-yellow of the outer robe of satin bordered with white fur, the gaudy plumage of the macaw, are Rembrandtesque with a difference — with a more diffused light and a greater variety in harmony. The red quality of the reflected light in the shadows and half-lights recalls Rubens and the Antwerp school; while the largeness of composition, the decorative conception of the whole, suggest the Venetians of the great period."

"THREE LADIES ADORNING A TERM OF HYMEN" NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

PAINTED in 1773, this large portrait group represents the three beautiful daughters of Sir William Montgomery — the Marchioness of Townsend, the Hon. Mrs. Gardiner, and the Hon. Mrs. Beresford — adorning with a garland of flowers a terminal figure of the marriage god.

Claude Phillips writes: "Here we have Reynolds' peculiar charm and his deficiencies balancing each other. His art is not equal — and no one was more fully aware of this than himself — to the correct and adequate rendering of these figures in rhythmical movement; but the heads are among the best modelled that Sir Joshua has produced, and the naïvely revealed consciousness of youth, grace, beauty, in no wise detracts from the peculiar charm that has been aimed at and achieved. The picture has quite recently been cleaned, and very successfully on the whole, so far as the heads and landscape background go. The looped garland of flowers, which was never, it may be assumed, from Sir Joshua's own brush, though he may have heightened it with some masterly touches and brilliant glazes, has now, unfortunately, emerged too garish and crude from the superimposed varnishes, and wrongs the beautiful faces with which it is brought in contact.

"The great canvas was a commission from the Hon. Luke Gardiner (afterwards Earl of Blessington), who had himself given sittings to Sir Joshua when he was in London to arrange the details of his marriage with one of the sisters. We find the master writing to Mr. Gardiner: 'I have every inducement to exert myself on this occasion, both from the confidence you have placed in me, and from the subjects you have presented to me, which are such as I am never likely to meet with again as long as I live; and I flatter myself that, however inferior the picture may be to what I wish it, or what it ought, it will be the best picture I ever painted.'"

"PORTRAITS OF TWO GENTLEMEN" NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

THIS picture represents the Rev. George Huddesford, who in early life was a painter and a pupil of Sir Joshua's, as well as a satirist and lampooner of the time, and his friend Mr. John Codrington Warwick Bampfylde, a writer of sonnets. It was painted in 1778–79.

"COUNTESS SPENCER AND HER CHILD" OWNED BY EARL SPENCER

PAINTED in 1784, this picture of Lavinia, Countess Spencer, with her son, Viscount Althorp, is one of Sir Joshua's "most gracious and popular realizations of his favorite type, — the beauty presented in her maternal aspect."

"There must have been something of the heart of a child," writes J. Comyns Carr, "in one who could so win upon children as to wrest from them the secret of their unconscious grace and beauty; something also of the tenderness of a woman in a painter who could induce the mothers of children to confide to him those unconstrained and exquisite images of maternal fondness that are the peculiar property of his art. We must go back to the time when this one human relationship was deeply and constantly studied under the influence of religious impulse and tradition, to find a match for the sentiment that inspires these designs of Reynolds."

"PORTRAIT OF VISCOUNTESS CROSBIE" OWNED BY SIR CHARLES TENANT

IN the year 1779 Sir Joshua painted this portrait of Diana, daughter of Lord George Sackville. The picture was until recently in possession of the Crosbie family of Ardfert Abbey, Kerry.

In describing the work, Claude Phillips says: "The picture — glowing with color, though not with colors — shows this vivacious lady dressed in the painter's favorite yellowish white, with a gold scarf round her waist. She literally seems to sweep athwart the canvas, so that a kind of uneasiness, lest the view given of her fascinating presence should be only momentary, oppresses the spectator. The attitude and the suggested movement are as audacious as anything the modernity of this end of the nineteenth century has produced.

"It may well be argued, and it would be difficult to gainsay such an argument, that here is an example of all that it is most dangerous to attempt in portraiture; that to erect into a principle what is here a fascinating exception would be to import into that art which, of all others, should busy itself with the permanent in aspect and characterization, rather than with the ephemeral in movement and gesture, a disturbing, a detestable, element. Yet such is the force of genius that when, as here, the *tour de force* is successfully performed the effect is irresistible, and the critic, reasoning from unanswerable principles, is reduced to silence."

"PORTRAIT OF DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON" NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

ONE of the two portraits of the great lexicographer painted by Sir Joshua at the request of Mr. Thrale, this picture formerly hung in the gallery at Streatham. Dr. Johnson had his portrait taken many times, condemning any reluctance to sit for a picture as the "anfractuosity of the human mind." The portrait here reproduced is described by Claude Phillips as "that impressive likeness, so characteristically ponderous and argumentative in aspect, and, with all its realistic heaviness, so wonderfully full of vitality." And he says further: "Sir Joshua has permitted himself here no embellishment nor idealization, save that, perhaps, he has put the Doctor's wig on rather straighter than it was worn by the original, and has not shown the shabby brown suit quite as unbrushed as it was. This is the very type of Johnson, the argumentative, the irrepressible, the overwhelming, from the Boswellian point of view — showing the Jupiter Tonans of the set, at whose nod all but the stoutest, even of the Titans, must quake."

"DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE AND HER CHILD" ROYAL GALLERY: WINDSOR

GEORGIANA, Duchess of Devonshire,— "the beautiful Duchess," as she was called,— was the eldest daughter of the Earl of Spencer, and was celebrated not only for her beauty, but for her gracious manners and great personal charm. Sir Joshua painted her as a child standing at her mother's side, again as a bride, and now as a young mother engaged in play with her little daughter, Georgiana Dorothy, afterwards Countess of Carlisle. The original of this picture, first exhibited in 1786, and one of the most celebrated of Reynolds' works, is in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth House. It is from the copy at Windsor that our reproduction has been made.

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF REYNOLDS, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

REYNOLDS painted about three thousand pictures. The great majority of them were family portraits, which are now in private collections, and many of these have never been publicly exhibited or catalogued, or photographed. It is impossible, therefore, to claim for such a list as is subjoined either fulness or absolute accuracy. It has, however, been based upon the latest and most trustworthy information obtainable.

Boston, Art Museum: Mrs. Palk; Lady Louisa Manners; Lady Louisa Connelly; Banished Lord — Chantilly: Countess Waldegrave with her Child — Chatsworth House: Duchess of Devonshire and her Child (Copy at Windsor. Plate x) — Dublin, National Gallery: Lord Mount Edgcumbe — Edinburgh, National Gallery: Edmund Burke; Sir David Lindsay — Florence, Uffizi Gallery: Sir Joshua Reynolds (Page 20) — Glasgow, Corporation Galleries: Death of Cleopatra; Miss Linley (unfinished sketch) — Hampton Court: Princess Sophia of Gloucester as a Child — London, National Gallery: Three Ladies Decorating a Term of Hymen (Plate v); The Banished Lord; Angels' Heads; Age of Innocence (Plate i); Infant Samuel; Anne, Countess of Albemarle; James Boswell; George IV. as Prince of Wales; Lord Ligonier; Dr. Samuel Johnson (Plate ix); Sir Joshua Reynolds (*bis*); Sir Abraham Hume; Admiral Keppel; Lady Cockburn and her Children (Plate iv); Mrs. Musters and her Son; Captain Orme; Snake in the Grass; Robinetta; Lord Heathfield (Plate iii); Man's Head; Two Gentlemen (Plate vi) — London, Grafton Galleries: Portraits of Dilettanti Society — London, National Portrait Gallery: Lord Ashburton; Earl of Bath; Sir William Blackstone; Hon. Edward Boscawen; Hon. Edmund Burke; Sir William Chambers; Sir William Hamilton; Admiral Keppel; Marquis of Lansdowne; Edmond Malone; Sir Joshua Reynolds; Right Hon. William Windham — London, Royal Academy: Sir Joshua Reynolds; Giuseppe Marchi — London, Royal College of Surgeons: John Hunter — London, Buckingham Palace: Death of Dido; Cymon and Iphigenia — London, Devonshire House: Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire; Lord Richard Cavendish; Duke of Cumberland; Margaret Georgiana, Countess Spencer; Lady Betty Foster; Group of Satirical Portraits — London, Grosvenor House: Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse (Plate ii); Mother and Child — London, Holland House: First Lord Holland; First Lady Holland; Two Portraits of Charles James Fox; "Muscipula;" Lord George Lennox; Right Hon. Thomas Conolly; Duchess of Richmond; Hon. Caroline Fox; Joseph Baretti; Lady Sarah Lennox, Mr. Fox, and Lady Susan Strangways; Mary, Lady Holland; Earl of Digby — London, Hertford House: Nelly O'Brien; Strawberry Girl; Miss Bowles; Mrs. Robinson ("Perdita"); Mrs. Braddyl — London, Stafford House: "Hope Nursing Love;" Sleeping Girl; Laurence Sterne — Sir Charles Tenant's Collection: Viscountess Crosbie (Plate viii); The Young Fortune-Tellers — Mrs. Buchanan Riddell's Collection: "Crossing the Brook" — Sir Charles Mills' Collection: Mrs. Abington as "Miss Prue" — Lord Rothschild's Collection: Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy — Duke of Hamilton's Collection: Elizabeth Gunning, Duchess of Hamilton — Lord Crewe's Collection: Kitty Fisher with a Dove — Mrs. Thwaite's Collection: The Ladies Waldegrave — Earl of Sheffield's Collection: Portrait of Gibbon — Earl Spencer's Collection: Countess Spencer and her Child (Plate vii); Lord Althorp at the Age of Four; Richard Burke; Lady Anne Bingham; Lavinia Bingham; Lady Spencer and her Daughter; Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire — Dowager Lady Castletown's Collection: "Collina" — Earl of Yarborough's Collection: Mrs. Pelham Feeding Chickens — Lord Mount-Temple's Collection: "Infant Academy" — Lord Feversham's Collection: Girl with Kitten — Baron F. de Rothschild's Collection: "Simplicity;" Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia — New York, Lenox Library: Mrs. Billington as St. Cecilia — New York, Metropolitan Museum: Hon. Henry Fane and his Guardians, Inigo Jones and Charles Blair; Lady Carew; Duke of Cumberland; Mrs. Angelo; Sir Edward Hughes — Salisbury, Longford Castle: Master Jacob Bouverie; Mrs. Bouverie with her Child; Viscountess Folkestone; Countess of Shaftsbury and her Husband; Lady Catherine Pelham-Clinton Feeding Chickens — Sevenoaks, Knole: Samuel Foote; Dr. Oliver Goldsmith; Mrs. Abington as the Comic Muse; Boy with Cabbage-Nets — St. Petersburg, Hermitage Gallery: Infant Hercules — Windsor, Royal Gallery: Garrick as Kitely.

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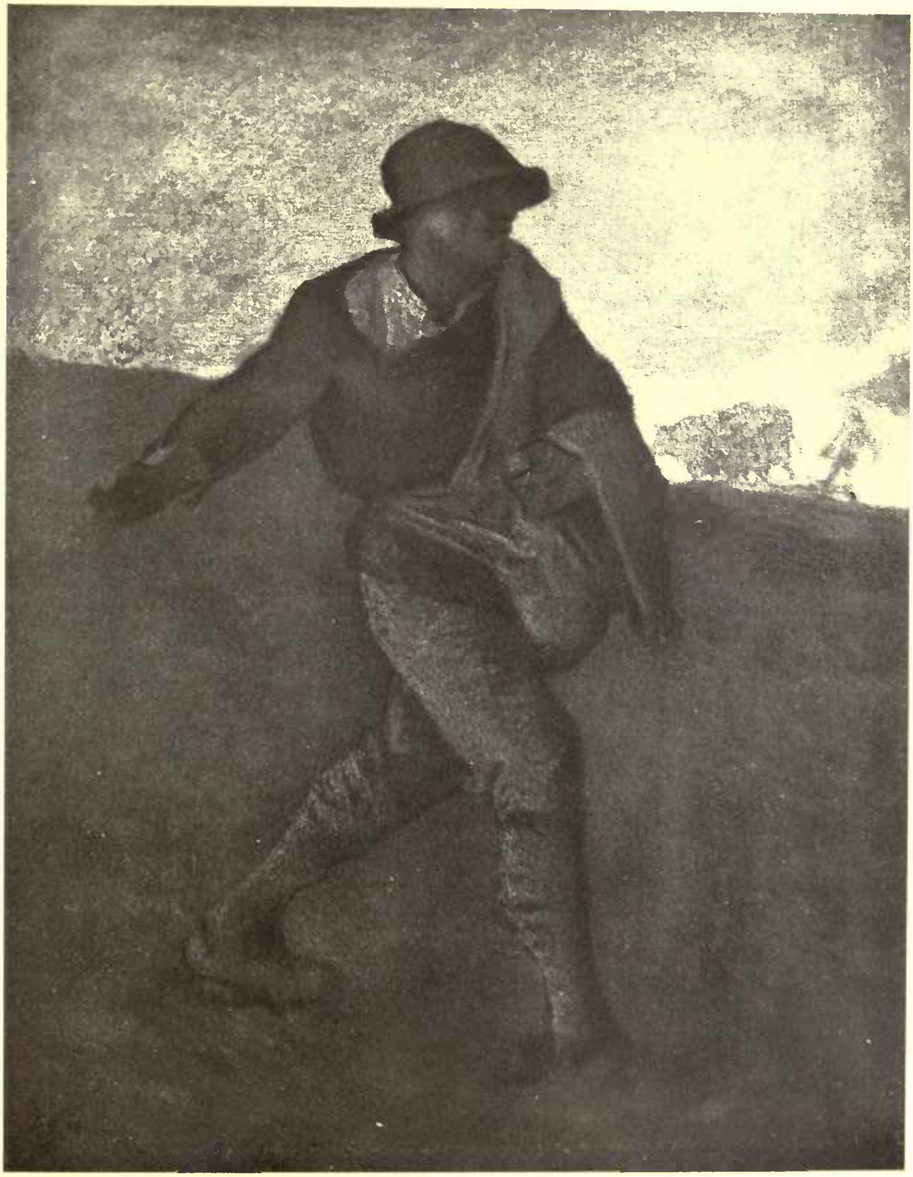
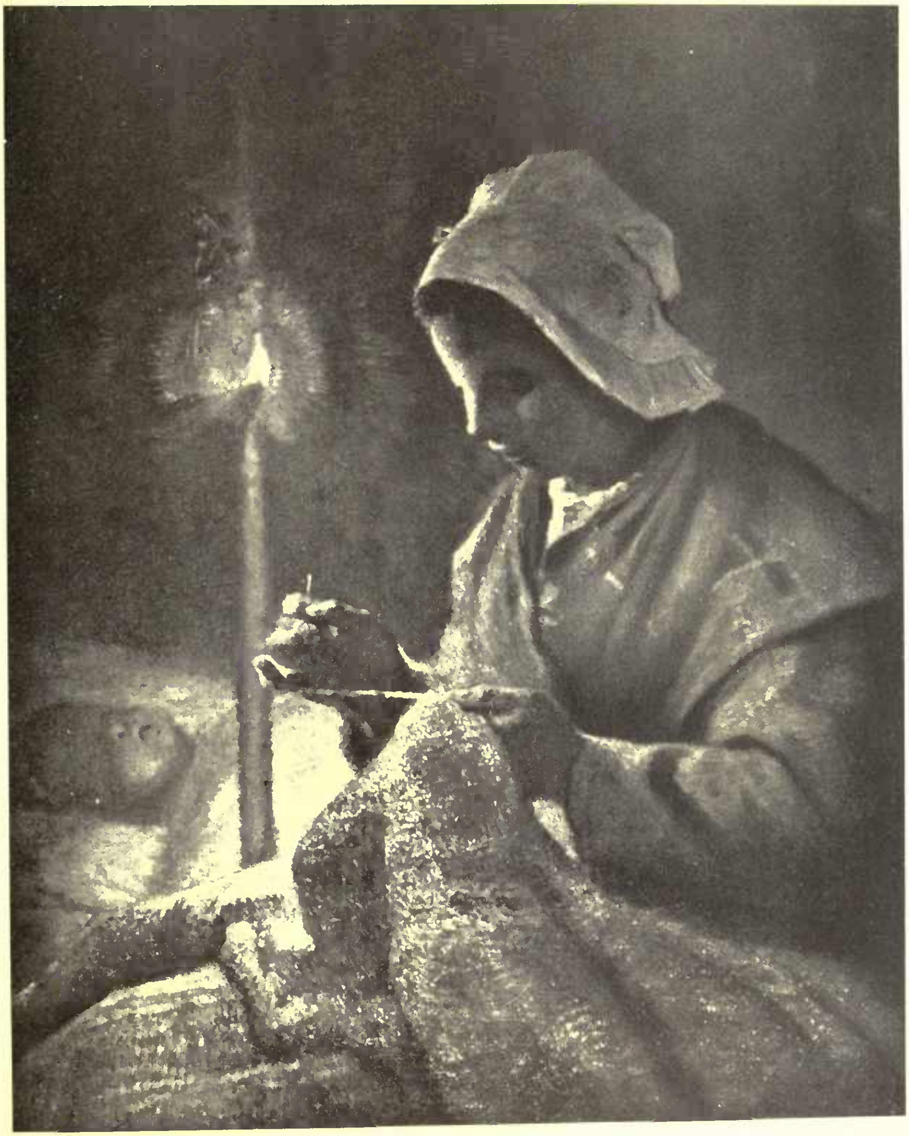
Jean-François Millet

BARBIZON SCHOOL



PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

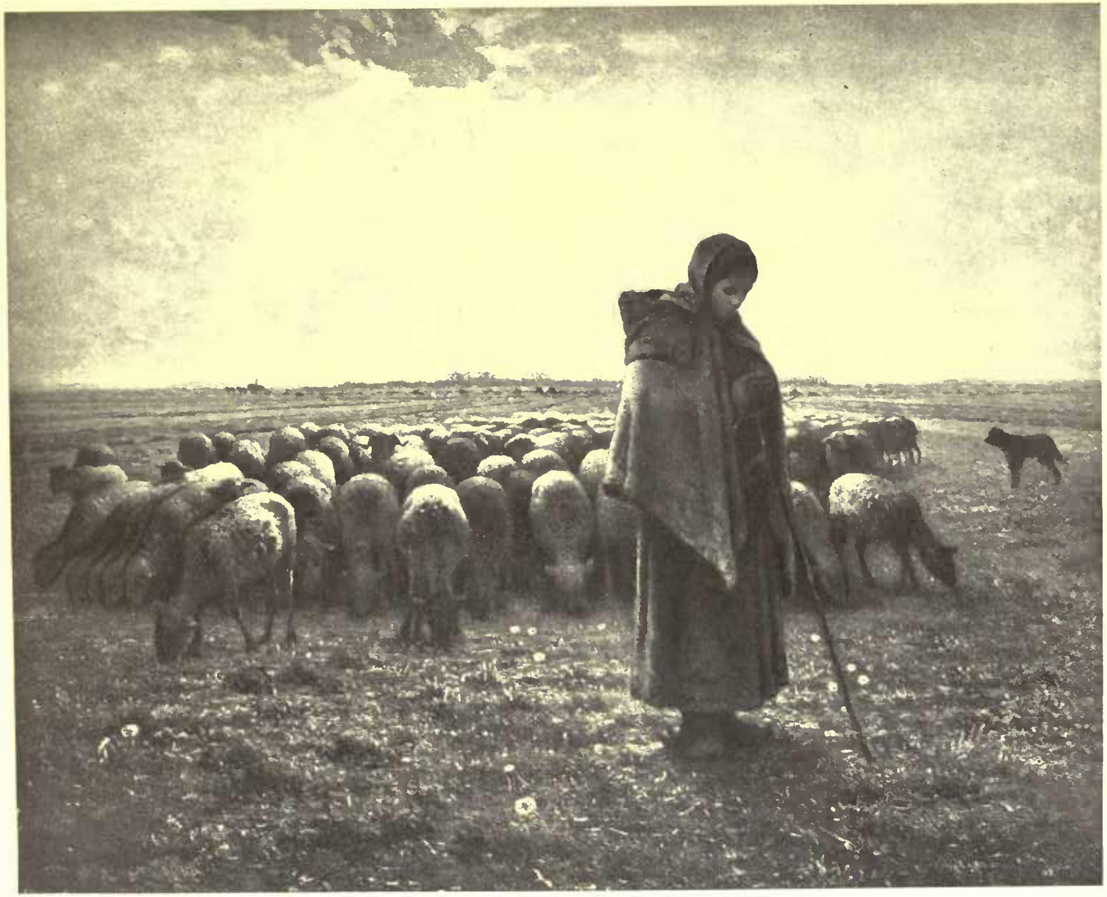
MILLET
THE SOWER
W. H. VANDERBILT COLLECTION, NEW YORK



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE II.

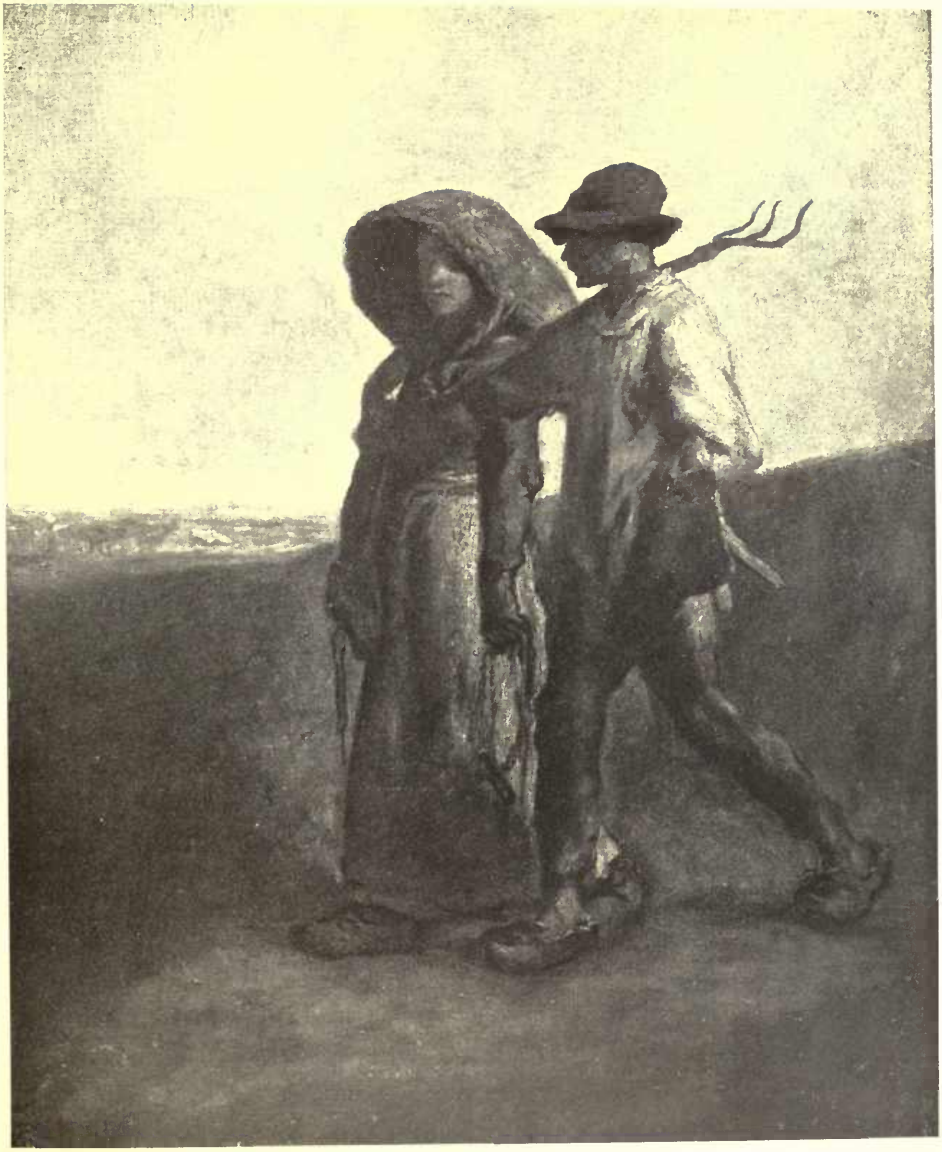
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

MILLET
WOMAN SEWING BY LAMPLIGHT
OWNED BY M. TABOURIER, PARIS



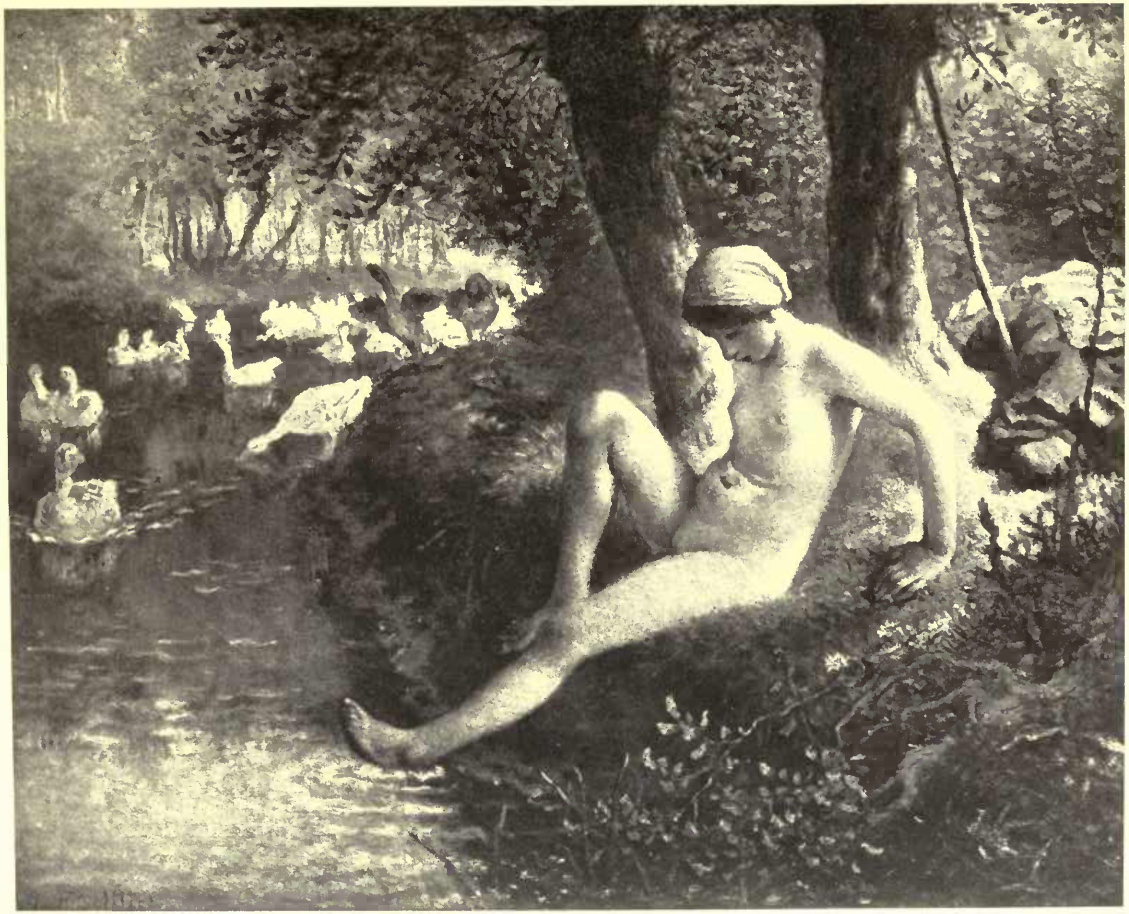
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE III.
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

MILLET
THE SHEPHERDESS
CHAUCHARD COLLECTION, PARIS



MILLET
GOING TO WORK
OWNED BY JAMES DONALD, ESQ$^{\text{R}}$, GLASGOW

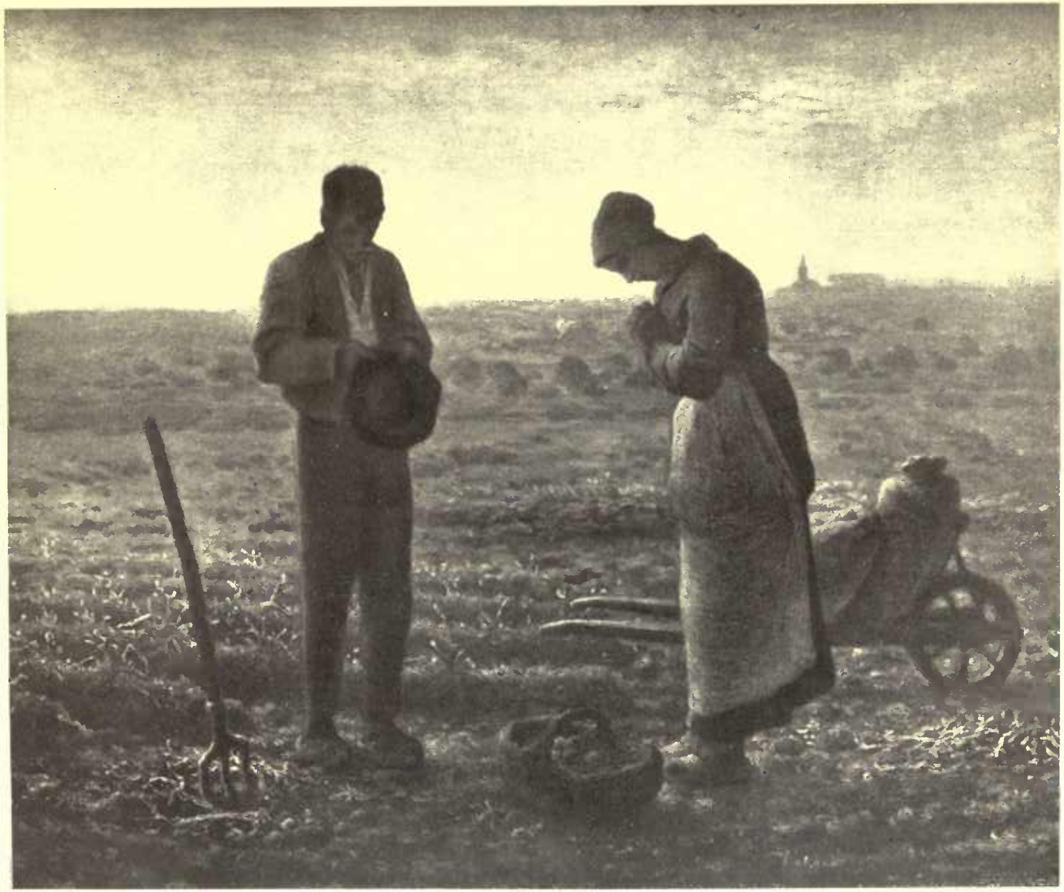
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE V.

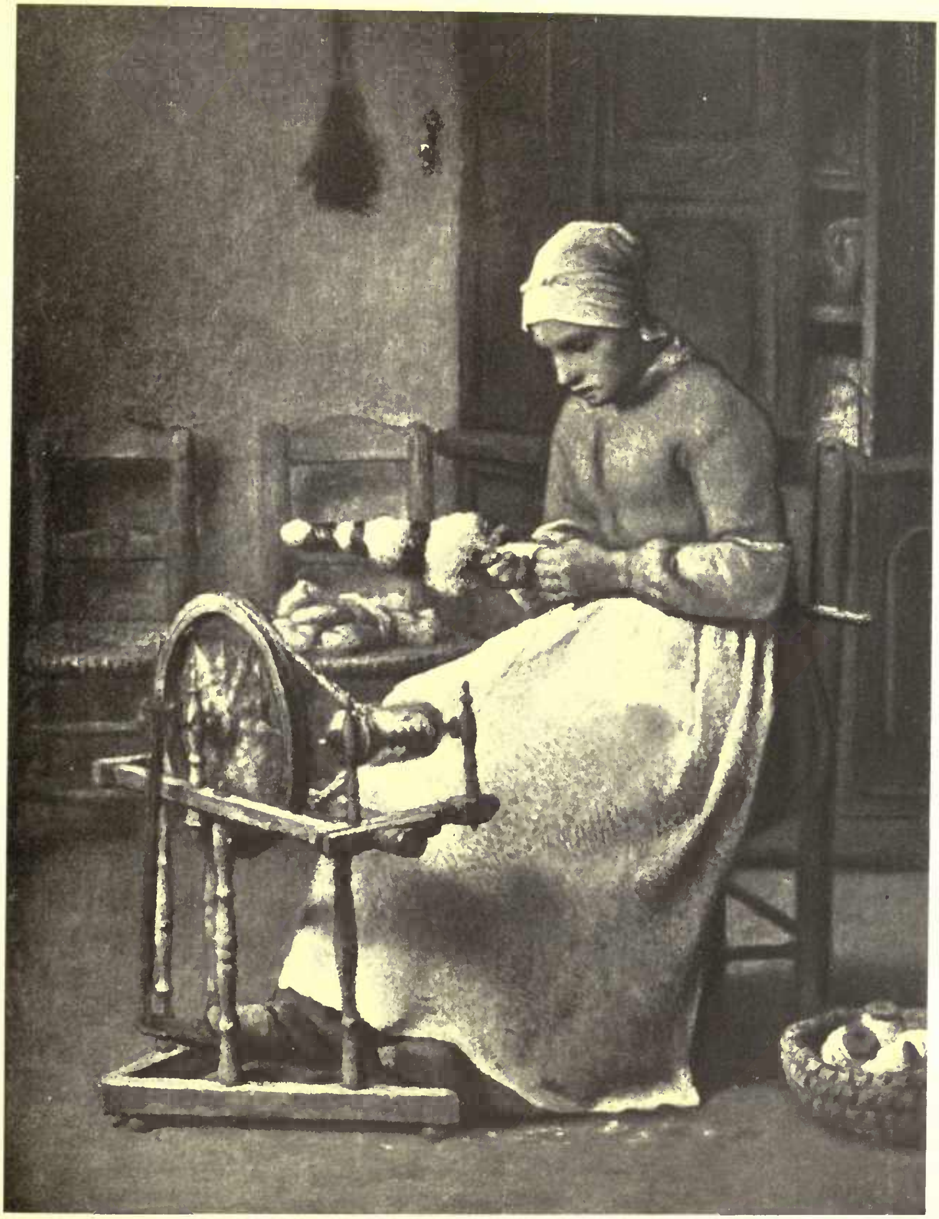
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

MILLET
THE GOOSE-GIRL OR THE BATHER
OWNED BY MME. SAULNIER, BORDEAUX



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VI.
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

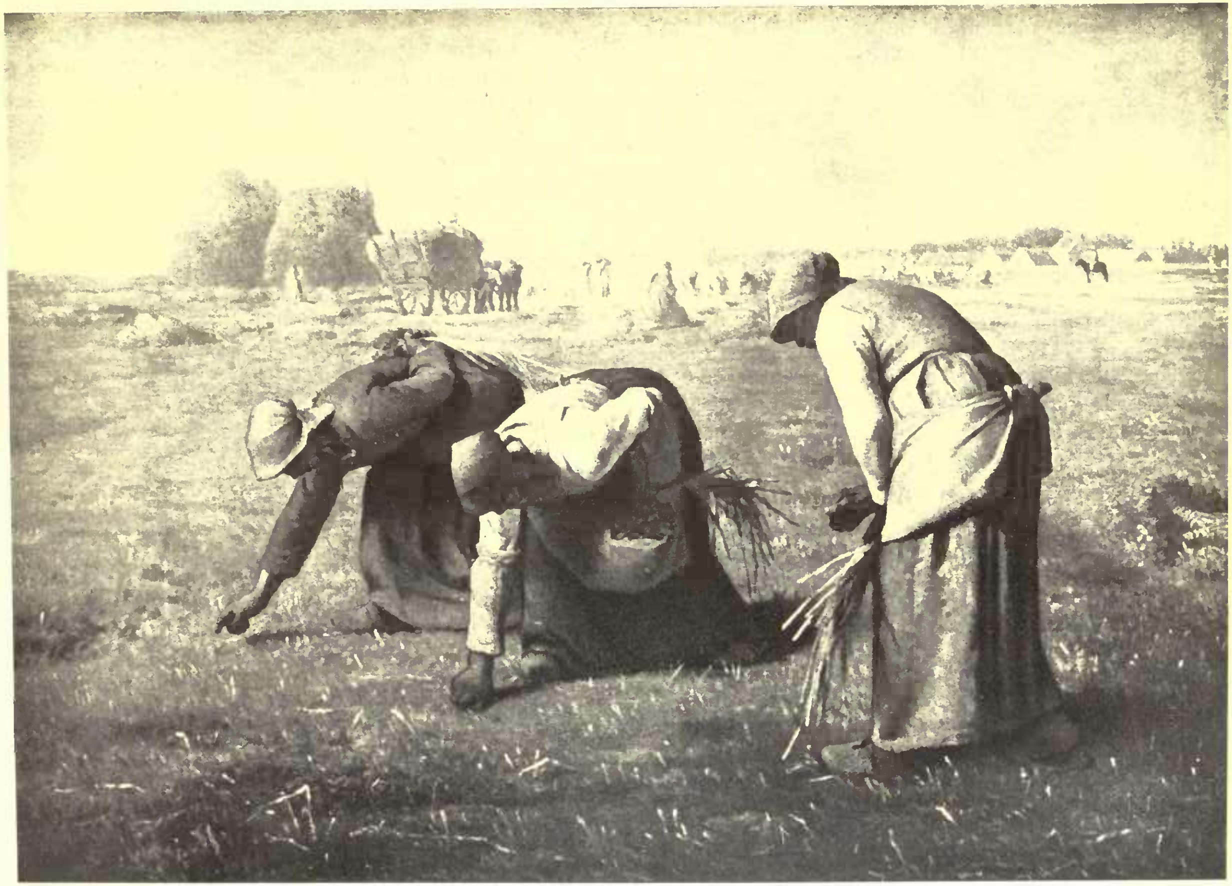
MILLET
THE ANGELUS
CHAUCHARD COLLECTION, PARIS



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VII.

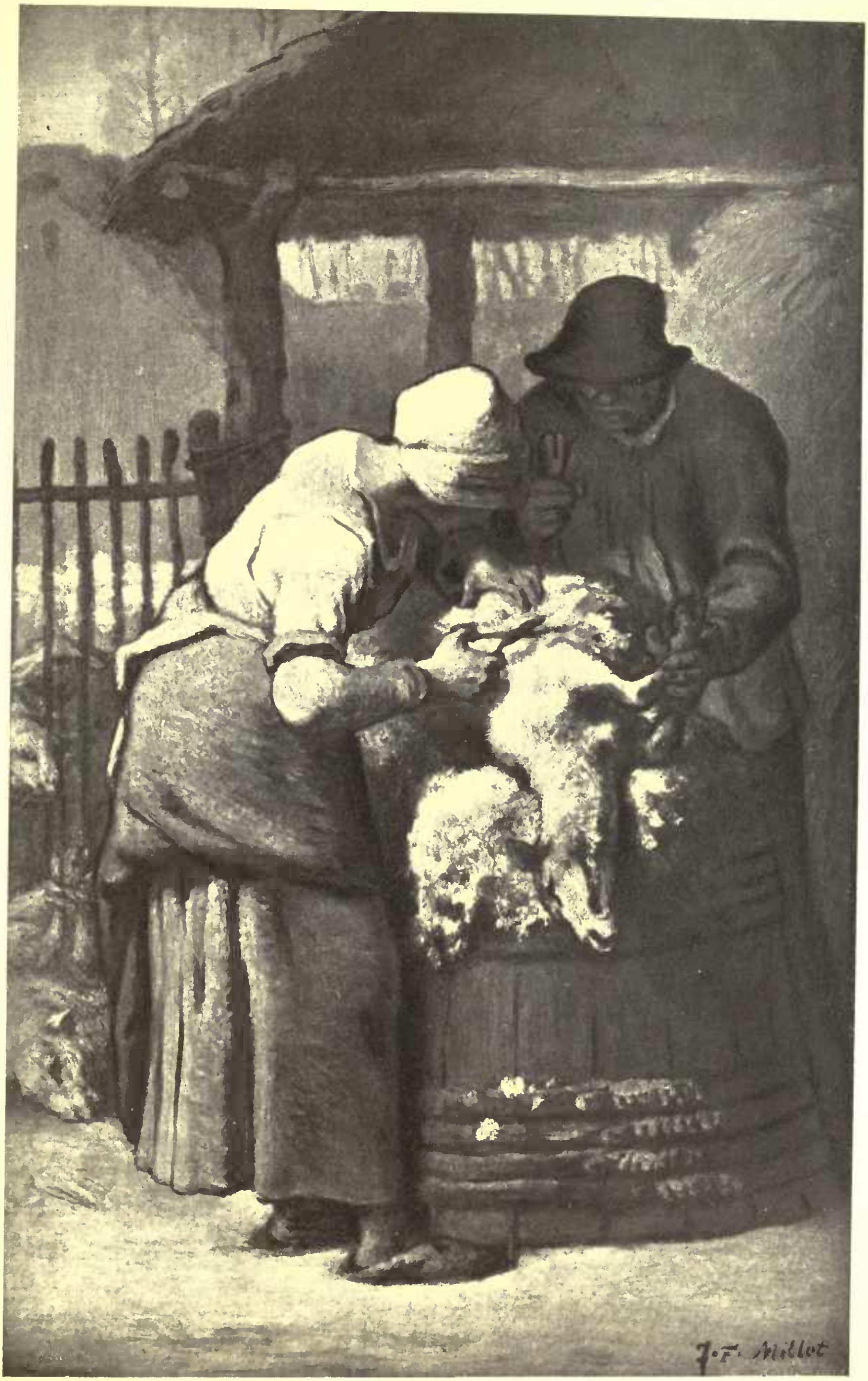
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE

MILLET
WOMAN SPINNING
OWNED BY M. GEORGES PETIT, PARIS



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VIII.
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

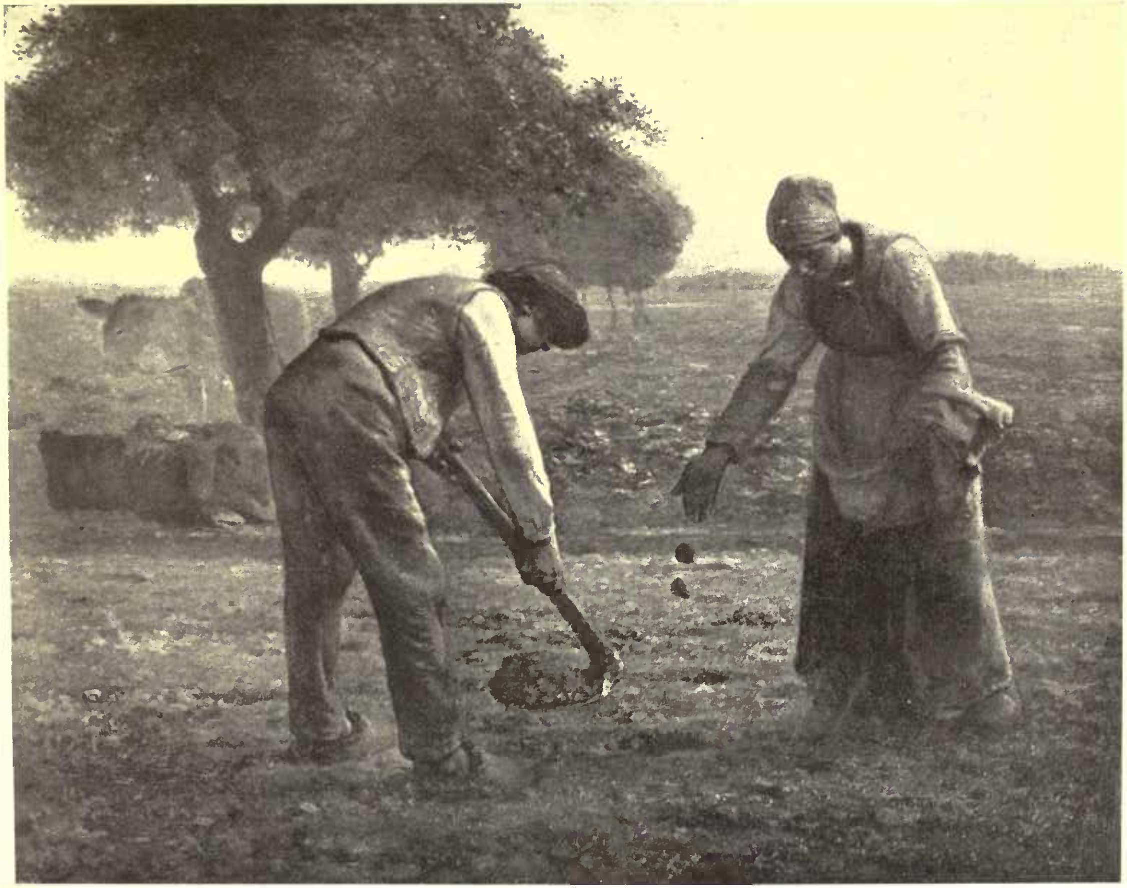
MILLET
THE GLEANERS
LOUVRE, PARIS



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE IX.

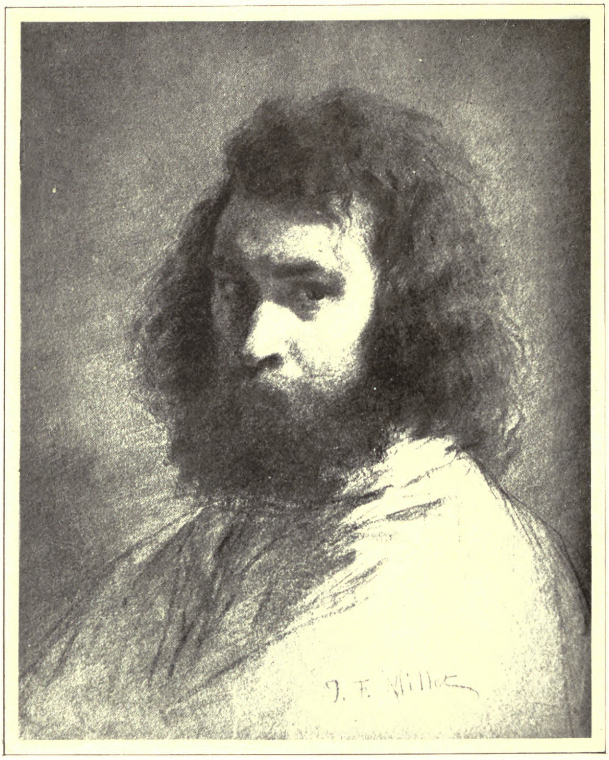
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE.

MILLET
THE SHEEP SHEARERS
OWNED BY M. POIDATZ, PARIS



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE X.
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

MILLET
THE POTATO PLANTERS
QUINCY A. SHAW COLLECTION, BOSTON



PORTRAIT OF MILLET BY HIMSELF OWNED BY MLLE. SENSIER, PARIS

This crayon likeness of himself was drawn by Millet in 1847. "He was," writes his brother Pierre Millet, "a man of fine figure and graceful carriage, about five feet ten inches in height, with regular features, black hair, clear complexion, and a commanding expression."

Jean-François Millet

BORN 1814: DIED 1875
BARBIZON SCHOOL

JULIA ADY NINETEENTH CENTURY: VOL. 24

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET was born on the fourth of October, 1814, in a hamlet of Gruchy, parish of Gréville, a few miles west of Cherbourg, close to the Cape of La Hague. The house where he was born is still standing in the little village street, and we can look down across the fields where he sowed and reaped to the wide stretch of sea and the far horizons which filled his young mind with dreams.

Here, after the patriarchal fashion of the place, three generations lived under the same roof. Jean-Louis, the painter's father, was a singularly refined and gentle soul; he loved music, taught the village choir, and wrote out chants in a hand worthy of a mediæval scribe. His wife belonged to an old yeoman race, and was a hard-working, pious, and loving woman, whose time and thoughts were divided between her household and the field labor which she shared with her husband. But it was the grandmother, Louise du Jumelin, who played the chief part in the painter's earliest recollections. A woman of strong character and deep affections, she combined an ardent love of nature with a mystic vein of piety. To the end of her life she followed Millet with her prayers and counsel, and as late as 1846 we find her entreating him in her letters never to forget that he is painting for eternity, but to keep the presence of God and the sound of the last trumpet ever in his mind.

At the age of twelve François was confirmed, and his intelligence attracted the notice of the priest, who began to teach him Latin and first put Virgil into his hand. The "Georgics" and "Bucolics" appealed with strange power to this child of nature, for even at this early age the impressions which Millet received were all of a serious kind. Strangers who came to Gréville were struck by the boy's poetic nature, and the good village curé listened wonderingly to his young scholar when he talked of his delight in the Bible and Virgil and the changing mystery of clouds and stars, of dawn and twilight. . . . But François, as the eldest boy of a family of eight brothers and sisters, soon had to leave his books and take his share of field-work. With his own hands the future painter of the "Travaux des Champs" sowed and reaped and ploughed and grafted and mowed grass and made hay, by his father's and mother's side. But he still read whatever books he could lay hands upon; and it was the sight of some prints in an old Bible which first led him to take up his pencil while the rest of the family were enjoying their noonday rest. Soon he began to draw the sheep and the geese on the farm, then the garden and the view over sea and moorland. One Sunday, when he was about eighteen, the bent figure of an old man returning from church caught his fancy, and taking up a piece of charcoal, he drew so exact a likeness on the wall that the portrait was recognized at once. This gave his father food for reflection, and a few days afterwards he told the boy that, now his brothers were old enough to take their place on the farm, he should go to Cherbourg and learn the trade of painting, which, folks said, was so fine a thing.

To Cherbourg the father and son went, taking with them two drawings which François had finished. Mouchel, the leading artist of Cherbourg, was an eccentric character, but a man of some power; and when he saw these drawings, done without master or model, he began by declaring that they could not be the boy's work, and ended by telling the father in plain language that he deserved to perish eternally for keeping a lad with such stuff in him chained to the plough, and finally agreed to take him as pupil; but the only advice he gave him was to go to the museum and draw what he liked. Before Millet had been two months at Cherbourg, however, he was recalled to Gruchy by his father's sudden death. He then decided to give up painting and stay at home to manage the farm. But this his grandmother would not allow. "My François," she said, "you must accept the will of God. Your father said you were to be a painter; obey him and go back to Cherbourg." So Millet's fate was settled. He went back to Cherbourg, and studied for two years under another local artist, who sent him to copy Dutch and Flemish paintings in the museum. He spent his evenings in the town library and read Homer and Shakespeare, Milton and Scott, Goethe and Byron, Victor Hugo and Chateaubriand for the first time.

His talent now began to attract some attention, and on his master's recommendation the Town Council voted him a pension of 600 francs, afterwards increased to 1,000 by the Council-General of La Manche, to enable him to complete his studies in Paris. The step was a grave one, most of all in the eyes of Millet's mother and grandmother, who looked on Paris as another Babylon. But, loyal to his dead father's wish, they gave him their small savings, and with many tears and exhortations sent him forth on his journey.

One foggy evening in January, 1837, Millet reached the great city. The snow lay on the ground, the lamps burned dimly through the fog, the crowds in the streets oppressed him with a strange sense of loneliness. The young painter of three-and-twenty had come to Paris with his ideas on art *toutes faites*, and he found nothing which inclined him to modify them. The masters of the romantic school, then at the height of their popularity, were distasteful to him. Their pictures seemed theatrical and artificial to this country lad, brought up on the Bible and Virgil. Paul Delaroche, whose atelier he entered, recognized his talent, but gave him little advice — the new pupil puzzled him as he had done his former masters. His fellow-students laughed at the rustic who set up for an original and a schismatic, and called him "the wild man of the woods." Their jokes and empty chatter wearied him almost as much as their worship of the patron's style. His experience of landladies and lodgings proved unfortunate, he was robbed and bullied, and became so conscious of his awkwardness, so sensitive to ridicule, that he dared not even ask his way in the streets. In his weariness and loneliness he sighed for home, and more than once was on the point of starting to walk the whole ninety leagues which lay between Paris and Gréville. One thing only kept him in Paris — his love for the old masters. From the hour when, with a beating heart, he first climbed the staircase of the Louvre, he felt himself in a world of friends. Great was the impression made upon him by the first sight of a drawing by Michelangelo, whose work he considered to the end of his life the highest expression of art.

Meanwhile the promised pension came slowly and irregularly from Cherbourg, and before long ceased altogether. Millet left Delaroche's atelier and settled in the rue de l'Est with a friend named Marolle, by whose advice he began to make pastels in imitation of Boucher, to gain a living. The work was little to his taste, but nothing else would sell. For several years he lived by painting portraits at five and ten francs apiece, or little genre-pictures which sometimes brought in as much as twenty francs. Often he was thankful to paint sign-boards for shops. Even by this means it was hard enough to keep body and soul together.

In 1841, on one of his visits to Gréville, he married a pretty but fragile Cherbourg girl, and returned to Paris with the fresh burden of a sick wife. In 1844 his wife died and he went back to Cherbourg. His portraits at this time were marked by a good deal of spirit and brilliancy, and his pastels began to attract notice. When at the close of 1845 Millet came back to Paris, bringing with him a second wife, the brave and true Catherine Le Maire, he found himself no longer altogether unknown. Several artists of note, Diaz, Rousseau, Jacque, and his faithful friend and biographer, Alfred Sensier, held out the hand of fellowship to him and helped him by their sympathy and encouragement. His work of this period, though marked by the same charm of color and grace of feeling, is as unlike as possible to the work which we associate with Millet's name. His modelling was masterly, his flesh-tints remarkable for their clearness and delicacy, and he was called "*le maître du nu.*" One evening as he stood at a shop-window he chanced to hear a young man remark to his companion that a pastel of women bathing at which they were looking was by a "fellow named Millet, who always paints naked women." The words were a shock to Millet. He thought of his old aspirations, and resolved to paint no more mythological subjects or nude figures. That night he said to his wife, "If you consent, I will do no more of these pictures. Life will be harder than ever, and you will suffer, but I shall be free to work as I have long wished." "I am ready: do as you will," was the brave woman's answer; and so, then and there, he began to paint his "Haymakers at Rest" ("Les Faneurs").

The year 1848 was a hard one for artists, and Millet had already two or three children. Often he and his wife were reduced to the bitterest straits. Once they lived for a fortnight on thirty francs, the price of a sign-board which Millet had painted. Another time he sold six drawings for a pair of shoes, and a picture went in exchange for a bed. But his "Vanneur" found a place in the Salon, and, what was more, a purchaser gave him a duplicate order for his "Faneurs." He had just received the price when the Revolution of June, '49, broke out. Paris had of late grown more and more distasteful to Millet. The art and the society of the place were alike false and hollow in his eyes; and now the firing in the streets and the slaughter of the barricades sickened his very soul. At length he and Jacque, the painter, agreed to spend the summer at Barbizon, a village on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau, where Rousseau had already settled. Early in June they left Paris with their families, and before the end of the month Millet had rented the cottage which was to be his home for the rest of his life. Struggle and hardship enough were still in store for him, but he had taken the great step and broken forever with the slavery of conventional art.

The sight of the great forest made an indescribable impression upon him. When the first rapture was over he began to draw, not only the rich and varied forest scenery about him, but the living beings he found there, the wood-cutters and charcoal-burners, the cowherds leading their cattle to pasture, the stone-breakers at work in the quarries, and the rabbits starting out of their burrows. Yet more to his taste were the subjects which he found on the great plain which stretches between the forest and Chailly, the sleepy little town where Barbizon folk went to be married and buried, and in whose churchyard Millet sleeps to-day. On this wide Campagna-like plain peasants were to be seen at work all the year round. Shepherds abode in the fields at night, the sower still went forth to sow, and the gleaners followed in the steps of the reapers, as of old Ruth in the defile of Boaz. Here Millet felt at home. He took a threeroomed cottage at one end of the village street opening on the plain, put on *sabots*, and became once more a peasant.

During the twenty-seven years that he spent at Barbizon he painted the whole cycle of peasant life. In 1855 his "Paysan greffant" was exhibited at the Salon, and attracted the critics' attention. "Here is a man," wrote Théophile Gautier, "who finds poetry in the fields, who loves the peasant, and paints georgics after Virgil." But the public was still indifferent, and the picture would have remained unsold if Rousseau, hiding his identity under the guise of a supposed American, had not bought it. The help was sorely needed, for Millet was in dire straits. In 1859 he finished "The Angelus," which, as a record of one of his earliest impressions, was especially dear to him. But it was months before the picture found a purchaser. The same year he completed "La Mort et le Bûcheron" ("Death and the Wood-cutter"), a subject taken from La Fontaine's fable. This picture, on which Millet had spent infinite pains, was rejected at the Salon. He felt the blow keenly, and saw in the decision of the jury an attempt to crush his art. "They wish to drive me to their drawing-room art," he said. "No, no, a peasant I was born and a peasant I will die; I will say what I feel, and paint things as I see them!" He was reproached on all sides as a demagogue, a Saint Simonist, and his "Gleaners" were assailed as dangerous beasts who threatened the very existence of society. But nothing could make him alter his ideas, though we see by many passages in his letters how deeply the iron entered into his soul. . . .

Constant work and worry brought on attacks of fever and terrible headaches. But hard as was the struggle, there was, it is well to remember, a brighter side to the picture. Gleams of momentary prosperity came to cheer Millet's life. More than one visitor to Barbizon has left us a pleasant glimpse of the painter's peasant home. They tell us of the low cottage, overgrown by clematis and ivy, standing in the little garden closed round by the high wall out of which he had pulled some bricks so that he might see the sun set over the plain. They describe the barn-like studio, with no ornaments but a few casts from the Parthenon frieze and a heap of blouses and handkerchiefs of every shade of blue lying in a corner which Millet called his museum. And they tell us of the painter himself, with his grey beard and piercing dark eyes and serious air; a little stern and reserved in manner at first, but full of kindness for his friends, and always gentle to his children, in whose presence he took unfailing delight, opening the door of his studio when he was tired that he might hear their voices at play. Times, too, were mending. Millet had pledged himself to work during three years for a certain dealer, who was a friend of his own staunch friend and biographer, Sensier, at the sum of a thousand francs a month, and the contract relieved him from his worst embarrassments. In 1864 his "Bergère" was exhibited, and won all hearts by her rustic grace and beauty. For once Millet found himself popular.

But already a foreboding that his life would not be long seemed to haunt him, and, despairing of ever painting all the pictures in his mind, he returned to pastel as a swifter and easier form of expressing his thoughts.

The exhibition of 1867 contained many of Millet's masterpieces, including "The Angelus," "The Gleaners," "Death and the Wood-cutter," "The Sheep-shearers," and "The Shepherdess," which the exertions of his friends had brought together, and in the year 1868 he received the cross of the Legion of Honor, and in 1870 was elected one of the jurors of the Salon.

When the war of 1870 broke out, and it became impossible to remain at Barbizon, he took his family to Cherbourg and spent his days painting the sea. . . . He returned to Barbizon in December, but the cough which had come upon him increased, and he was distressed to find he could do so little work. A fit of hemorrhage, in June, 1873, completely broke him down. Meanwhile great news had reached him from Paris. His "Angelus," which had brought him only 2,000 francs, sold again for 50,000; another of his pictures for 38,000; and the Museum of Lille bought "La Becquée" ("Mother Feeding her Children"). More than all, the State, anxious to repair the neglect of past years, gave him a commission for a series of historic paintings in the Panthéon. The order filled him with joy, but it came too late. . . .

The end was nearer than his friends knew. He faded slowly away as the autumn days grew shorter, took to his bed in December, and died on the morning of the twentieth of January, 1875.

The Art of Millet

CHARLES BIGOT "PEINTRES FRANÇAIS CONTEMPORAINS"

TO understand and judge Millet as an artist it is necessary to study and understand him as a man, for never were artist and man more closely conjoined. No painter has been more sincerely himself nor has put himself more completely and fully into his work.

Millet's prime trait was a powerful innate individuality or temperament, which, like a sort of instinct, or, more exactly, a natural fatality, imperiously dominated him. He was born to a family of peasants who were themselves the offspring of peasants, and who, though farmers in a small way and in relatively comfortable circumstances, still worked as hand-laborers in their fields. It is true that there existed in the blood, at least on his father's side, certain vague pre-dispositions toward the æsthetic; but these pre-dispositions were in no way advanced by Millet's early education, and there was nothing in the circumstances which environed him to strengthen them. It was nature and nature alone, the blind thrust of his instinct, which impelled him toward art. He had no guidance, he was influenced by no tradition, and not at all by education. His art sprang from the aboriginal sources from which all art has sprung; and he began his artistic life in the same state as that man of the Stone Age who scratched the outline of the mammoth upon a walrus tooth, or as the Greek who invented drawing by tracing the silhouette of his sweetheart upon the wall, or as Giotto the shepherd-boy, who, in the dawn of the Renaissance, made, in his turn, the same discovery. If ever a man was called to his work Millet was that man. This, then, was his first characteristic, — a vigorous individuality, an irresistible inborn instinct. The environment in which he found himself, the sight of the nature and the humanity about him, woke visions in him which he felt an invincible need to reproduce, emotions which he must at any cost express. The awakening came to him early. When he was eighteen years old he was already himself; he had taken his defined bent, and had understood what he was born to understand.

Of his trade on the other hand, of the procedures of art, discovered through the long experiences of the centuries, he knew nothing; and if a vigorous temperament and an early defined bent are advantages they bring their own penalties. The capacity for education is almost always in inverse ratio to the energy of personality. A pupil who is already himself is also a judge for himself and cannot accept the dogmatisms of authority blindly. Even though he has the will to be docile he has not power to bend. No one was less teachable than François Millet. He arrived in Paris with the stubbornness of the peasant and of the self-made man, and probably with something of that unconscious pride which is the accompaniment of a solitary education. That he labored with all his might is unquestionable; but he labored without profit.

It was a time in art teaching of acrimonious struggle between the "classical" and the "romantic." It was quite out of Millet's power to interest himself in any such clash of theories. "Classicism," "romanticism,"—what were they? In his native village he had heard of neither one nor the other. What he *did* know was, that visions constantly possessed him,—visions of the fields of Normandy, with their laborers, their shepherds and sailors and country fashions; and with these he continued to live in imagination, never ceasing to hear within him that voice which he has so often spoken of as "the cry of the ground,"—a cry which neither the romanticists nor the classicists had ears to hear.

And so he left the studio of Delaroche as he had entered it, painting thickly, heavily, and clumsily; and in 1849 he finally shook the dust of Paris from his feet, remaining to the end a stranger to her, an incorrigible Norman peasant, and retired to Barbizon, whence he never returned to the city but for business, and then always with regret and always for as brief a stay as possible. From his thirty-fifth year to the day of his death, self-taught and self-sufficient, he gave himself up to the vocation which from his earliest youth had imperiously called him—which had made him an artist.

A vigorous, self-sufficient temperament is, then, the first natural trait of Millet. The second is this: that his was a grave, tender, melancholy, mystical and sad soul. The disposition of the peasant is naturally a grave one, especially that of the peasant of the North. Imperious want, his laborious life, in which every energy is strained in the daily struggle for bread, keep the serious side of existence constantly before him. And, moreover, Nature with her wide horizons and her infinities of sky and sea, the capricious mystery with which she envelopes poor struggling humanity on all sides,—Nature is to him who must toil under her dominion from year's end to year's end far from being that benign and clement mother which the snug dweller in cities, who may choose his time and come to her as a guest, prefers to imagine her. For every gift she yields she exacts dear payment.

And if the soul of Millet, so disposed and so influenced, was grave it was also tender. The constant sight of the daily struggle which he saw around him never lost its power to wake his sympathy; and a grave and tender soul is easily inclined toward melancholy. According to his temperament each man makes individual choice among the impressions which life brings to him; and the impressions which Millet's disposition led him to choose were sombre. His thoughts were sad thoughts; his dreams were sad dreams; the books which he preferred, and of which he never wearied, were those imbued with the poetry of grave and tender melancholy;—Virgil and the Bible. With such a temperament it was predestined that he should vicariously suffer the hard lot of others. These qualities of his mind he has written in his work. His epopee is, taking it all in all, that of the painful labors of the peasant.

It is here that, to be just, Millet is lacking as an artist. Even the life of the peasant is not so grievous as he has depicted it, nor is nature herself so bitter. Both have sunnier sides which he has not dwelt upon sufficiently. But to those who complained that they found no joyfulness in his work he replied: "Have you seen joy in nature? For my part I have never seen it; as its nearest approach I have seen some hours of calm and peacefulness." This peacefulness, this calm of which he speaks, and which was the form under which he was capable of understanding happiness, he has oftener expressed than strikes one at first sight. The peaceful hours were his favorites, especially that hour which brought with it the end of the day's toil, when the sun set in silent glory and the night came, bringing in its train grave thoughts and tranquil revery.

Indeed, if melancholy and sadness, if the spectacle of brutalizing toil, does hold chief place in Millet's work, is it to be wholly regretted that it is so? It is good that art should show that side of life; and as no other painter has ever been so moved to the bottom of his soul by the miseries of peasant life, no one has ever expressed that emotion so powerfully, so touchingly, and yet with no slightest taint of the sentimental or the declamatory. In truth, to give what has been so much spoken of as Millet's "melancholy" its proper name, it is nothing more than sympathy, — the highest name for charity. We may perhaps regret the limitations of his disposition, but there are few, even among the best endowed in art, whose lyre is attuned to all chords; and it suffices for Millet's greatness that he played so powerfully upon those chords which his instrument did possess.

To remark Millet's powerful and somewhat exclusive personal temperament and the gravity, tenderness, and melancholy of his disposition does not complete the statement. A very important trait remains. He was possessed, in addition, of a wide, balanced, and comprehensive intelligence. Profound and deep as was his poetic sensibility, it was matched and poised by a temperate reason and sanity of mind. The reason in him guided and governed the artist. He had the native good sense of the Norman peasant and he had more: he was a cultivated man. To natural gifts he had added all that instruction could add to a mind highly capable of profiting by it. Because he was a peasant, because up to the age of eighteen he was a hand-laborer in his father's fields, to judge him an ignoramus is a grave error, for this peasant was a scholar versed in the classics and in the Bible. In Paris, far from contenting himself, as so many of his comrades did, with mastering the mere technique of a profession, he haunted the museums, not to copy, but to study and compare the masterpieces, and to penetrate the genius which inspired them. He spent long hours in the library of Sainte-Geneviève. Because he was a peasant and remained a peasant and painted only peasants one is tempted to believe that instinct alone inspired his work. Nothing could be more deceptive. Millet was an educated painter, — not only much more educated than the majority of artists, but even than the historical painters and members of the Institute of his day.

Natural vigorousness of mind supplemented by serious and varied instruction is what gives essential character to his work. He was a modern inheritor of that classical tradition, in its turn handed down to become the tradition of the great days of French painting, which prescribes that a work of art ought, first and foremost, to satisfy the reason; that a work at which intelligence protests can never be beautiful in the highest sense; that, in a word, according to the old maxim of Boileau, "Nothing is beautiful but truth." From this principle is derived its corollary, that a work of art should be a whole; that only on the condition that it makes a single unique impression, toward which all its details contribute, upon the mind of the spectator, does it merit the name. In such a work every element which can aid in making and strengthening the essential impression should be included; any element which weakens or detracts from this impression must be excluded.

It is from a thorough knowledge of these principles that Millet's horror of all the tricks of trade, all *tour de force*, all cunning of palette, arose. And because these great principles were constantly in his mind, he painted not bits but pictures. Even his smallest sketches are thoroughly "composed." A high intelligence orders the choice and combination of details; a firm will guides the undertaking; nothing is abandoned to chance. Nature is the framework for all his subjects, since the life of the peasant is always surrounded by nature, and the aspect in which he chooses to show her, serene and calm or menacing and terrible, is always in accord, either by its harmony or by its contrast, with the human scene which it environs and which its purpose is to make us understand. The same care for the unity of the whole which he evinces in the choice of natural surroundings he shows in even a higher degree, if possible, in his figures. Every attitude, every accessory, every fold of every garment even, makes toward the great result.

Classicist as he is, however, his conception of art was strikingly different from the academic conception. The academician holds that there is what he calls an "absolute" beauty,— a beauty governed by eternal and invariable laws which apply equally to all subjects, and which the artist's sole endeavor should be to seek. For Millet, on the other hand, such a type of absolute beauty did not exist. Everything was beautiful to him which accorded with the subject in his mind, and which sprang from it. Only that was ugly which found no place in this conception. "Which is the more beautiful," he asked, "a stately tree, isolated in the middle of the field, or a knotted, twisted, stunted tree gnawed by the wind and deformed by the stroke of the tempest? Neither the one nor the other: all depends on the work in which that tree is to take its place, and the effect which its presence there produces." If Millet shows us oftenest the painful side of life, it is because his temperament led him to see that side oftenest; not because of any theory of art. If, on the other hand, you do not find Greek beauty in his works, it is because Greek beauty did not exist in Normandy, nor the environs of Fontainebleau. The hands of his peasants have none of the whiteness and the elegance of the hands of the Olympian gods, their faces are burnt by the sun, their bodies are clumsy and poorly clothed; but they lack neither nobility nor grandeur nor a certain picturesque and healthy beauty.

The mainspring of Millet's art, for which he searched perpetually and to which he constantly alludes in his letters, is *character*. To discover in each person he portrayed the essential character, and once having discovered to pursue and never cease to pursue it, to manifest it in costume, in attitude, in gesture, by feature and by expression,— that was for him art and the whole of art. Everything which could contribute to throw into relief this essential character he insisted upon, and for the same reason, everything which would detract from it was resolutely eliminated.

It is for these reasons that I believe Millet to have been an inheritor of those traditions of art which sprang up with the Greeks, and which have been held by the great masters of all schools since. Great art has always been realistic art in the sense that it is inspired by nature studied at close range; but in observing reality the aim of all true masters has been to see deeper than mere accidents of surface or aspect, and to grip and hold the fundamental character that they may, in their turn, create — not copy.

It is the present fashion to paint only from the posing model; and though this method has freed us from many shackling conventions, it has its disadvantages, for with the model before him it is extremely difficult for an artist to follow out consistently a preconceived idea. He is too often beguiled into choosing merely such and such details, each perhaps excellent in itself, and in full accord with the character of his work, but which no ingenuity can ever fuse into a perfect work of art. Millet, on the contrary, seldom used a model. In long daily walks he stored up in his mind images and impressions and left them there to ferment in his imagination. But when the time for actual execution came he hampered himself with no model. From his stored memories all accidentals and superficialities had faded, leaving only the essentials, the *character;* and using these crystallized memories, grouped according to the intention and sentiment which possessed him at the moment, he would then begin a true work of creation — mind always dominating matter. If we find faults of drawing in his pictures because of this procedure (though such faults are astonishingly rare considering the method) it is not surprising. On the other hand, a painting by Millet has always one clear intelligible aim. It moves the spectator with the artist's own emotion; it has, in a word, a soul,— the painter has infused it with his own. And this is the supreme and final test of greatness in any work of art, whether poem, drama, symphony, or monument of architecture.

To speak quite frankly, I agree with Fromentin that Millet was not excellent as a technician. In purely technical qualities his execution has grave defects, which he was never able to overcome; his hand was neither light nor supple; his painting is often heavy, labored, and thick like masonry; his workmanship is painful, almost dirty sometimes; he is occasionally crude and hard, and often uncertain. His most common fault, and his worst, is to be soft, thick, and cottony. His garments, for instance, are not only thick and heavy, but they are weighty; it is a surprise that they do not crush those who wear them. He is not a fine colorist, his brush has neither warmth or brilliancy; but in default of intensity he had the gift of harmony, and if his tones were sad and cold his eye saw truly. No artist has surpassed him in power of rendering air,—the extent of the plain which only ends with the horizon, the depth of the sky which human sight cannot penetrate. All his personages, his houses, his trees, are bathed in air and enveloped in infinite space.

To those, then, and finally, who demand that art shall rejoice their eyes by exquisite forms and fresh and brilliant colors, Millet will never seem a great master. His appeal is made rather to those who prefer to look life, with all its majestic austerity, in the face; who demand that art shall show, with all veracity, all energy and all nobility, things as are, and who find in the spectacle a profound and moving poetry.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS

THINGS should not look as if they were brought together by accident and for the moment, but should have an innate and necessary connection. I want the people I paint to look as if they were dedicated to their station—as if it would be impossible for them to ever think of being anything but what they are. A work of art should be all of a piece, and people and things should be there for an end. I wish to put all that is necessary strongly and fully,—indeed, I think things had better not be said at all than said weakly, because weakly said they are, in a manner, deflowered and spoiled; but I profess the greatest horror of uselessness, however brilliant, and filling up. Such things can have no result but to distract the attention and weaken the whole.

It is not so much the objects represented as the desire of the artist to represent them that creates the degree of power with which he executes his work. One can say that everything is beautiful in its own time and place, and on the other hand, that nothing misplaced is beautiful. . . .

To tell the truth, peasant-subjects suit my nature best, for I must confess, at the risk of your taking me to be a Socialist, that the human side is what touches me most in art, and that if I could do only what I like, or at least attempt to do it, I would paint nothing that was not the result of an impression directly received from nature, whether in landscape or in figures. . . .

I am surprised at the ideas which people are so good as to impute to me! They call me a Socialist, but really I might reply with the poor *commissionnaire* from Auvergne, "They call me a Saint Simonist. It is not true, for I do not even know what it means!" Is it impossible simply to depict the ideas that come into one's mind at the sight of the man who "eats bread in the sweat of his brow"? There are people who say I see no charm in the country. I see much more than charm there—I see infinite splendors. But none the less, I see down there in the plain the steaming horses dragging the plough, and in a rocky corner a worn-out man, whose "*han!*" has been heard since early morning, and who stops for a moment to straighten himself and take breath.—FROM THE FRENCH.

WILL H. LOW McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, VOL. 6

IT was Millet's habit to commence a great number of pictures. On some of them he would work as long, according to his own expression, as he saw the scene in nature before him, for at least in this epoch [1873] he never painted directly from nature. For a picture which I saw the following summer, where three great haystacks project their mass against a heavy storm-cloud, the shepherd seeking shelter from the impending rain, and the sheep erring here and there, affected by the changing weather, — for this picture, conveying as it did the most intense impression of nature, Millet showed me (in answer to my inquiry and in explanation of his method of work) in a little sketch-book, so small that it would slip into a waistcoat pocket, the pencilled outline of the three haystacks. "It was a stormy day," he said, "and on my return home I sat down and commenced the picture; but of direct studies — *voila tout!*"

THEODORE CHILD ATLANTIC MONTHLY: VOL. 60

IN all Millet's compositions, whether we look at the drawings, at the pastels, or at the oil-paintings, we observe that the artist attaches chief importance to the silhouette of human beings and inanimate objects and to the generalization of the different planes of his picture; that is to say, to the elements which summarize the thought and the signification. The color plays only a secondary rôle. In his most serious work the peasant is one with nature — a type, an ideal silhouette in the grand ensemble; and the beauty he seeks is not the beauty of feature or of epiderm, but that more abstract and ideal beauty which exists in the well-ordered proportions of the skeleton, in freedom and flexibility of limb, and in the logical and physiognomic notation of professional gesture, in attitude and in costume. The drawing of Millet is truly remarkable in its abbreviation and intense signification. Generally the faces are mere types; the folds of the dress are reduced to those which mark the projection of the shoulder, the elbow, the breasts, the hips, and the knee; the whole expression of the figure is concentrated in the general silhouette. So, too, in the landscape, the foreground is treated with summary and rugged breadth; the background is indicated in the briefest notation of successive planes; the sky and light are blocked in with the fewest possible strokes and rubbings; and the whole forms a firm résumé by which the artist's thought is presented in the most concise and suggestive manner.

JULIA CARTWRIGHT "JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET: LIFE AND LETTERS"

NO pre-Raphaelite was ever more conscientious than Millet in avoiding all useless accessories and in confining himself to strictly significant details. "*Mon rêve*," he once wrote, "*est de caractériser le type.*" In all his works he keeps this aim steadily before his eyes. The individual gives way to the typical, and the lower truth is deliberately sacrificed for the sake of the higher. In his own words: "Nothing counts but what is fundamental."

This way of seeing things is the key-note of all Millet's work, and the secret of the unity and grandeur which is never absent from his smallest sketch. It was this which Decamps felt when he said: "I paint a peasant at the edge of a brook: Millet represents a man standing on the bank of a river." And it is this largeness of style which gives his works their monumental character. His "Sower," his "Man with the Hoe," his "Shepherdess," are heroic types of their order, and sum up the story of whole generations of toilers. They represent all that is noblest and most pathetic in that peasant life which Millet knew so well, all the deeper meanings and larger truths which lie hidden beneath the surface. All that Carlyle has told us of the dignity of labor, all that Wordsworth has sung of the beauty of rustic homes and the poetry of common things, lives again on the canvases of the Norman peasant-painter. Here Millet has proved himself the true child of his age. First among artists he opened our eyes to the unregarded loveliness that lies around us, to the glory of toil and the eternal mystery of that "cry of the ground" which haunted his soul. First among them he realized the artistic capabilities of modern life and the profound significance of those problems of labor and poverty which this generation has been compelled to face.

W. E. HENLEY "JEAN-FRANÇOIS MILLET"

"I RECOGNIZE," wrote Millet of a drawing of Michelangelo's in the collection at the Louvre, "that the man who did that had the power to personify in a single figure all human good and all human ill." The reflection is exactly descriptive, on a narrower scale, of the nature of Millet's own capacity and of the object of his own endeavor. To the things he touched with intention, he had it in him to impart a character grandiose and majestic — a note of fatefulness, a sense of large issues, a shadow of romance, a sentiment of mystery, an attribute of passionate solemnity — which lifts them into the regions of heroic poetry, and makes them no longer accidental and individual, but representative and absolute. "It is necessary to be able to make what is trivial serve to express what is sublime," he said on one occasion; "One must grasp the infinite," on another; and these two utterances, as they explain his ambition, may be held to describe his achievements also. From his hillsides and his darkling expanses of plain he speaks with the very voice of the ground. In a solitary figure he résumés and typifies the fortunes of a hundred generations of patient toil. He is a Michelangelo of the glebe; and his shepherds and his herd-women are akin in dignity and grandeur to the prophets and sibyls of the Sistine frescos.

ANDRÉ MICHEL GAZETTE DES BEAUX-ARTS: 1887

THOUGH Millet had a heart full of compassion for his poor peasants, so painfully bent over the soil which they turned and re-turned unceasingly, he was also filled with admiration for the grandeur of rustic life, and the beauty of creation. With what persuasive emotion does he show the splendor of the heaven which envelopes man with its amenity, and man unconsciously sharing the magnificence of the spectacle. There is a line from "La Légende des Siècles" which constantly arises in my memory as I study his pictures; it is this: —

"*Une immense bonté tombait du firmament!*"

— FROM THE FRENCH.

The Barbizon School of Painting

DURING the first quarter of the nineteenth century the landscape art of France was of the most conventional and often of the most insipid kind, but in 1824 a new and almost haphazard impetus from without transformed and revived this department of her painting. A French connoisseur who had purchased three pictures by the English artist John Constable sent them to the Salon of 1824. Looking at these pictures (the chief of which was "The Hay Wain,"* now in the National Gallery, London) they seem nowadays neither startling nor revolutionary in method or in style; but at that time the "brown tree" was still an indispensable feature of landscape painting in France, there were usually ruins, after the fashion of Claude, and a conventional scheme of color reigned. French artists had lost sight of nature in her true aspect; and when they beheld the work of Constable it seemed as if a window had been opened out of the darkness of studios and galleries in which they had been groping to give them a fresh view of her as she really was. Never slow to grasp a new idea, this one glimpse of truth set the whole art world of France in a blaze; and it was thus, through the influence of Constable, that a new school of French landscape painting was inspired; for if Constable did not create, he at least rekindled the fire which had been smoldering beneath the overpowering influence of Claude.

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* An excellent wood-engraving, by T. Cole, of Constable's "Hay Wain" is printed in the *Century Magazine* (New York) for July, 1900.

Certain artists retired to Barbizon, a village on the western outskirts of the forest of Fontainebleau, thirty miles southeast of Paris, that they might be in the midst of that nature which they now essayed to truly interpret, and the movement in art which they represent has become known as the "Barbizon School," though the name is not in the case of every member geographically defensible, and it has sometimes been called the "Fontainebleau-Barbizon School," the "School of 1830," or the "Romantic School." Its chief and most representative members were Jean Baptiste Corot (1796–1875); Théodore Rousseau (1812–1867); Narcisse Diaz de la Peña (1807–1876); Jules Dupré (1811–1889); Charles François Daubigny (1817–1878); Constant Troyon (1810–1865); Charles Jacque (1813–1890); and Jean-François Millet.

These artists did not, like the other romanticists, paint in the exuberantly various hues which recalled the old masters, but saw landscape surrounded by air and tempered by the tones of the atmosphere. They recognized, too, that the beauty of natural objects does not lie in the objects themselves, but in the lights that are cast upon them. Furthermore, though on their first appearance they were classed as "realists" or "naturalists," the key-note of their work is precisely that they did not represent actual nature in the manner of photography, but freely painted their own moods from memory. A landscape was not for them a piece of scenery, but a condition of soul; and from this arises their wide divergence in style from one another. Each obeyed his peculiar temperament and adapted his technique to the altogether personal expression of his way of seeing and feeling, each possessed an original mind, and each was entirely himself.

The Works of Millet

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

"THE SOWER" W. H. VANDERBILT COLLECTION: NEW YORK

"THE SOWER" was first exhibited in the Salon of 1850. "The impression which it made was twofold," writes Julia Cartwright. "On the one hand, the older and more conventional critics declared it to be a revolutionary work, plainly conceived on socialist lines by a painter who wished to protest against the cruel tyranny of the upper classes and the misery of the poor. Some ingenious persons went so far as to see in this 'severe and threatening figure' a communist, who is flinging handfuls of shot at the sky in open defiance of God and man! On the other hand, it attracted the admiration of all the younger school of artists, and was greatly praised by at least one critic, Théophile Gautier, who recognized its rare merit. In his criticism of the Salon of that year he thus described it: 'The night is coming, spreading its grey wings over the earth; the sower marches with rhythmic step, flinging the grain in the furrow. He is gaunt, cadaverous, thin, under his livery of poverty; yet it is life which his large hand sheds. He who has nothing scatters, with a superb gesture, the bread of the future broadcast over the earth. On the other side of the slope, a last ray of the sun shows a pair of oxen at the end of their furrow. This is the only light of the picture, which is bathed in shadow, and presents to the eye, under a clouded sky, nothing but newly ploughed earth. . . . There is something great, of the grand style, in this figure, with its violent gesture, its proud raggedness, which seems to be painted with the very earth that the sower is planting.' "

"WOMAN SEWING BY LAMPLIGHT" OWNED BY M. TABOURIER: PARIS

THE "Woman Sewing by Lamplight" shows a young sunburned peasant, her hands coarsened by labor in the fields, sewing on a sheepskin by the flickering light of a rustic lamp. A sleeping child lies in a cradle beside her. In this picture Millet's technical method is unusually evident. It was painted in 1872, and sold in the following year for 38,000 francs, the highest price which up to that time the artist had ever received for one of his works.

"THE SHEPHERDESS" CHAUCHARD COLLECTION: PARIS

"THE SHEPHERDESS," painted in 1862 and first exhibited at the Salon of 1864, met with immediate success. M. Castagnary, in an article written at the time, says: "Millet is a master and his 'Shepherdess' a masterpiece. To the right and left in the background the plain stretches far away. The shepherdess walks along knitting; her flock follows her. The great artist has put his whole heart and soul into the picture. Those who accuse him of wilfully exaggerating the ugliness of our peasants will be satisfied this time. The young shepherdess has all the beauty and all the rustic grace compatible with her condition and race. This is an important detail; but what we must look at especially, and praise without reserve, is the harmony, the intimate union, of all the parts of this beautiful landscape; the sheep are at home on the plain, the shepherdess belongs to them as much as they to her. The earth and sky, the scene and the actors, all hold together, belong together. The unity is so perfect, and the impression resulting from it is so true, that the eye does not ask how the thing has been done. The handicraft disappears. The mind is entirely satisfied with the charm of the picture. Is not this the height of art?"

"GOING TO WORK" OWNED [1891] BY J. DONALD, ESQ^{R}: GLASGOW

MILLET repeated several times with slight variations the subject of this picture, which was painted in 1851. Two young peasants, a man and a woman, are setting out for their day's work just as the dawn is breaking over the plain of Barbizon. The woman's head is covered with an empty basket; the man carries a fork over his right shoulder, and across his left arm hangs a hoe.

"THE GOOSE-GIRL" OR "THE BATHER" OWNED BY M$^{ME.}$ SAULNIER: BORDEAUX

"MILLET'S great poem," writes Henry Naegely, "is full of charming natural scenes. Here a goose-girl sits 'to bathe her by a river's side,' her fair young body, robust and healthy, and lithe and graceful as the willow wands about her, while the sunlight throws tremulous lights and shadows on the white geese and the silvery leafage in this fresh, solitary place. It is a true idyl."

"THE ANGELUS" CHAUCHARD COLLECTION: PARIS

"THE ANGELUS" was completed in 1859. Declined by the patron for whom it was intended, it was originally sold for 2,000 francs; and then passed from one owner to another, its price increasing with every sale. In 1889, at the auction of the Secrétan collection, the contest over "The Angelus," which was bid for by a representative of the French government in rivalry with various American dealers, was immensely exciting. The French agent secured the picture for 553,000 francs, but the government refused to ratify the purchase, and the picture was brought to the United States, where it was exhibited throughout the country, and finally returned to France, when it was purchased for 750,000 francs by M. Chauchard, a French collector, who has signified his intention of bequeathing it to the Louvre.

"Practically," writes Theodore Child, "the picture is a drawing in sepia on a background of green field and grey sky tinged with red; but these color elements are insufficiently harmonized, and each tone is neither studied carefully nor is it treated as frankly conventional; it is something between the two, something hesitating in means and meagre in effect. In composition we have only to compare it with 'The Shepherdess,' with 'The Gleaners,' or with 'The Sower,' to feel at once that 'The Angelus' is not Millet's most felicitous composition, and that the figures really contain very little of that simple and impressive eloquence of gesture and of silhouette which was the artist's strong point. That the work is instinct with religious sentiment, which appeals immediately and powerfully to the religious sentiments of the spectator, is undeniable, but this only shows that the picture possesses in a high degree qualities and means of attraction which are not primarily and essentially artistic;—in other words, the importance and popularity of 'The Angelus' is due mainly to its literary interest." Those to whom this sentimental or literary interest does not appeal may, like Manet, call it, sneeringly, "*la bénédiction des pommes de terre;*" but, on the other hand, though it is emphatically not one of his greatest achievements, Millet has certainly successfully embodied in it the spirit of prayer and of the peaceful evening hour. He told Sensier that he wanted to make the spectator "hear the tones of the Angelus bell." As the day dies, two peasants, a man and a woman, hear the Angelus. They rise up from their work in the fields, and, standing bowed, recite the words, "*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariae.*"

"WOMAN SPINNING" OWNED BY M. GEORGES PETIT: PARIS

MILLET did not date his pictures, and as he kept many of them in his possession for long before offering them for sale, it is impossible to determine, in many instances, the year in which they were painted. This is the case with the "Woman Spinning." The young housewife is dressed in thick homespun, she wears a white kerchief bound about her head, and her gown of faded red is protected by a white apron. One note of strong color, the ribbon about the distaff, suffices to save all the sober harmonies of the picture from becoming monotonous.

"THE GLEANERS" LOUVRE: PARIS

IT has been said that in point of grandeur and completeness Millet never surpassed this work. Painted in 1856, and first exhibited at the Salon of the following year, it was greeted with derision by some of the critics, and warmly appreciated by others. "The three Fates of pauperism" was the epithet bestowed upon it by Paul de Saint-Victor; but Edmond About wrote: "The picture of 'The Gleaners' attracts one from afar by its grandeur and serenity. I might almost say that it is religious in its feeling. It is filled with calm, the drawing is faultless, the color is a quiet harmony. In the background harvesters are stacking the fat sheaves,—the wealth of the husbandman, while in the foreground, under the hot August sun, three gleaners are picking up, one by one, the forgotten ears of wheat. I do not believe that Millet intended to present any theatrical contrast between these groups. The three women make no appeal to our charity, but bent over the stubble they glean their livelihood, bit by bit, as they gather their wine-grapes in the autumn, as they gather their fagots in the winter. Neither proud nor ashamed, they merely accept as a matter of course the alms chance has bestowed upon them.”

“THE SHEEP-SHEARERS” OWNED BY M. POIDATZ: PARIS

IN 1860 Millet painted “The Sheep-shearers” (“La Tondeuse”), a large picture which is now in Mr. Quincy A. Shaw's Collection in Boston. The subject was a favorite one with Millet, and he painted a smaller replica, from which our reproduction has been made. “Every subject,” wrote the critic Thoré, speaking of the large painting which was exhibited in the Salon of 1861, “can be raised to the loftiest heights of poetic art by the power of the artist if he but bring an irresistible conviction to his work — the universal element which connects his creations with the beautiful and true. This simple ‘Tondeuse’ by Millet recalls the most admirable works of antiquity, — the statues of Greece and the paintings of Giorgione.”

“THE POTATO-PLANTERS” SHAW COLLECTION: BOSTON

“THE POTATO-PLANTERS” was painted in 1862. It is now in Mr. Quincy A. Shaw's Collection, Boston, Mass. “The Potato-planters,” says Sensier, “is one of Millet's most beautiful works. A man and a woman are seen on a wide plain, at the edge of which a village is half lost in the luminous atmosphere; the man opens the ground, and the woman drops in the seed-potato. A large apple-tree shades a donkey, and a child sleeps in the donkey's basket.”

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF MILLET, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

BALTIMORE, Private Collection: Sheepfold by Moonlight; Potato Harvest; Breaking Flax — Bordeaux, Private Collection: Goose-girl, or Bather (Plate v) — Boston, Art Museum: Shepherdess; Harvesters; Knitting-lesson; Washerwomen; Rabbits; Portrait (1842) of Himself; Homestead at Gréville — Boston, Private Collections: Edge of the Hamlet of Gruchy; Girl with New-born Lamb; The Sower; Potato-planters (Plate x); Woman with Cow; Sheep-shearers; Woman Reeling Yarn; Landscape and Hillside; Tobit; Woman Churning; Woman Shearing a Sheep — Brussels, Private Collections: Goose-girl; Twilight; Œdipus Detached from the Tree; Shepherdess — Chicago, Art Institute: Woman Feeding Chickens; Shepherdess Resting; New-born Calf — Copenhagen, Glyptotéque: Death and the Wood-cutter — Glasgow, Private Collection: Going to Work (Plate iv) — Lille, Museum: Mother Feeding her Children — London, Private Collections: Love the Conqueror; Shepherdess; Maternity; Wood-sawyers — Montreal, Private Collection: Landscape with Sheep — New York, Private Collections: The Sower (Plate i); Water-carrier; At the Well; Shepherdess; Plain of Barbizon; Hunting in Winter; Farmyard Scene; Girl Spinning; Woman Carding Wool; The Grafter; Shepherdess; Water-drawer; After the Bath; Gathering Beans; Milk-jar; Geese; Public Oven; Spinner; Tobias; Washerwoman; Turkeys — Paris, Louvre: The Gleaners (Plate viii); Spring; Bathers; Church at Gréville — Paris, Private Collections: The Angelus (Plate vi); The Shepherdess (Plate iii); The Sea; Sheepfold at Night; Sheepfold by Moonlight; Sunrise over the Sea; Woman Sewing by Lamplight (Plate ii); Harvest; Haystacks; Hay-trussers; Milk-carrier; Pig-killers; Sheep-shearers (Plate ix); Cliffs of Gruchy; End of the Day; Churner; Bird-killers; Return to the Farm; Woman Spinning (Plate vii); Washerwoman; Water-carrier; Winnower; Fisherman's Family — Philadelphia, Private Collections: The Raker; Return of the Laborer; Going to the Fountain; The Naiad; Feeding Poultry; Sheep-shearing; Wood-chopper; Shepherd — Providence, Private Collection: Shepherdess — San Francisco, Private Collection: Man with the Hoe.

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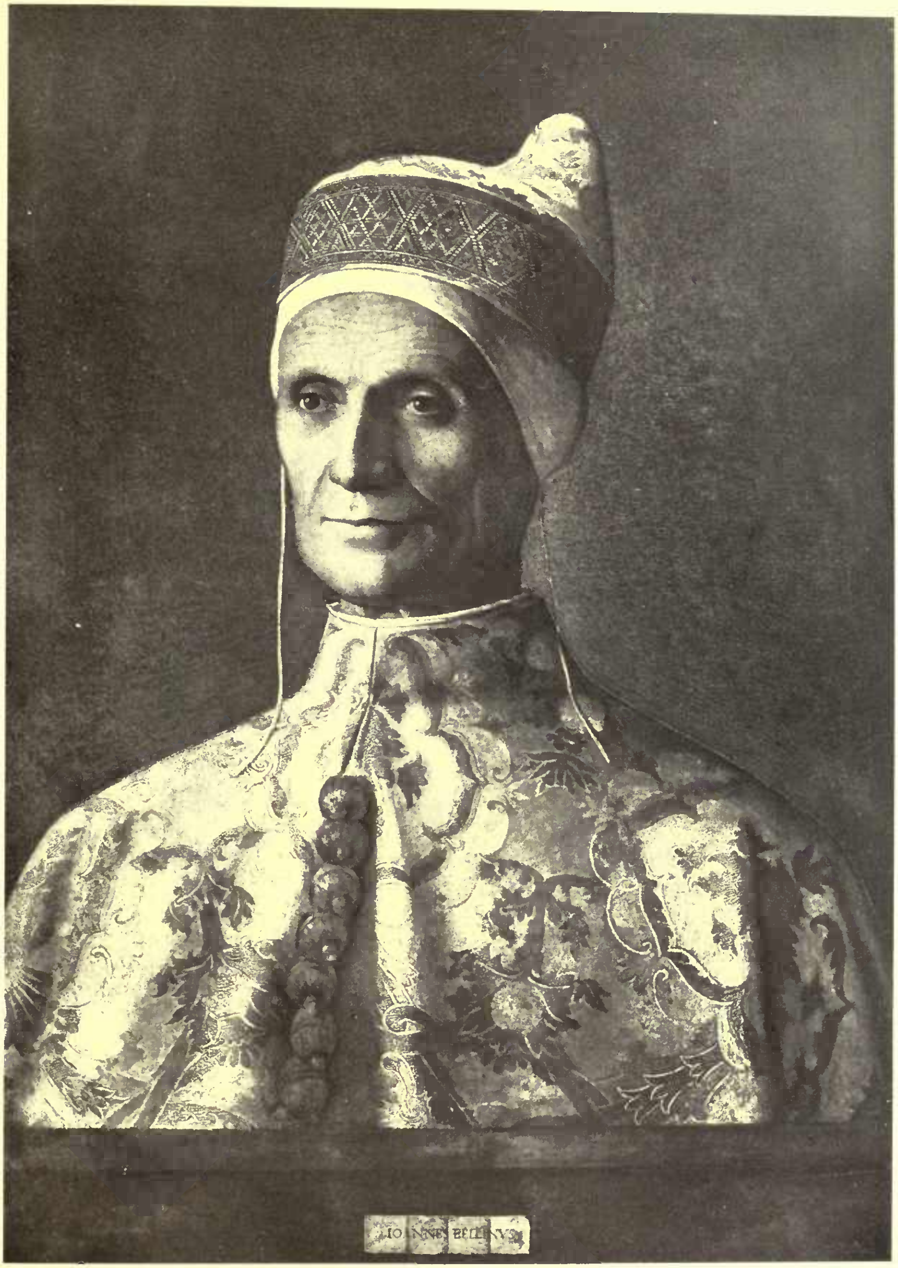
Giovanni Bellini

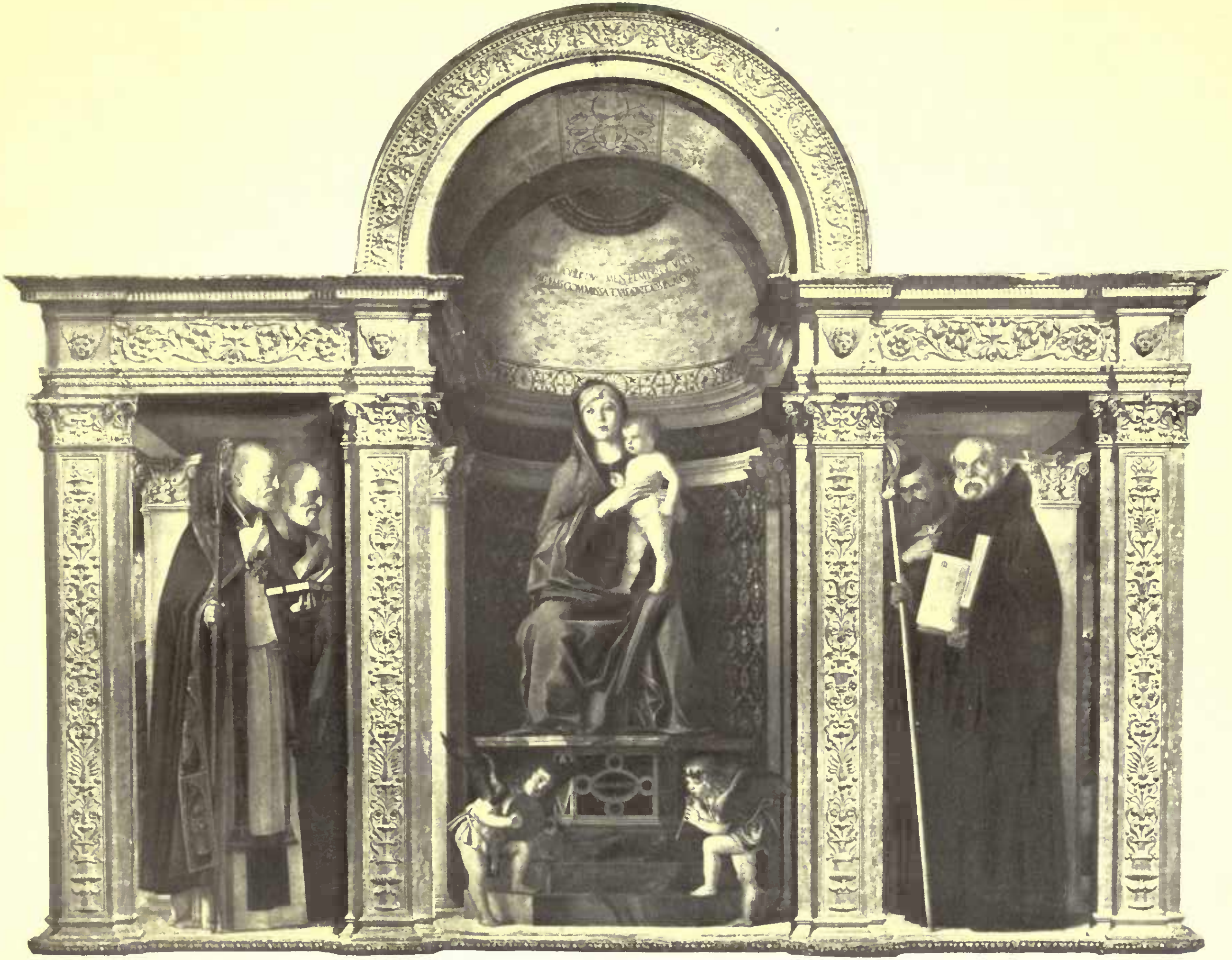
VENETIAN SCHOOL


IOANNES BELLINVS

MASTERS IN ART. PLATE I.

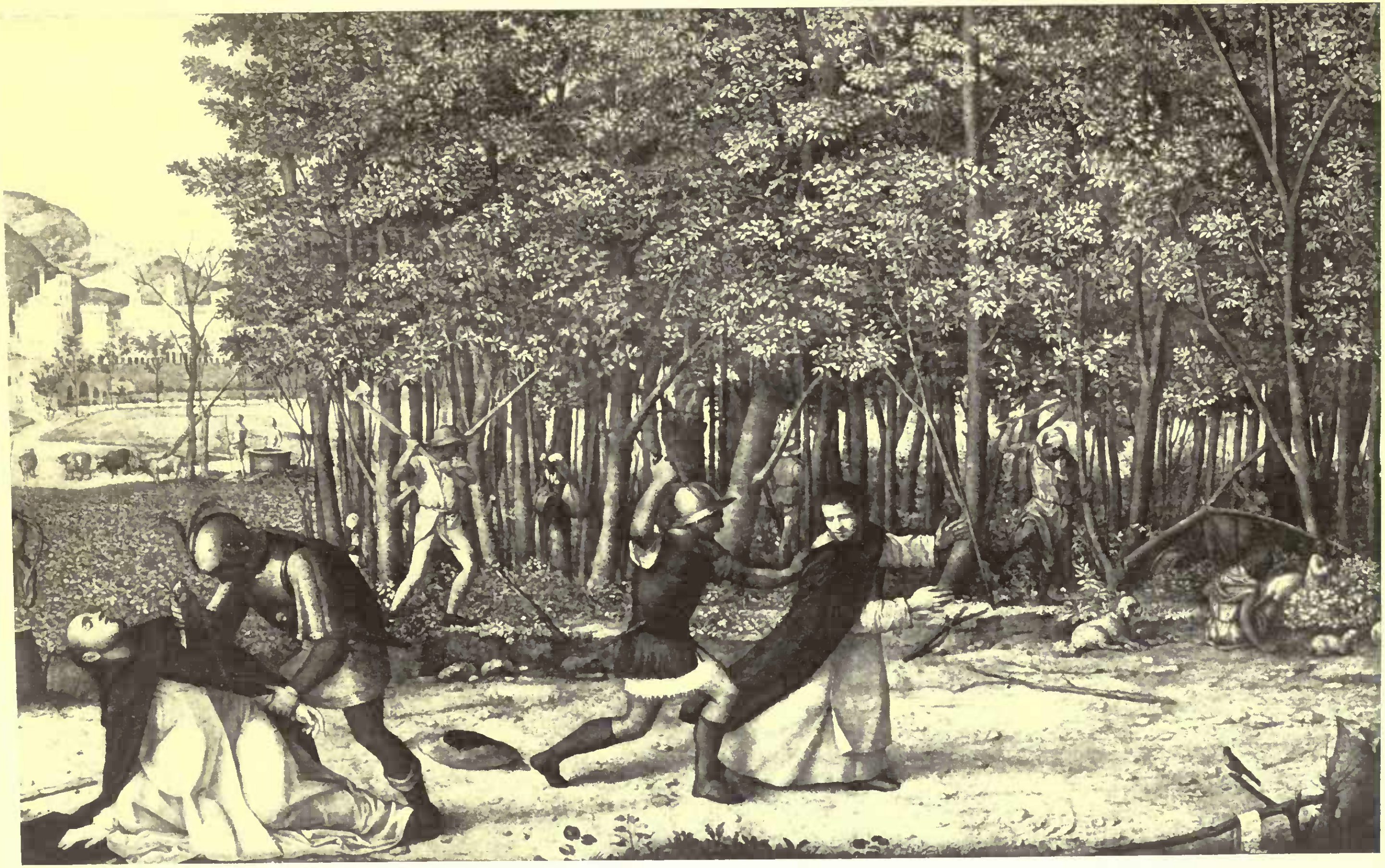
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

GIOVANNI BELLINI
PORTRAIT OF DOGE LEONARDO LOREDANO
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



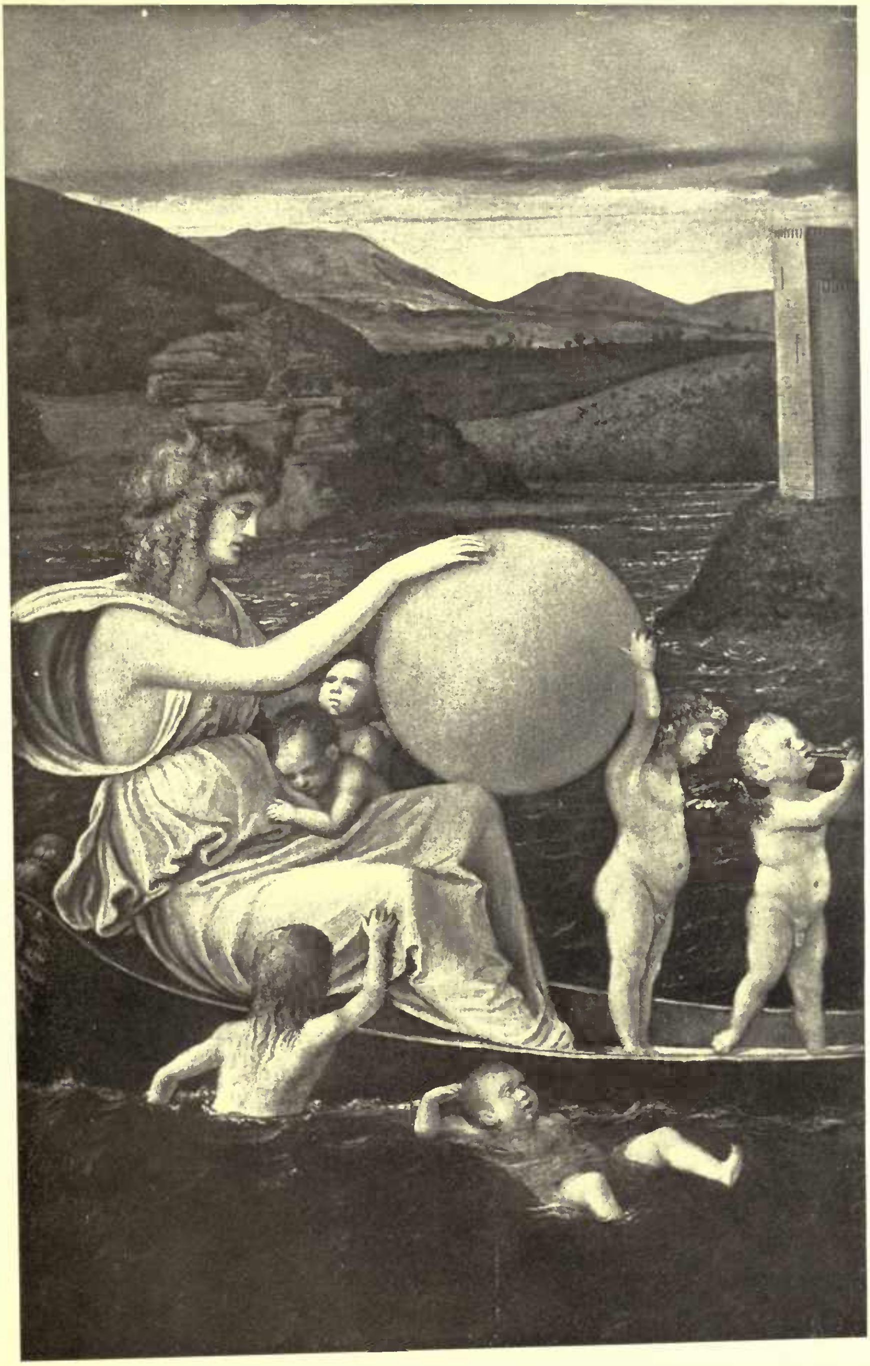
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE II.
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON

GIOVANNI BELLINI
ALTAR-PIECE OF THE CHURCH OF THE FRARI
CHURCH OF THE FRARI, VENICE



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE III.
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

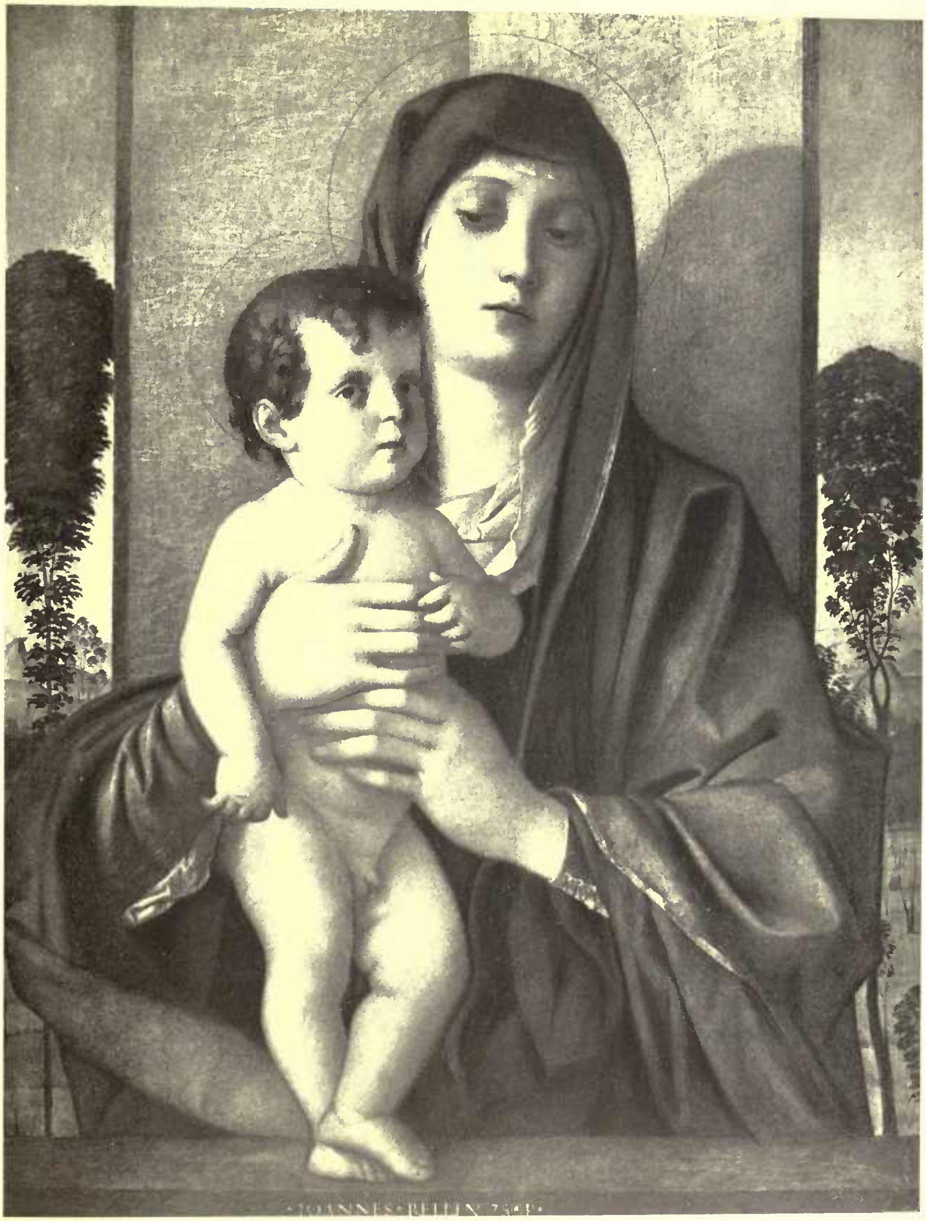
GIOVANNI BELLINI
DEATH OF ST. PETER MARTYR
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE IV.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

GIOVANNI BELLINI
ALLEGORY OF VENUS
ACADEMY, VENICE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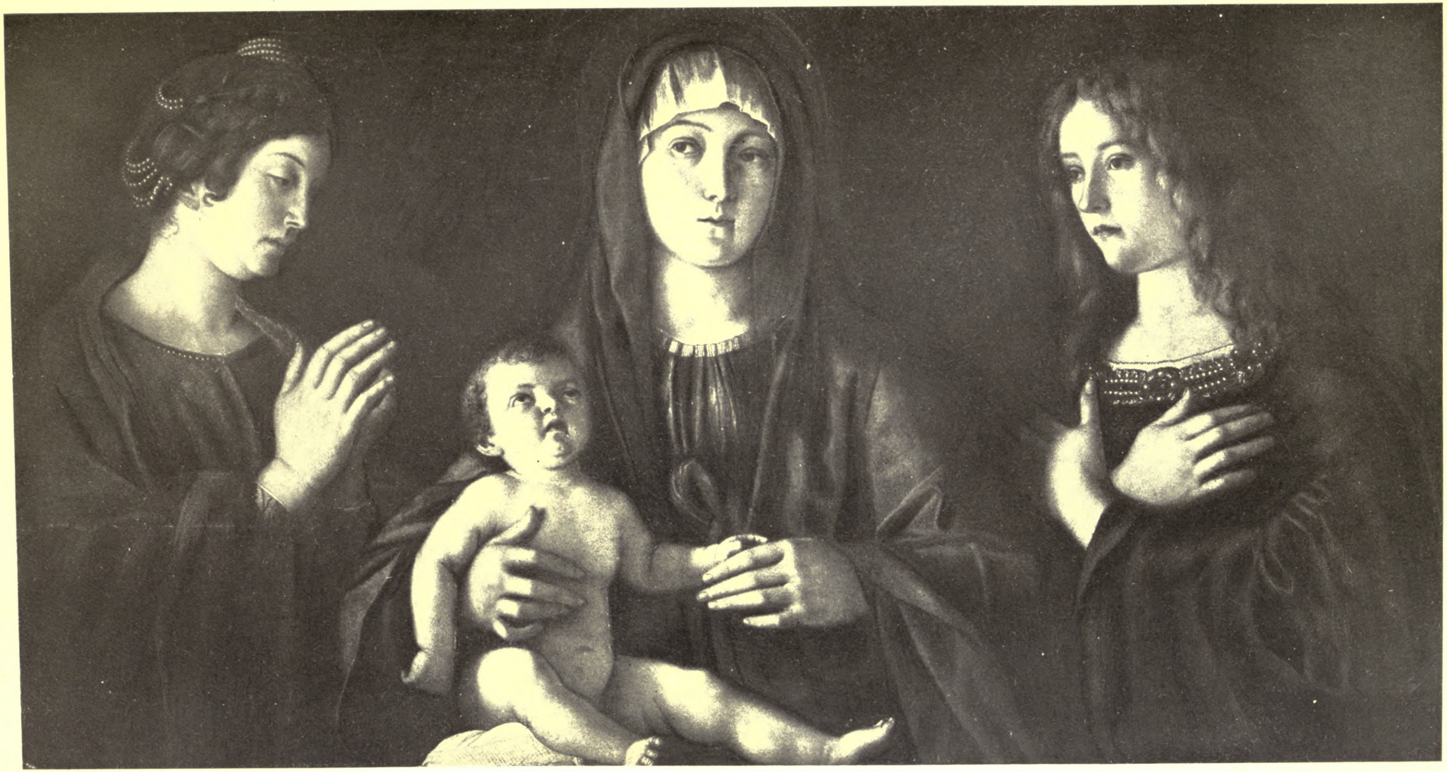
GIOVANNI BELLINI
THE MADONNA OF THE TWO TREES
ACADEMY, VENICE

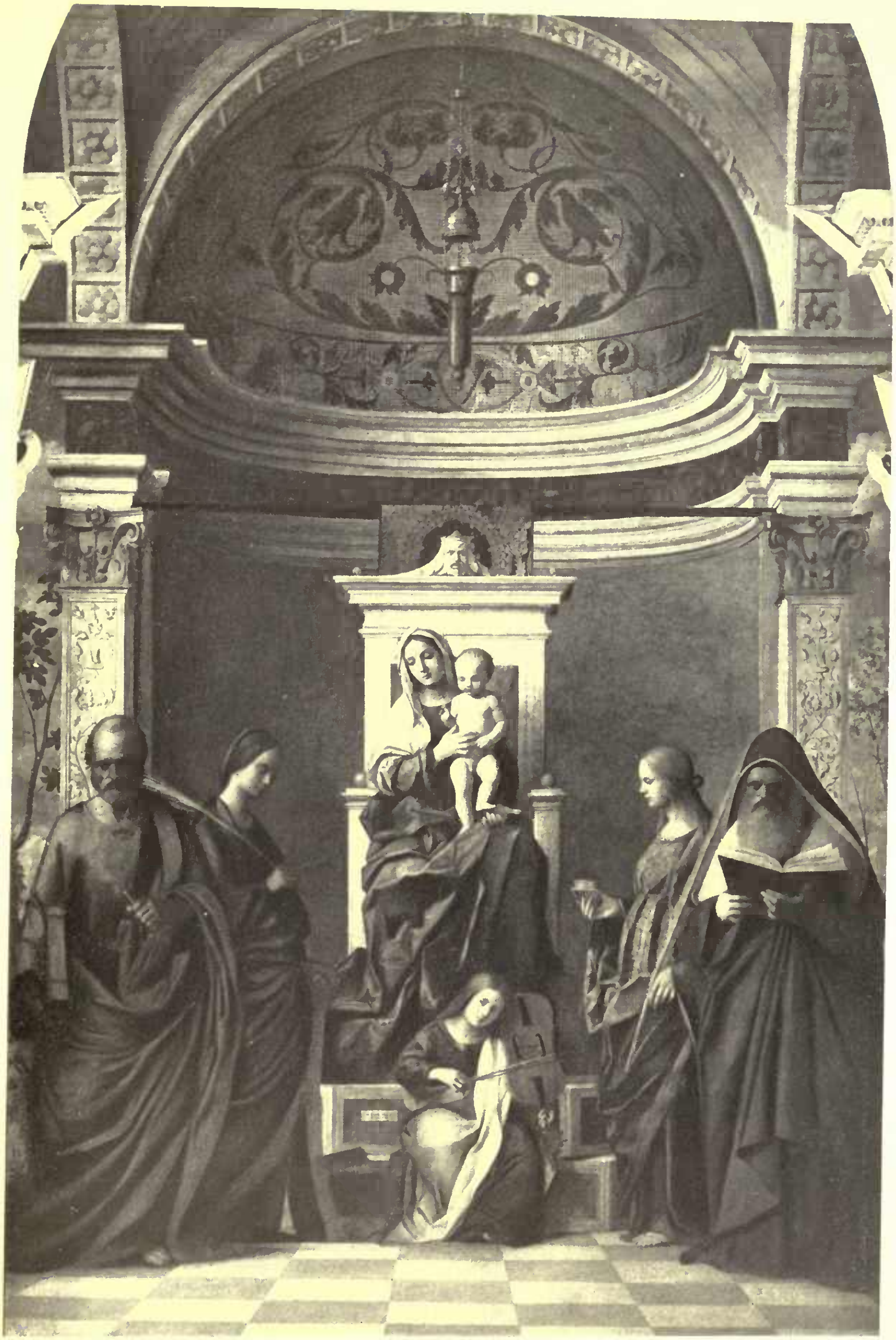
PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VI.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

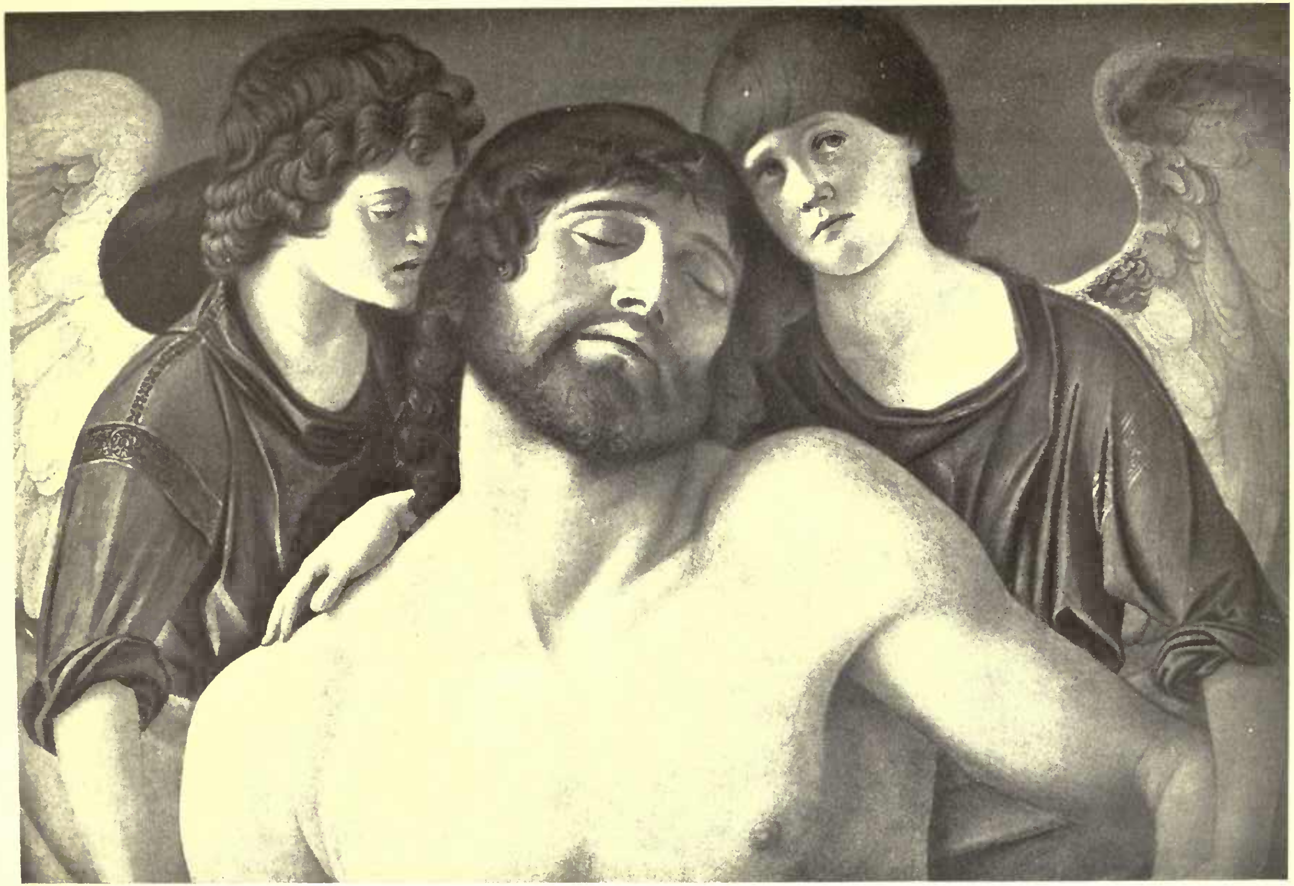
GIOVANNI BELLINI
THE MADONNA WITH ST. CATHERINE AND THE MAGDALEN
ACADEMY, VENICE



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VII.

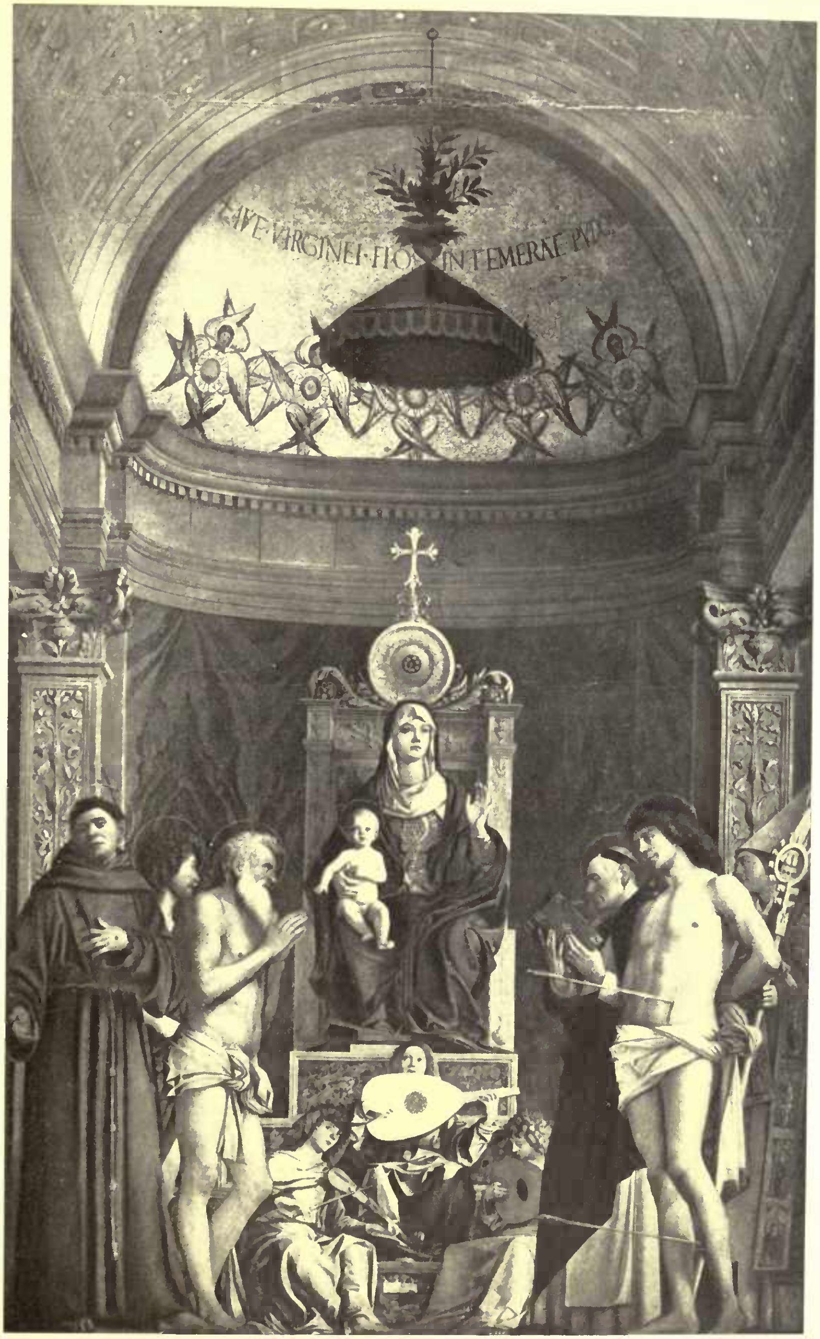
PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

GIOVANNI BELLINI
ALTAR-PIECE OF THE CHURCH OF SAN ZACCARIA
CHURCH OF SAN ZACCARIA, VENICE



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VIII.
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

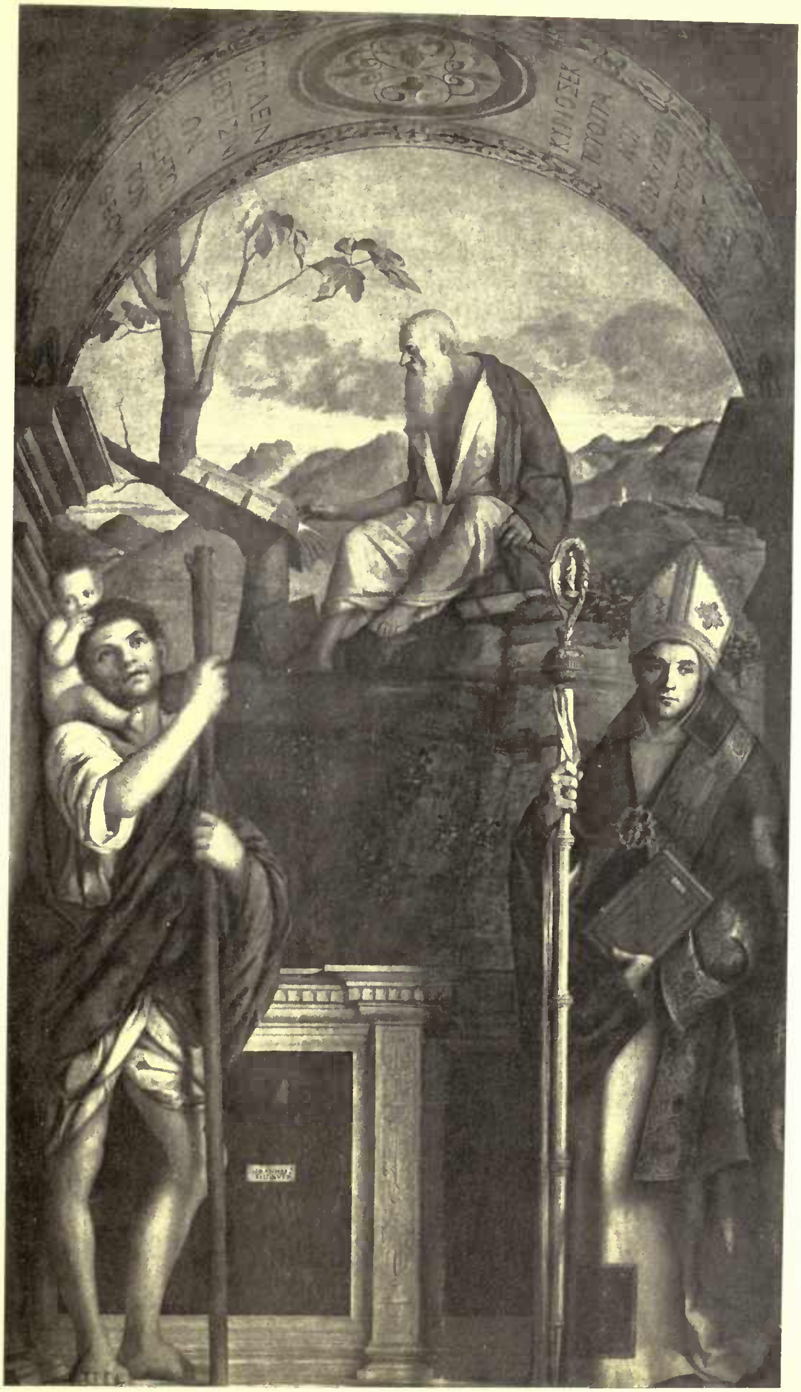
GIOVANNI BELLINI
PIETÀ [DETAIL]
BERLIN GALLERY


AVE·VIRGINEI·FLOS INTEMERATE·PVDO

MASTERS IN ART. PLATE IX.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

GIOVANNI BELLINI
ALTAR-PIECE OF THE CHURCH OF SAN GIOBBE
ACADEMY, VENICE



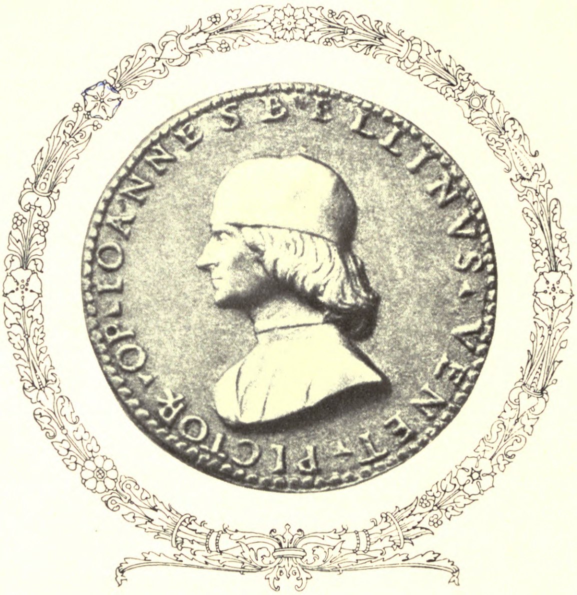
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE X.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

GIOVANNI BELLINI

ST. JEROME, ST. CHRISTOPHER, AND ST. AUGUSTINE

CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI CRISOSTOMO, VENICE



GIOVANNI BELLINI MEDAL G. DREYFUS COLLECTION, PARIS

Probably no portrait of Giovanni Bellini by himself exists. The authenticity of the supposed likenesses in the Uffizi at Florence, the Capitol at Rome, and the Duc d'Aumale's collection is doubtful. The only certain portrait of him (with the possible exception of that in "The Preaching of St. Mark" at the Brera, Milan, wherein his brother painted him as one of the subordinate figures) is that shown on the rare medal here reproduced. The medal is undated. On its face it bears the inscription, "Ioannes · Bellinvs · Venetvs · Pictor · Op (timus)." On the reverse is an owl, and the inscription, "Virtvtis · et · Ingenii," with the signature of the engraver, "Victor Camelivs," — a celebrated Venetian medallist, who was a contemporary of the brothers Bellini.

Giovanni Bellini

BORN 1428?: DIED 1516
VENETIAN SCHOOL

GIORGIO VASARI "LIVES OF THE PAINTERS"[1]

WHEN zealous efforts are supported by talent and rectitude, though the beginning may appear lowly and poor, yet do they proceed constantly upward by gradual steps, never ceasing nor taking rest until they have finally attained the summit of distinction, as may be clearly seen in the poor and humble commencement of the Bellini family, and in the elevation to which it attained by the devotion of its founders to the art of painting.

The Venetian artist Jacop Bellini was a disciple of Gentile da Fabriano, and a rival of that Domenico who taught the method of painting in oil to Andrea del Castagno; but although he labored very zealously to attain eminence in his art, yet he never acquired any great reputation in the same until after the departure of the above-named Domenico from Venice. But from that time forward, finding himself alone and without a competitor who could equal him in that city, his fame and credit constantly increased, and he attained to such eminence as to be reputed the first in his profession; and the renown thus acquired was not only maintained in his house, but was much enhanced by the circumstance that he had two sons, both decidedly inclined to the art, and each possessed of good ability and fine genius. One of these was called Giovanni, the other Gentile, a name which Jacopo gave him in memory of the tender affection borne to himself by Gentile da Fabriano, his master, who had been as a kind father to his youth. When these two sons, therefore, had attained the proper age, Jacopo himself instructed them carefully in the principles of design; but no long time elapsed before both greatly surpassed their father, who, rejoicing much thereat, encouraged them constantly, telling them that he desired to see them do as did the Tuscans, who were perpetually striving among themselves to carry off the palm of distinction by outstripping each other. . . .

In the course of time Jacopo withdrew himself entirely from his previous association with his children, and gave his attention, as did his two sons on their part, each separately to his own works. Of Jacopo I will make no further mention, because his paintings, when compared with those of his sons, were not extraordinary, and no long time after he had withdrawn himself from his sons he died; but I will not omit to say that, although the brothers separated and each lived alone, yet they had so much affection for each other, and both held their father in so much reverence, that each, constantly extolling the other, attributed inferior merit only to himself, and thus modestly sought to emulate each other no less in gentleness and courtesy than in the excellences of art.

[1] The text of Vasari used in this extract is from the translation by Mrs. Foster, as edited by Messrs. E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins (New York, 1897).

The first works of Giovanni Bellini were certain portraits from the life, which gave great satisfaction. At a later period Giovanni Bellini painted a picture for the altar of Santa Caterina of Siena, in the church of San Giovanni [destroyed by fire in 1867]; and in the church of San Giobbe he painted a picture for the altar of that saint, of which the drawing is very good and the coloring beautiful. . . .

Moved by these most praiseworthy performances, certain gentlemen began to reason among themselves, and to declare that it would be well to profit by the presence of such excellent masters, using the occasion to decorate the Hall of the Grand Council with historical paintings, wherein should be depicted the glories and magnificence of their most admirable city, her greatness, her deeds in war, her most important undertakings, and other similar things worthy to be represented in picture and to be had in remembrance by those who should come after, in order that to the pleasure and advantage derived from the reading of history might be added the gratification of the eyes, and equally of the intellect, from seeing delineated the images of so many illustrious nobles with the admirable works of so many great men, all most worthy of eternal renown and remembrance. It was therefore commanded by those who then governed that the commission for this work should be accorded to Giovanni and Gentile, whose fame increased from day to day, and it was further ordered that the undertaking should be entered on as soon as possible. Those parts of the Hall which were not adjudged to Gentile were given partly to Giovanni and partly to Antonio Vivarini [one of the family of painters from Murano, famous during the fifteenth century], to the end that all might be excited, by mutual emulation, to more zealous efforts. Vivarini would have completed his portion greatly to his own credit, but being of a weakly constitution, and exhausted by his labors, it pleased God that he should die early, and he could proceed no further; nay, he could not entirely finish even what he had commenced, and it became necessary that Giovanni Bellini should retouch the work in certain parts.

Giovanni had himself meanwhile begun four stories. In the first he depicted the Pope [Alexander VI.] in the church of San Marco, which he also delineated exactly as it stood. The pontiff presents his foot to Frederigo Barbarossa to kiss; but this first picture of Giovanni, whatever may have been the cause, was rendered much more animated, and beyond comparison better in every way, by the most excellent Titian. In the next Giovanni portrayed the Pope saying mass in San Marco, and afterwards, in the presence of the Emperor and the Doge, granting plenary and perpetual indulgence to all who at certain periods, the Ascension of our Lord being particularly specified, shall visit the church of San Marco. The master here depicted the interior of the church, with the Pope in his pontifical habit on the steps descending from the choir, surrounded by numerous cardinals and nobles, the concourse of these persons rendering this a rich and beautiful picture. In the compartment beneath that above described, the Pope is seen in his rochet presenting an umbrella or canopy to the Doge, after having given one to the Emperor and retained two for himself. In the last picture painted by Giovanni, Pope Alexander, the Emperor, and the Doge are seen to arrive in Rome, outside the gate of which city the pontiff is presented by the clergy and people of Rome with eight standards of various colors, and eight silver trumpets, which he gives to the Doge, that he and his successors may bear them as their standard, or ensign of war. Giovanni here depicted the city of Rome in somewhat distant perspective, with a large number of horses and a vast body of soldiers; there are, besides, innumerable banners, standards, and other tokens of rejoicing on the Castle St. Angelo and elsewhere. These works, which are really beautiful, gave so much satisfaction that Giovanni had just received the commission to paint all the remaining portion of that Hall when he died, having already attained to a good old age. [These works perished in the fires of 1574 and 1577.]

We have hitherto spoken of the works executed in the Hall of the Council only, that we may not interrupt the description of the stories depicted there, but we will now turn back a little to relate that many other paintings were executed by the same masters. Among these is a picture which is now on the high altar of the church of San Domenico in Pesaro;[1] and in the church of San Zaccaria in Venice, in the chapel of San Girolamo, namely, is a picture of the Virgin, with numerous saints, painted with great care; and in the same city, in the sacristy of the Frati Minori, called the "Ca Grande," there is another by the same master, very well drawn and in a very good manner; a similar work is to be seen in San Michele di Murano, a monastery of Camaldoline monks [in the church of SS. Pietro e Paolo, at Murano]. And in San Francesco della Vigna, which belongs to the Barefooted Friars, there was a picture of the dead Christ in the old church which was so beautiful that having been highly extolled before Louis XI., King of France, he requested the gift of it with so much earnestness that those monks were compelled to gratify him therewith, however reluctant they were to do so.

No long time after, several portraits by this master were taken into Turkey by an ambassador, and presented to the Grand Turk. These works awakened so much astonishment and admiration in that monarch, that, although among this people pictures are prohibited by the Mahometan law, the Emperor accepted them with great good will, extolling beyond measure the art and the artist; and, what is more, requiring that the master of the work should be sent to him.

The Senate thereupon, considering that Giovanni had reached an age when he could but ill support fatigue,[2] and not desiring to deprive their city of such a man, he having his hands then fully occupied, moreover, with the Hall of the Grand Council, resolved to send thither his brother Gentile in his stead, believing that he would do as well for the Turk as Giovanni. Gentile was received by the Grand Turk very willingly, and, being something new, was much caressed, more especially when he had presented Sultan Mahomet with a most charming picture, which that monarch admired exceedingly, scarcely finding it possible to conceive that a mere mortal should have in himself so much of the divinity as to be capable of reproducing natural objects so faithfully. . . .

After his return from Constantinople, Gentile performed but few works[3] and at length, having attained to the age of eighty, he passed to another life; and from his brother Giovanni he received honorable interment in the church of San Giovanni e Paolo.

Thus deprived of his brother Gentile, whom he had most tenderly loved, Giovanni, although very old, still continued to work a little, the better to pass his time; and having taken to execute portraits from the life, he introduced the custom into Venice that whoever had attained to a certain degree of eminence should cause his likeness to be portrayed either by himself or by some other master. Wherefore, in all Venetian houses, there are numerous portraits, and in many of those belonging to nobles may be seen the fathers and grandfathers of the possessors, up to the fourth generation; nay, in some of the most noble houses they go still further back, a custom which is certainly most praiseworthy, and was in use even among the ancients. Giovanni Bellini had many disciples, seeing that he instructed them all with great kindness.

Giovanni Bellini died of old age when he had completed his ninetieth year,[4] leaving an undying memorial of his name in the works which he had executed in Venice and other parts. He was honorably buried in the same church and in the same tomb wherein he had deposited his brother Gentile; nor were there wanting in Venice those who, by sonnets and epigrams, sought to do him honor after his death, as he had done honor to himself and his country during his life.

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[1] In San Francesco, not San Domenico. [2] Giovanni was in reality the younger brother, and in 1479, when Gentile went to Venice, was not much over fifty. [3] This is a mis-statement. Gentile painted most of his existing pictures after his return. [4] Probably his eighty-eighth year, in 1516.

The Art of Giovanni Bellini

JOHN RUSKIN "STONES OF VENICE"

GIOVANNI BELLINI is the only artist who appears to me to have united, in equal and magnificent measures, justness of drawing, nobleness of coloring, and perfect manliness of treatment, with the purest religious feeling. He did, as far as it is possible to do it, instinctively and unaffectedly, what the Caracci only pretended to do. Titian colors better, but has not his piety. Leonardo draws better, but has not his color. Angelico is more heavenly, but has not his manliness, far less his powers of art.

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS "VASARI'S LIVES"

GIOVANNI BELLINI means, to the visitor to Italy, the painter of solemn enthroned Madonnas or of half-length Virgins between guardian saints, enveloped in an atmosphere of strong but golden color. He developed so slowly that his masterpieces were the work of his latest years, and his altar-pieces of San Zaccaria and of the Frari were painted when he was already an old man. M. Müntz lays special emphasis on the patience and laboriousness of Giovanni, saying that he began with an incompleteness of vision which amounted to obtuseness, and by force of perseverance attained an ideal which his pupils, with Titian among them, were unable to equal. It is difficult to wholly subscribe to this: the sense of beauty in Giovanni may have been clouded, but it existed from the beginning of his career; something there was in him which he did not create, nor even develop wholly by perseverance. He was not naturally a draughtsman, and his modelling has sometimes a flat, uncertain, and papery quality about it that gives a boneless look to his figures; but this modelling was intended for the half-light of churches, where its feebleness was largely counteracted.

Like every Venetian painter he had "the golden touch," but no one else had it quite so fully as he. Giorgione's coloring may be more thrilling, Titian's deeper chorded and more sonorous, if one may carry out the musical comparison; but no painter's figures, not even the people of Carpaccio or of Cima, swim in such an atmosphere of pure gold as surrounds the Madonnas of San Zaccaria and the Frari. Dignity Giovanni's Madonnas have always, a dignity which becomes majesty with these two glorious enthroned Virgins; but his divine mothers are proud rather than tender; true to the Byzantine tradition, they hold up the infant Christ to the people instead of clasping him to themselves; they are Christophers, Christ-bearers, as has been well said, as they sit with their calm faces and their hooded mantles against the background of liquid gold.

Bellini brought the science of the fifteenth century to the old Greek painters' ideal, and these Virgins are the descendants of the stately and imperious Madonnas of the Byzantine mosaics, as well as of the sad and mysterious Madonnas of Cimabue. They are so calm as to be often impassive, their features are sometimes pinched and mean, and much that has been written of their tenderness and beauty is exaggerated and uncritical. Two or three of them are lovely, but generally it is not their facial beauty that charms, but their ensemble, their grave and simple dignity, their quiet, golden breadth of treatment, the absence of all straining either for expression or technical handling. It is, above all, in this last quality of achievement without visible effort, this unruffled, quiet perfection, that Giovanni Bellini is a master of masters. He is essentially contemplative, loving best to paint the enthroned Madonna, and yet he becomes intensely pathetic, and even dramatic, in his Pietàs, which are among the greatest that the Renaissance has left us. He was strongly affected by the art of Mantegna, upon which he himself reacted in turn, until these two painters filled the whole north of Italy with their names and influences, and prepared the way for Giorgione and Titian and Correggio.

GIOVANNI MORELLI "ITALIAN PAINTERS"

TAKING him all in all, I consider that Giovanni Bellini was the greatest painter in North Italy in the fifteenth century, though undoubtedly Vittore Pisano was in his day, that is, the first half of the century, as great a pioneer in art, in a certain sense, as was Bellini in the latter half. Andrea Mantegna is certainly more impressive, powerful, and learned than Bellini, and depicts the moment of action with greater force and a more truthful realism. Yet there is a certain monotony in the conception and mode of representation of both Mantegna and Pisano, whereas Bellini as an artist is versatile in the highest degree. From his twentieth year upwards, that is, from 1450 until his latest known works of 1513 and 1514 (the altar-piece in San Giovanni Crisostomo in Venice and "The Bacchanal" belonging to the Duke of Northumberland), he is in continual growth, in one unceasing evolution, so that Dürer was right when in 1506 he pronounced him the best artist in Venice. Bellini knew how to adapt himself to his subject; as occasion required, grand and serious, graceful and attractive, naïve and simple. His women and children, his old men and boys, never resemble each other, and the same type and expression seldom occur. Bellini was, after Mantegna, the greatest delineator of character in North Italy in an age when the portrayal of character was the principal aim of art. Later, when art sought to give expression to the affections and emotions of human nature, he shows himself second to none in depicting religious feeling, maternal love, and artless and childlike joy, as well as pious awe and devout humility in his male and female saints. Bellini is never dramatic, but he always gives to his figures life, dignity, and power.—FROM THE GERMAN BY C. J. FFOULKES.

F. T. KUGLER "HANDBOOK OF PAINTING"

THE proper head of the Venetian school—and considering his varied powers, perhaps the greatest painter that Italy produced during the fifteenth century—was Giovanni Bellini. By a union of large gifts and length of years he appropriated and combined the best qualities of contemporary painters and schools, and developed those excellences, especially that of color, which constitute the transition from the fifteenth to the sixteenth century. Unlike even the greatest masters of his time, who evince a certain monotony of conception and representation, or mannerism, he displayed the greatest variety. From his earliest to his latest known works, executed when he was approaching his ninetieth year, he shows continual development, and increasing knowledge and power. Although many and probably the most important of his works have perished, and many have been irretrievably injured, sufficient fruits of the industry of his pencil remain to revive a reputation which in his own time stood deservedly supreme.

Giovanni Bellini did not veer between the common and the ideal, like Signorelli; or between the quaintly realistic and solemnly sublime, like Mantegna; but he was endowed with profound and grandly balanced feeling, the expression of which appeals to large and noble sympathies. That he was endowed with a highly poetical imagination, some of his works unquestionably prove. Tempering the austerity of the Paduan school with a dignity and serenity peculiarly his own, he endowed his art with a character of moral beauty, which, without actually spiritualizing the things of this world, displayed their noblest and most edifying side. Thus his figures, though animated with the utmost truth of nature, are utterly removed from the mean and accidental. He represents a race of men of easy and courtly dignity—a race not yet extinct in Venice. His Madonnas are pure and gentle beings imbued with a lofty grace and with the tenderest feelings. His saints are grand and noble forms; his angels, happy and cheerful boys in the full bloom of youth. In his representation of the Saviour he displays a moral power and grandeur seldom equalled in the history of art. In the expression of feeling,—whether of grief or pain or joy,—he is never grotesque or exaggerated, even when fresh from the school of Squarcione. In his works Venetian coloring attained, if not its highest truth of nature, at all events its greatest intensity and transparency. Of his powers as a draughtsman and in composition, we should have had still better evidence if the great historical series of pictures in the Ducal Palace, on which he and his brother Gentile were engaged, had been preserved to us. He possessed exquisite poetic feeling in the use of landscape, and, with obvious love, introduced the face of Italian nature in his backgrounds wherever there was place for it; dwelling equally on the near minutiæ of weeds and stones and on the forms of hill and valley, and on the distant sky and landscape which embody "the grace of a day that is dead." And to his latter years, as if then more free to indulge what particularly delighted his eye, belong two works in which landscape plays the principal part, one of them "The Death of St. Peter Martyr" in the National Gallery, London, and the other "The Bacchanal" at Alnwick Castle.

A. F. RIO "THE POETRY OF CHRISTIAN ART"

PERHAPS no artist ever made such surprising and continual progress, from the commencement to the close of his career, as Giovanni Bellini; and when we compare his first works with those which he executed at the age of seventy or even eighty, the contrast is so great that we should imagine them to belong to different centuries, and that an interval of several generations must have elapsed between them. The pictures in his first manner, those which were produced in the effervescence of youth and in the more unremitting activity of his riper years, are much more numerous than the others, and are consequently to be found in all important galleries. Those executed in the first twenty years closely resemble each other in their mechanical execution. But in his later pictures we find him endeavoring to darken and strengthen the tone of his colors, even before he had learned the secret of oil-painting. As to his fundamental types of Christ, the Virgin, and the Apostles, they were irrevocably fixed in his imagination, their distinguishing character being a melancholy gravity. His pencil was also never employed upon scenes which, however graceful in themselves, might have a tendency to degrade the subject; no effusions of maternal tenderness, no exchange of infantine caresses between the little St. John and the infant Christ, are to be found in his pictures. The latter is generally represented by him with the hand raised to give his benediction, and the expression of the face is in harmony with the attitude. As for the Virgin, we see that she is entirely absorbed with the presentiment of her sufferings, and is already the Mother of the Seven Sorrows. The type has not the same beauty as that of the Umbrian school, but it is more prophetic; and if we examine the series of Bellini's productions, we shall find this type constantly adhered to by the artist, and that, although he may sometimes have changed the color of the drapery, there is little variation in the general treatment of the subject.—FROM THE FRENCH.

J. BURCKHARDT "THE CICERONE"

IT was in the school of the second generation of Venetian painters, headed by Gentile and Giovanni Bellini, that the Venetian coloring was first formed. Possibly something was due to Antonello da Messina, a pupil of Van Eyck, who lived long in Venice; and the painters of Murano had already laid the foundation. Without anywhere losing themselves in refinement of detail, the school now discovered the secrets of harmony and of transitions, as well as the mode of employing single colors with the greatest effect of beauty. It did not aim at producing illusion by the representation of materials; in the drapery it gives a luminous transparency; but in the nude it achieves that indescribably soft and nobly lifelike substance which is produced by the finest modelling, working not in dark shadows but only in tones of color, partly by secrets of glazing, and indeed in a hundred different ways. By the side of these productions everything Paduan seems left very far behind. The greatest of this school, Giovanni Bellini, is greatest likewise in coloring and in rendering; others retain certain hardnesses, as Carpaccio or even Cima, or incline towards a weak scumbling.

Giovanni Bellini, though occasionally equalled by others, in their best moments, even in the characters, always remains far the greatest of all. Probably to him is owing, in Venice, the new arrangement of the altar-pieces. Instead of divisions into panels, the single saints are collected in a group round the enthroned Madonna in a 'santa conversazione,' which is beautifully framed architecturally by a porch, either open, or closed by a mosaic niche. He constructs this group almost with the same severe, beautifully formed symmetry as Fra Bartolommeo. The mere juxtaposition of the saintly figures without definite emotion, or even distinct devotion, gives an effect of something supersensual by the harmonious union of so many free and beautiful characters in a blessed state of existence. The wonderful angels on the steps of the throne, with their singing, their lutes and violins, are but the outward symbols of this truly musical meaning. — FROM THE GERMAN BY MRS. A. H. CLOUGH.

WALTER ARMSTRONG THE PORTFOLIO: 1884

IN Giovanni Bellini the intellectual faculties are far stronger than the æsthetic sympathies. In those undoubted works of his which have come down to us — and they are none too many considering that he lived but ten years short of a century — we are impressed by the depth and strength of the emotion of which they tell, rather than by the completeness of the telling. Bellini's composition is often little but accident; his draperies are often wanting in style; his moving figures do not always move. On the other hand, the gravity and dignity of his Madonnas and holy children, the fierce truth and vitality of his portraits, the straightforward insistence of his drama, excel on their own ground everything else the school of Venice has left us. They are the relics of a nature strong rather than facile, constant rather than adaptive, deep-rooted rather than wide in its sympathies.

W. J. STILLMAN "OLD ITALIAN MASTERS"

ONE of the most interesting items of personal knowledge of Bellini's character we have is the letter which Albrecht Dürer wrote when in Venice, and which is fortunately preserved textually. Dürer writes to a friend: —

"I have many good friends among the Italians who tell me I should not eat and drink with Italian painters [pointing clearly to the danger of being poisoned through jealousy, a curious testimony to the moral character of the men who were, as we now imagine, so filled with the religious sentiment in their art, but who, as we see by other incidents, even in the life of Bellini, were full of professional envy and animosity]. Many are inimical to me, and also imitate my work when they see it in the churches; they also blame it because they say it is not in the old style, therefore not good; but Giovanni Bellini has praised me much, before many noble people. He would much like to have something of mine, and came himself to me and begged me to do something for him and he would pay me well. And every one says what an upright man he is. I am much attached to him. He is very old, but still the best in painting."

Dürer's testimony is important, for he was an artist of the intellectual type, and that which furnished the soundest criticism of the art of others. When, therefore, he, with the work of Titian — then in his prime — before him, says that Bellini is the best painter of Venice, he pronounces a judgment which deserves the greatest consideration; for he knew his art theoretically and practically, and was at the same time so broad in his feeling that he was not, like a painter of more limited if more intense sympathy, likely to take a partial view of the art of another painter, and his words encourage me in my own judgment of Giovanni, that he held the position in the school of Venice that Phidias did in that of Greece; he was at that summit level of art at which all the best elements and all the classic dignity and severity were still preserved, and the sensuous element was kept in check by the intellectual and the feeling for the ideal in form. Later, Giorgione and Titian revel in a far more complete abandon to the fascinations of art and in the pursuit of "art for art's sake," just as in the Greek school Praxiteles and Scopas carried the triumphs of art, if not its refinements, to a stage beyond the Phidian. We give an intellectual adhesion to the pre-eminence of the Elgin marbles; but, in my opinion, every artist who is honest with himself says to himself that he enjoys the "Hermes" and the "Venus of Milo" more than the pediment of the Parthenon, just as he prefers the "Sacred and Profane Love" to a masterpiece of Giovanni Bellini. And we must remember that the great work of Bellini's life went in the conflagration of the Ducal Palace, and that what we have is mainly the things he did to live by, or to lay up money. Titian is sometimes reckless of his own reputation and is feebler than himself, but Bellini in the work of his eighty-sixth year is as firm in his touch and as severe in his purpose as in the earliest picture we have of his. Titian carries the power of color further and gives its orchestration a sweep which Bellini could not have approved, but Bellini's were the principles and the patterns which Titian only embroidered on — that poetry of color in which the truth of nature transcends her facts and sends her messages of beauty home to the heart in a passion which the severest prose version can never awaken. The Giottesques, even down to Gozzoli, had employed color as the means of brightening the church, and the Florentine Renaissance used it as the matter-of-fact language of nature, her prose; but Bellini, and the Venetians with him, sought it as music, and wrought out its contrasts and chords to heighten its brilliancy or intensify its tenderness, or subdued its crudity to the warmth and glow of flesh, or to the pathos of twilight on the landscape. . . .

The question of the introduction of oil-color has an enormous importance in the history of Venetian art. When oil is used as a transparent vehicle and the system of execution becomes more or less a process of glazing, the character of the work is transformed and the increase of power and brilliancy in the tints is enormous. And this it is which enabled Bellini to elaborate a system of color which would have been impossible to a painter in tempera or fresco.

But these are mechanical elements of art. All the scientific and all the theoretical knowledge, as well as all the power of drawing, of Michelangelo would have been in vain had not the Venetian temperament — the sentiment of and the delight in color, which no other school has ever developed — been implanted in Bellini. He found the music of color, but where we need not attempt to discover. Mystery of genius! Here we drop analysis; here the vivisection of the soul, were it possible, alone could help us.

The Venetian School of Painting

1350 TO 1800

THE three chief epochs of Venetian art have thus been defined by Ruskin: —

"The first we may call the Vivarini epoch — bright, innocent, more or less elementary, entirely religious art, reaching from 1400 to 1480; the second (which we call the Carpaccian epoch), sometimes classic and mythic, as well as religious, 1480 to 1520; the third, supremely powerful art corrupted by taint of death, 1520 to 1600, which we will call the Tintoret epoch. Of course the lives of the painters run in and out across these limits; yet if you fasten these firmly in your mind — 80, 40, 80 — you will find that you have an immense advantage and easy grip of the whole history of Venetian art."

ART JOURNAL VOLUME 10

IT is remarkable that the rise of the art of painting at Venice, about the middle of the fifteenth century, was not until more than a century and a half after its rise at Florence; and at the time when the painters of North Italy were making their earliest efforts to break through the mediæval trammels the Tuscans had advanced almost to their highest excellence. Fra Angelica, so much revered as the master of seraphic expression, and Masaccio, who, enlightened by the Florentine sculptors, at length introduced well-shaped, able-limbed humanity into pictures — a most tardy improvement — both died about the time when the painters of the lagune were only just beginning to infuse some life and bloom into the old traditionary Byzantine forms, with aid derived, not from the Florentines and Sienese, but first from the ruder and more homely early schools of Germany, and secondly from certain hard and crabbed notions of the antique which were beginning to be taught in the neighboring city of Padua. At an age when Giotto had long before adorned almost every quarter of Italy with his most vigorous and pathetic conceptions full of dramatic expression, and with allegories replete with beautiful serious wit and sapient fancy, and his successors had produced many a long poem of the pencil, deeply imbued with the favorite mystical theology of the age, or awful with Dantesque power, the Vivarini of Murano — as if Venice had meanwhile, in her island seclusion, been wholly ignorant of these grand and most intellectual works, or rather as if, with her characteristic jealousy, she had turned her back wilfully and resolvedly on the example and teaching of the Italian terra firma — commenced with monotonous single figures of saints, standing apart from each other in Gothic panels, such as are characteristic of the earliest period of art. And in their more ambitious efforts they contented themselves with an occasional "Coronation of the Virgin," in an antiquated half-German and somewhat rustic style; or some very quaint and feeble representation of more active events, painted on a diminutive scale, and inlaid in the gorgeous frames of their more important works, like the illuminations in the border of some old missal. The chief interest in their works, so soon as they show any — although religious tenderness of expression is not altogether wanting in them — derives itself, not from any tendency to ideal grace and unearthly sanctity, such as characterizes the similar subjects painted ages before by the Tuscans, but from a portrait-like individuality of character, leaning toward ordinary life; and, above all, a soft, delicate, and rosy dawning of that beautiful and magnificent coloring which became the distinguishing glory of Venetian art.

A succession of the Vivarini extended to the close of the fifteenth century; and the works of the latest of them, Bartolommeo and Luigi, display a rapid advance in this soft and splendid coloring, and in the liveliness of their saints; but their progress seems to have been derived in a considerable degree through the example of a second independent school of painters which had meanwhile arisen in Venice — that of the Bellini. The founder of this second school, Jacopo, chiefly known by his studies of the antique at Padua, under Squarcione, was not a painter whose abilities call for extended notice; but his second son, Giovanni Bellini, is one of the most venerated names art has to boast of, for he it was who raised the devotional spirit of Venetian painting to the utmost height it ever attained, and also carried forward many of its most purely technical merits to an excellence so appropriate to his class of subjects that his scholar, Titian himself, could not, in that respect, have equalled him. Not only have his saints more tenderness and pious fervor than those of any other Venetian, but the colors in which they shine forth are unrivalled in clear strength by those of any previous Italian painter; owing in some degree, perhaps, to a study of the Van Eycks, but far more, I believe, from Van Eyck's medium of oil, which Bellini was the first Venetian to adopt, enabling him to produce richer and more transparent tones than the former method of tempera, and so more fully to express his own notions and feelings with regard to color. In grouping and composition likewise, Bellini introduced the first essential improvements. He led the way in breaking down those Gothic partitions between the solitary saints; by that means enabling them to meet and look tenderly on one another, and, by and by, assemble round the throne of the Madonna in those orderly but dignified groups called 'santi conversazioni,' which constitute the chief charm and attraction of the purely devotional painting of Venice.

A FURTHER ACCOUNT OF THE VENETIAN SCHOOL OF PAINTING, WITH A LIST OF THE MEMBERS OF THAT SCHOOL, MAY BE FOUND IN THE MONOGRAPH ON TITIAN IN THIS SERIES.

The Works of Giovanni Bellini

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

"PORTRAIT OF DOGE LEONARDO LOREDANO" NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

LEONARDO LOREDANO, the sixty-seventh doge of Venice, held office from 1501 to 1521. Under his magnanimous rule the Republic was one of the great powers of Europe, and when her fortunes were endangered by the celebrated League of Cambrai, formed against her in 1508 by the Pope, the Emperor of Germany, and the kings of France and Spain, it was through his wisdom that the threatened ruin was averted.

"In his capacity of state painter to the Republic," writes Richter, "it was Giovanni Bellini's duty to execute the official portraits of the doges. During his long life he saw no fewer than eleven doges of Venice, and was state painter during the reigns of four. Nevertheless, but one likeness of a doge by Bellini has been preserved, and that is the Leonardo Loredano of the National Gallery, one of the most perfect portraits of the Quattrocento, remarkable alike for the great simplicity of the conception and for the brilliancy of the coloring."

The picture is painted on wood, and is inscribed on the usual cartello: IOANNES BELLINVS. "This remarkable portrait," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "is a singular instance of the skill with which Bellini could seize and embellish nature, reproduce the flexibility of flesh in a soft and fused golden tone, and venture at the same time into every line of detail. There is no better example of the painter's talents in this branch to be found."

"ALTAR-PIECE, CHURCH OF THE FRARI" CHURCH OF THE FRARI: VENICE

"I HAVE just examined at the Frari a picture by Giovanni Bellini," writes Taine, "which seems to me a masterpiece of genuine religious art. At the rear of a chapel, over the altar, within a small piece of golden architecture, sits the Virgin on a throne, in a grand blue mantle. She is good and simple, like a simple, innocent peasant girl. At her feet two little angels in short vests seem to be choir-boys, and their plump infantile thighs are of the finest and healthiest flesh-color. On the two sides, in the compartments, are two couples of saints, impassible figures in the garbs of monk and bishop, erect for eternity in hieratic attitude, actual forms reminding one of the sunburnt fishermen of the Adriatic. These personages have all lived; the believer kneeling before them recognized features encountered by him in his boat and on the canals, the ruddy brown tones of visages tanned by the sea-breezes, the pure carnation of young girls reared in a moist atmosphere, the damask cope of the prelate heading the processions, and the little naked legs of the children fishing for crabs at sunset. He could not avoid having faith in them; — truth so local and perfect paved the way to illusion. But the apparition was one of a superior and august world. These personages do not move; their faces are in repose and their eyes fixed like those of figures seen in a dream. A painted niche, glowing with red and gold, recedes behind the Virgin like the extension of an imaginary realm."

The work is painted on wood in oil, and is wonderfully glowing and mellow in color. The whole is enclosed in a richly ornamented frame. Bellini's name in gold, and the date 1488, are inscribed on the middle panel below the throne.

"The figure of the Virgin," writes Rio, "and those of the saints by whom she is surrounded, have all the imposing gravity of a religious composition, while the angels equal the most charming miniatures for freshness of coloring and naïveté of expression."

DEATH OF ST. PETER MARTYR NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

THE story of St. Peter Martyr is told by Mrs. Clement in her "Handbook of Legendary Art" as follows: "St. Peter Martyr (St. Peter the Dominican) was born at Verona about 1205. His parents were of an heretical sect called the Cathari, but the boy went to a Catholic school. He was beaten at home for reciting the creed. St. Dominick found him a zealous disciple when at Verona, and persuaded him to unite with his Order at the early age of fifteen. He became a successful preacher and a most intolerant man. He greatly delighted in the persecution of the Cathari. He was made Inquisitor-General under Pope Honorius III. Two Venetian noblemen whom he had accused, and whose property was confiscated, resolved to be revenged on him. They hired assassins who watched that they might kill him in a forest where they knew he would pass unaccompanied, save by a single monk. When he appeared one of the murderers struck him down with an axe. They then pursued and killed his attendant. When they returned to St. Peter he was reciting the Apostles' Creed, or as others say, he was writing it on the ground with his blood, when the assassins completed their cruel work."

"To my mind," writes W. J. Stillman, "one of the most important of Bellini's pictures is the 'Peter Martyr' of the National Gallery of London. It might be considered the forerunner of modern landscape painting if it were alone in his art. The figures [which have probably been repainted by another hand] are of little importance compared with those in the church pictures generally, but are in an important landscape, by which the painter, as by the naturalistic treatment of the subject, may have intended to distinguish this particular modern martyrdom from those of the early days of Christianity. The background against which the figures are relieved is a thicket of laurel, each leaf carefully touched and each group carefully composed, not from nature, but from knowledge of the tree, no endeavor being apparent to realize the actual effect of foliage, but the aim being simply to dwell inexhaustibly on the lovely forms of the laurel-leaf in its varying positions. In the distance is a lovely hill landscape in the sunlight, with an Italian town of the day rising beyond the grove. It is a work of Giovanni's old age, painted in 1514, when he was eighty-six."

In describing this work, Crowe and Cavalcaselle say: "In this example Bellini created the original model of those landscape pictures in which Giorgione, Titian, and Cariani became so famous, the peculiar feature of which is that the figures are altogether subordinate to the locality into which they are introduced. Here, indeed, Bellini is not successful in arrangement or appropriate action, representing Peter Martyr to the left awkwardly prostrate as he falls stabbed to the ground, and Peter Martyr again hardly earnest in his flight from the dagger of the assassin; but the foreground is the mere skirting of a thick forest in which woodsmen ply the axe and shepherds lead their flocks, whilst, through an opening to the left, we are led over a bridge towards a city pleasantly nestling in an amphitheatre of hills, the light tints of the distance peeping through the screen of verdure. Nothing can exceed the rich and well-blended golden color with which the beautiful neighborhood is here depicted."

"ALLEGORY OF VENUS" ACADEMY: VENICE

IN the Academy of Venice are five small allegorical pictures by Giovanni Bellini supposed to have once formed the decoration of a cabinet or some other piece of furniture. "Wonderful in color, delicacy, and richness," writes E. M. Keary, "genuine gems of art, although the meaning is too complex and obscure to be interpreted alike by any of the interpreters. The date of these curious pictures is unknown, but they are pretty certainly late."

The subjects are thought to be, I: Venus, clad in white and seated in a boat, supporting a globe, representing the world, upon her knees, while cupids play about her; II: The Car of Bacchus; III: Truth; IV: Calumny; V: Blind Fortune. The figures are about eight inches high; the panels are apparently painted in tempera. In speaking of the first of the series, from which our reproduction has been made, Crowe and Cavalcaselle say: "The art is classic like that of an old cameo, recalls the Florentines, Pollaiuolo or Botticelli, reveals the study of the antiques treasured in the museums of Venetian palaces, and breathes the spirit of Titian's later bacchanals."

"THE MADONNA OF THE TWO TREES" ACADEMY: VENICE

"IT was in 1487," write Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "that Bellini produced the beautiful 'Virgin and Child' of the Venice Academy, in which we know not which to admire more, the noble gravity of the mother or the pulsation of life in the Child. Bellini certainly never so completely combined relief with transparence, or golden tinge of flesh with a rich harmony of tints. By dint of perseverance he had succeeded in losing all trace of hardness, and acquired what may be called the Giorgionesque touch." In describing this picture Sir Charles Eastlake writes: "The Virgin, whose dignified but simple figure is seen at half length, wears a robe of subdued crimson, and a mantle bordered with gold, which, falling from her head, leaves disclosed the edge of a white veil beneath it. She holds before her the infant Christ, who stands on the coping of a low wall. In the background is a pale green curtain, on either side of which landscape is suggested by a distant tree. The Virgin's features are exquisitely beautiful, her hands refined and delicate in form, and the Child (an entirely nude figure) is a model of infantile grace. The draperies are most tastefully arranged, and the chiaroscuro of the picture, securing as it does perfect relief and rotundity for the figures without the slightest tendency to exaggeration in the shadows, is simply perfect. This is a noteworthy and truly delightful example of the master."

"MADONNA, ST. CATHERINE, AND THE MAGDALEN" ACADEMY: VENICE

IN the centre of the picture is seen the Virgin in a violet-colored robe, holding before her the child Jesus seated on a white cushion, his eyes raised to heaven. On the left is St. Catherine in a yellow robe figured with black, and a brown mantle. Strings of pearls are in her hair. On the right stands the Magdalen, wearing a red mantle and a green robe bordered with pearls. Her blonde hair falls over her shoulders, and her hands are crossed upon her breast. The background is black.

"This picture," writes Sir Charles Eastlake, "is noteworthy as illustrating a departure from Bellini's usual manner. In the depth and management of its shadows it is somewhat reminiscent of Milanese art. Though deficient in expression, the faces are all beautiful, and that of St. Catherine is painted with great technical skill, while the modelling of the hands, especially those of the Virgin and the Magdalen, is marked by great delicacy and refinement."

"ALTAR-PIECE, CHURCH OF SAN ZACCARIA" SAN ZACCARIA: VENICE

THIS picture, called by Ruskin "the best Giovanni Bellini in Venice after that of San Crisostomo," was painted in the year 1505, when the master was nearly eighty years old. It bears the inscription: IOANNES BELLINVS MCCCCCV. Mr. W. J. Stillman says of it: "The Madonna is seated on a high Renaissance throne, the Child standing on her knee, with his left foot on her left hand — very human and real, both of them. Behind the throne is the usual canopy with Renaissance ornament on the terminal pilasters, the dark hollow of its concavity furnishing the required mass of shadow which relieves the group on the throne and the throne itself. On one of the steps to the throne sits a lovely little angel in dark green and yellow robes, playing on a viol. St. Lucy at the spectator's right shows an exquisite fair profile, quite individual and portrait-like. She is dressed in a gray-blue and red drapery. St. Catherine is opposed to her formally in the composition, and in the arrangement of color, a dark mass. St. Peter and St. Jerome are in similar manner opposed, and at each side of the canopy is a narrow strip of landscape."

"It is indeed a magnificent picture," say Messrs. Blashfield and Hopkins, "one of the finest in Italy. The concentration of the effect about the Madonna, and the delicate contrast in color of her head-cloth with the throne and other accessories, are particularly interesting. Here and there in the figures of saints, at the bottom of the picture, the draperies have a certain papery look which comes from a lack of modelling. It is probable, however, that this arises from a lighting which the artist never intended his canvas to receive, and that the modelling was sufficient for the light which originally fell upon his work. The picture was for a long time in the sacristy, but has been removed to an altar in the body of the church, where, what with the darkness and the paper roses piled before it, this glorious work could (in 1892) scarcely be seen at all. In the sacristy it probably received more light than its painter meant it to have; in the church, even if its present station be the original one, there is too little light for the picture."

It is of this work that J. A. Symonds writes, "The skill of the colorist may be said to here culminate in unsurpassable perfection. No brushwork is perceptible. Surface and substance have been elaborated into one harmonious richness that defies analysis. Between this picture, so strong in its smoothness, and any masterpiece of Velasquez, so rugged in its strength, what a wide abyss of inadequate half-achievement, of smooth feebleness, and feeble ruggedness exists!"

PIETÀ [DETAIL] BERLIN GALLERY

IN describing this work H. von Tschudi says: "Against pale reddish drapery the dead body of Christ is supported by two angels. The beautiful head, with its crown of thorns, has fallen slightly back. A look of gentle peace is on the face, with its closed eyes and bloodless lips half open. The expressions of the two angels, whose heads are inclined toward that of the Saviour, are full of tender feeling. One of them turns to Christ with a cry of pity and a questioning look, as if he could not believe that life had fled, while the other raises his great child-like eyes toward heaven. The panel is in tempera and on the whole is well preserved. Bellini painted this same subject many times with variations, but the most beautiful and most sympathetic of them all is this example in the Berlin Gallery." The subject did not originate with Bellini, nor, according to Herr von Tschudi, is it even of Venetian origin, although the artists of Padua and of Venice were untiring in their repetitions of the same. Donatello in his bas-reliefs more than once treated this subject, and a still older example is to be found in a work by Giovanni Pisano, a reading-desk, now in the Berlin Museum. Similar representations of the dead Christ bewailed by angels are of frequent occurrence in German art as early as the beginning of the fifteenth century; and it may even be that the idea dates back to the sarcophagi of the early Christians, upon which are sometimes found the design of angels holding a crown over the head of the enthroned Saviour. Von Tschudi considers that the Pietàs of Bellini belong to that period of his art when he was strongly influenced by his brother-in-law Mantegna.

"ALTAR-PIECE OF THE CHURCH OF SAN GIOBBE" ACADEMY: VENICE

THIS picture, which Vasari tells us "was highly praised, not only when it was first seen, but has in like manner been extolled ever since as an extremely beautiful work," was, according to Sansovino, the first painting in oil executed by Giovanni Bellini. Its date has been assigned by some critics to the year 1473. Crowe and Cavalcaselle believe it to have been painted somewhat later. In a lofty hall the Virgin is seated upon a throne of carved marble, holding the Child upon her knee. On the right are seen St. Sebastian pierced with an arrow, St. Dominick reading, and behind them St. Augustine. On the left stand St. Francis and St. Giobbe (Job), and, farther back, St. John the Baptist, whose head alone is visible. Upon the steps leading to the throne are seated three little angel musicians.

In describing it Crow and Cavalcaselle have written: "This beautiful production appears to combine all the qualities for which Bellini might up to this time have claimed praise, — appropriate and dignified composition, noble character, elevated feeling, and chastened design. To these he now added a solemn impression of tender repose, youthful freshness, and smiling life, united to a sunny but gently vaporous tone. Great is the science with which he harmonizes the lines and the tinting of his stone semi-dome and pillars, with its hanging dais, picking out the framing of a splendid throne with marbles of all shades. Finely thought out is the concentration of light on the Virgin, seated with the Babe on her knee, looking forward as if struck by some external event, yet full of calm benevolence. By means essentially his own, Bellini was here creating for the Venetian school something akin to the ecstatic style of Angelico, and more calculated to touch the religious fibre of his countrymen than the work of Ghirlandajo at Florence. Technically, he had won the secrets of half impasto, of local and diverse glazing, and he had mastered the method of balancing and fusing harmonies into grateful chords. The 'canon' of Venetian art is truly stated to have been laid down in this picture, which according to the unanimous opinion of historians established Giovanni's fame as an oil-painter, and led to his employment by the State."

Ruskin says of this work: "It is one of the greatest pictures ever painted in Christendom in her central-art power. Alone worth an entire modern exhibition-building, hired fiddlers and all! It is the best Giovanni Bellini in the Academy of Venice, the third best in Venice, and probably in the world. Re-painted, the right-hand angel, and somewhat elsewhere; but on the whole perfect; unspeakably good and right in all ways."

"SS. JEROME, CHRISTOPHER, AND AUGUSTINE" SAN GIOVANNI CRISOSTOMO: VENICE

THIS picture, dated 1513, was painted when Bellini was over eighty, and is one of his last achievements. Ruskin speaks of it as "one of the most precious pictures in Italy, and among the most perfect in the world;" and says, "the landscape is as perfect and beautiful as any background may legitimately be, and finer, as far as it goes, than anything of Titian; and considering that with all this care and completeness in the background there is nothing that is not of meaning and necessity in reference to the figures, and that in the figures themselves the dignity and heavenliness of the purest religious painters are combined with a force and purity of color greater, I think, than Titian, it is a work which may be set before the young artist as in every respect a nearly faultless guide."

"Under an arch inscribed with Greek letters," writes Lafenestre, "St. Christopher, in white shirt, red tunic, and brown mantle, leaning on a staff, bears the child Jesus upon his shoulders. On one side is seen St. Augustine, in rich episcopal vestments, holding a cross and book, while behind and above, seated on a rock, is St. Jerome, in white, with a red mantle, turning the pages of a book which rests against the trunk of a tree. There is a landscape background closed round by mountains, and the light is that of the setting sun." "This splendid picture," says Karl Károly, "does not in any way show the hand of an old man, but appears like the work of vigorous manhood." Burckhardt considers that in this work "the artist, though very old, takes a step into a new era of painting with his pupils Giorgione and Palma."

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF GIOVANNI BELLINI, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ALNWICK CASTLE: Bacchanal [finished by Titian]—BERGAMO, LOCHIS COLLECTION: Madonna—BERGAMO, MORELLI COLLECTION: Madonna; Madonna—BERLIN GALLERY: Pietà (Plate VIII); Dead Christ—FLORENCE, UFFIZI GALLERY: Allegory of Tree of Life—LONDON, NATIONAL GALLERY: Portrait of the Doge Loredano (Plate I); Madonna; Agony in the Garden; Blood of the Redeemer; Death of St. Peter Martyr (Plate III)—LONDON, MOND COLLECTION: Dead Christ; Madonna—MILAN, BRERA GALLERY: Pietà; Madonna; Madonna—MILAN, FRIZZONI COLLECTION: Madonna—MURANO, CHURCH OF SAN PIETRO: Madonna with SS. Mark and Augustine and Doge Barbarigo—NAPLES MUSEUM: Transfiguration—NEWPORT, OWNED BY T. H. DAVIS, ESQ.: Madonna—PESARO GALLERY: Crucifixion (?); God the Father—PESARO, CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO: Altar-piece—RIMINI, PALAZZO DEL COMUNE: Dead Christ—TURIN GALLERY: Madonna—VENICE, ACADEMY: Madonna of the Two Trees (Plate V); Madonna with SS. Paul and George; Madonna; Madonna with St. Catherine and the Magdalen (Plate VI); Altar-piece of San Giobbe (Plate IX); Madonna; Five Small Allegories [Venus (Plate IV), Car of Bacchus, Truth, Calumny, Fortune]—VENICE, CORRER MUSEUM: Transfiguration; Dead Christ; Crucifixion; Dead Christ Supported by Three Angels—VENICE, DUCAL PALACE: Pietà—VENICE, CHURCH OF THE FRARI: Altar-piece (Plate II)—VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN FRANCESCO DELLA VIGNA: Madonna and Four Saints—VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN GIOVANNI CRISOSTOMO: SS. Jerome, Christopher, and Augustine (Plate X)—VENICE, CHURCH OF SANTA MARIA DELL' ORTO: Madonna—VENICE, CHURCH OF SAN ZACCARIA: Altar-piece (Plate VII)—VERONA, MUSEO CIVICO: Madonna—VICENZA, CHURCH OF SANTA CORONA: Baptism.

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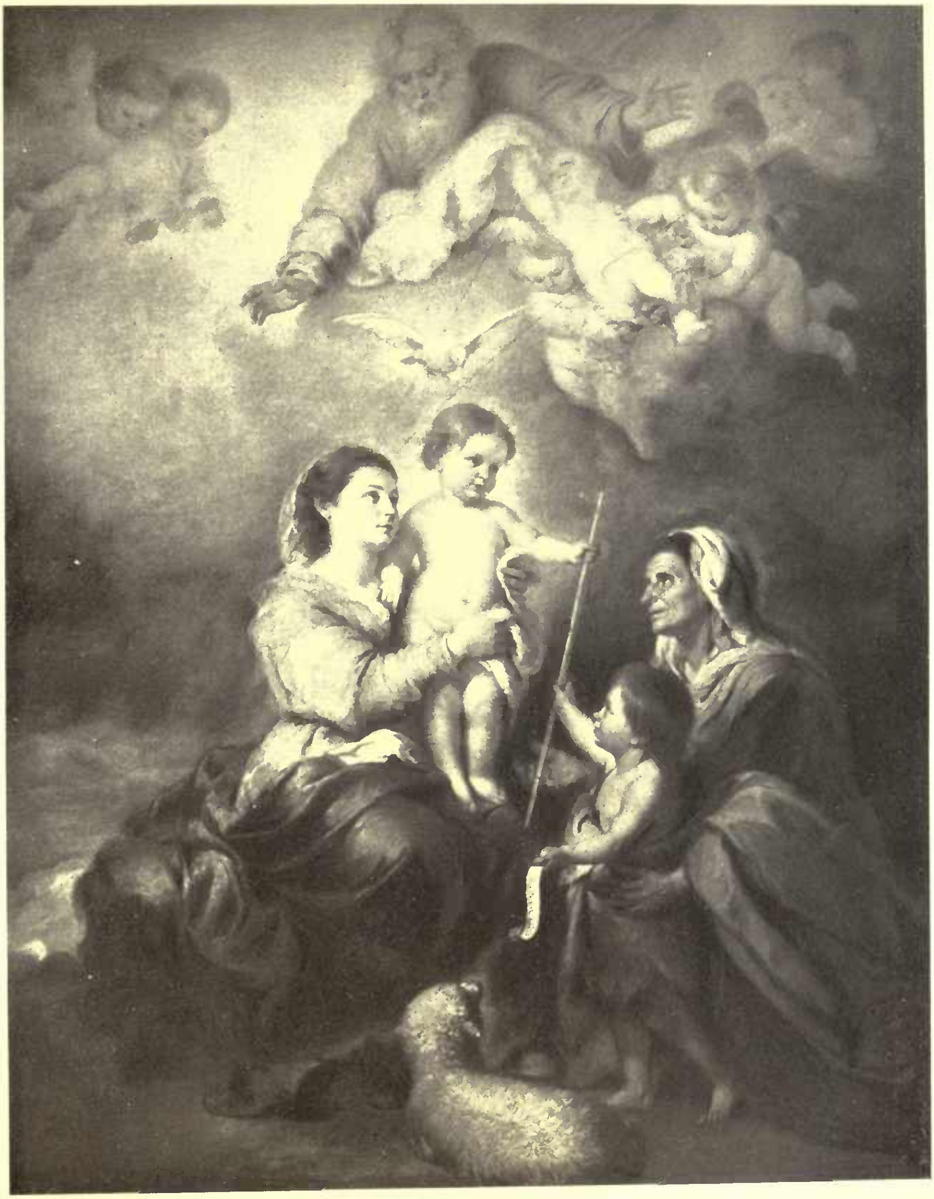
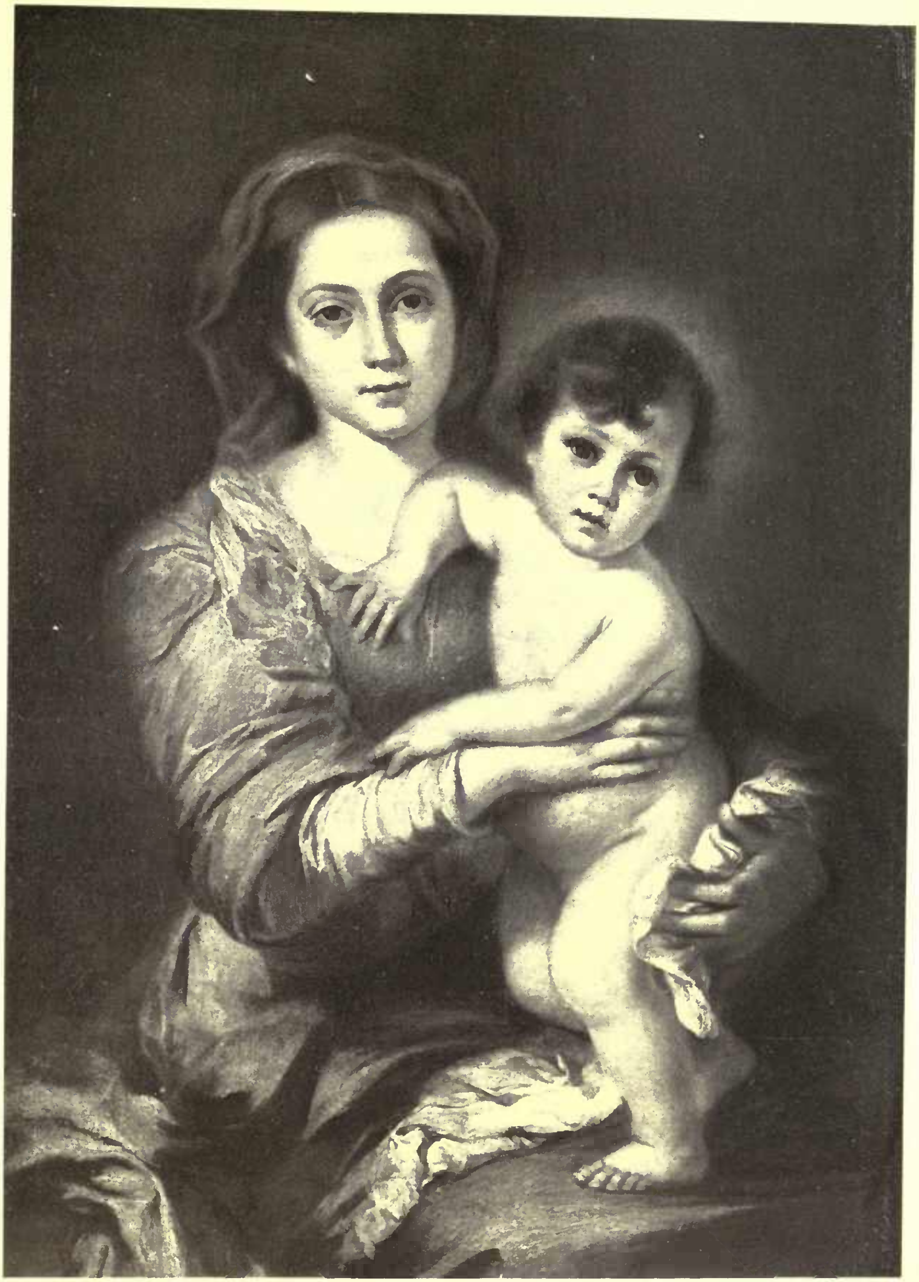
Murillo

SPANISH SCHOOL



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE I.
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

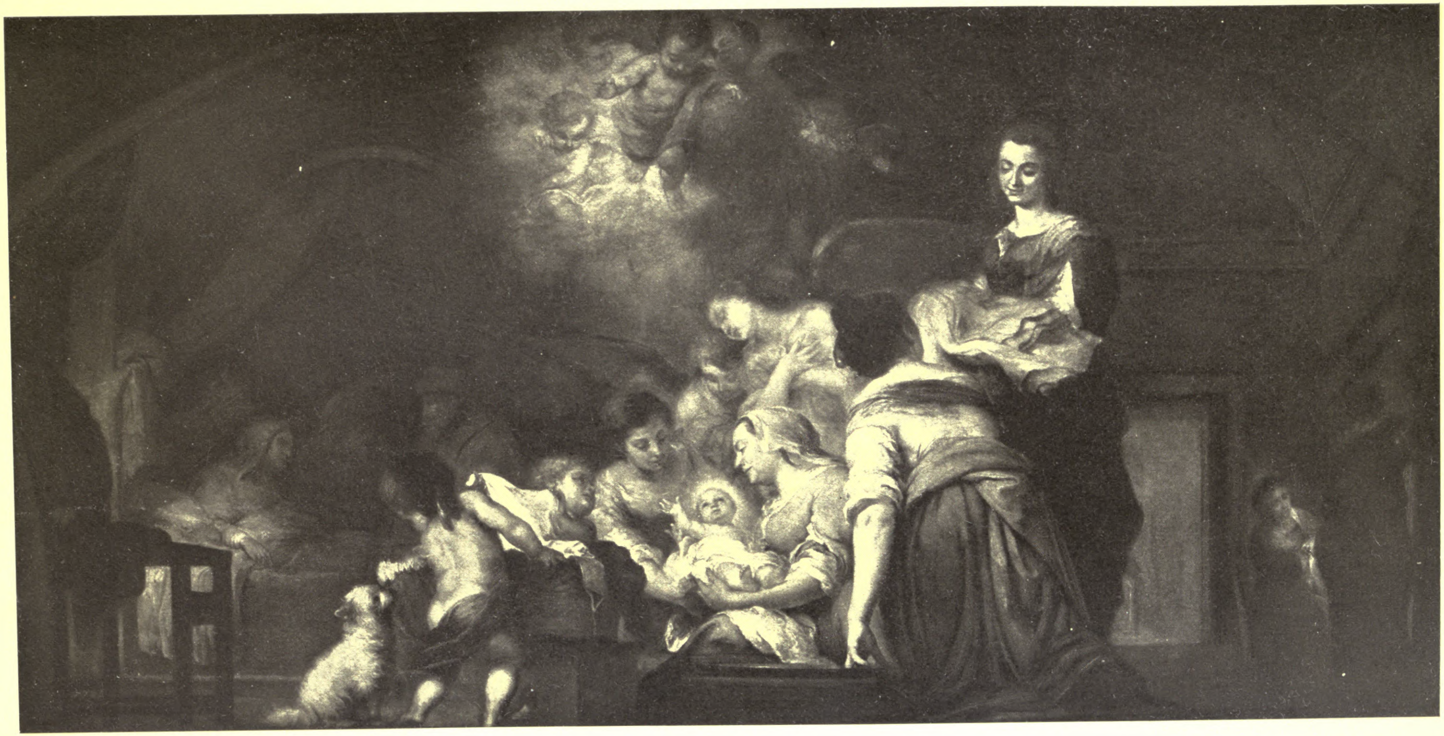
MURILLO
THE HOLY FAMILY
LOUVRE, PARIS



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE II.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

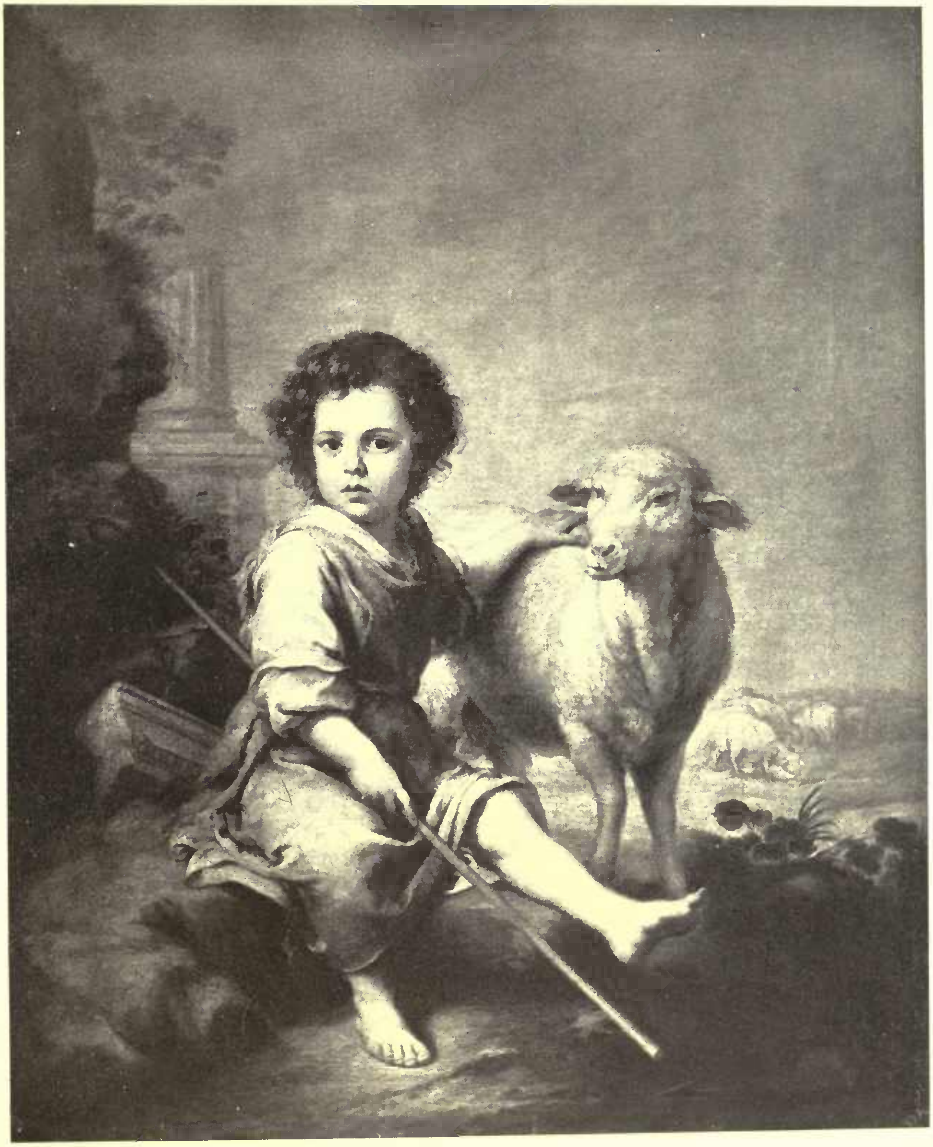
MURILLO
VIRGIN AND CHILD [DETAIL]
PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE III.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

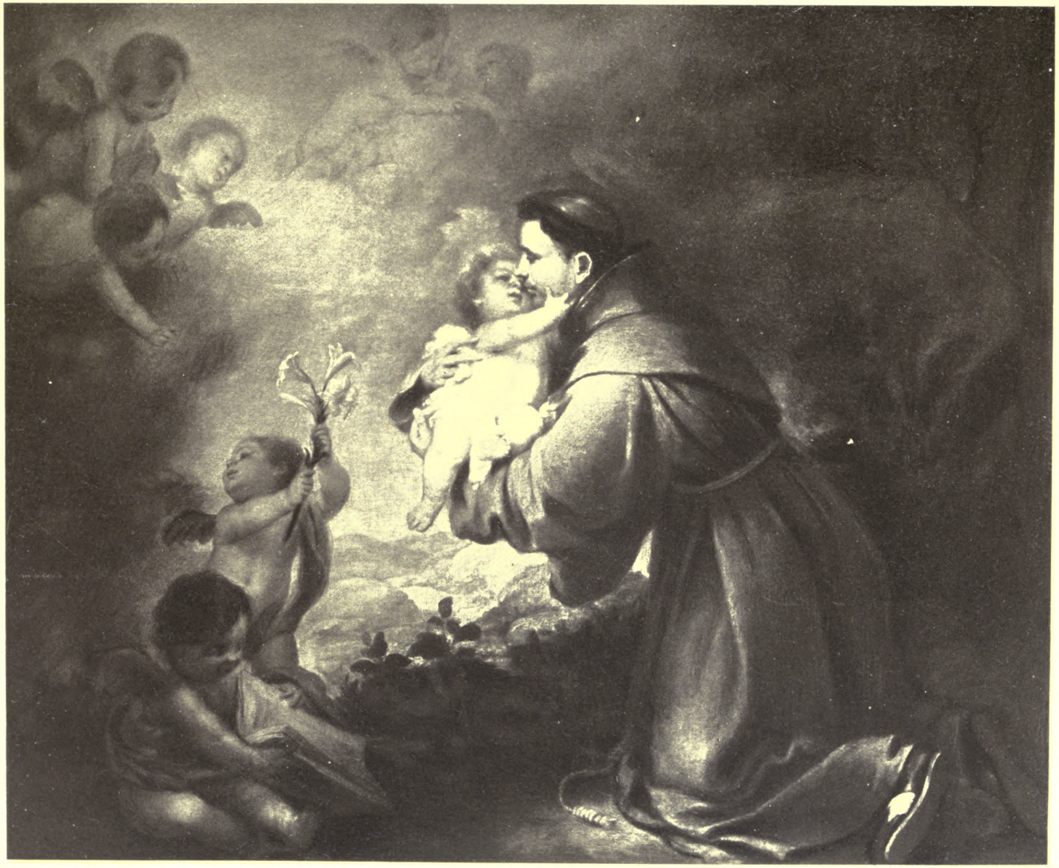
MURILLO
THE BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN
LOUVRE, PARIS



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE IV.

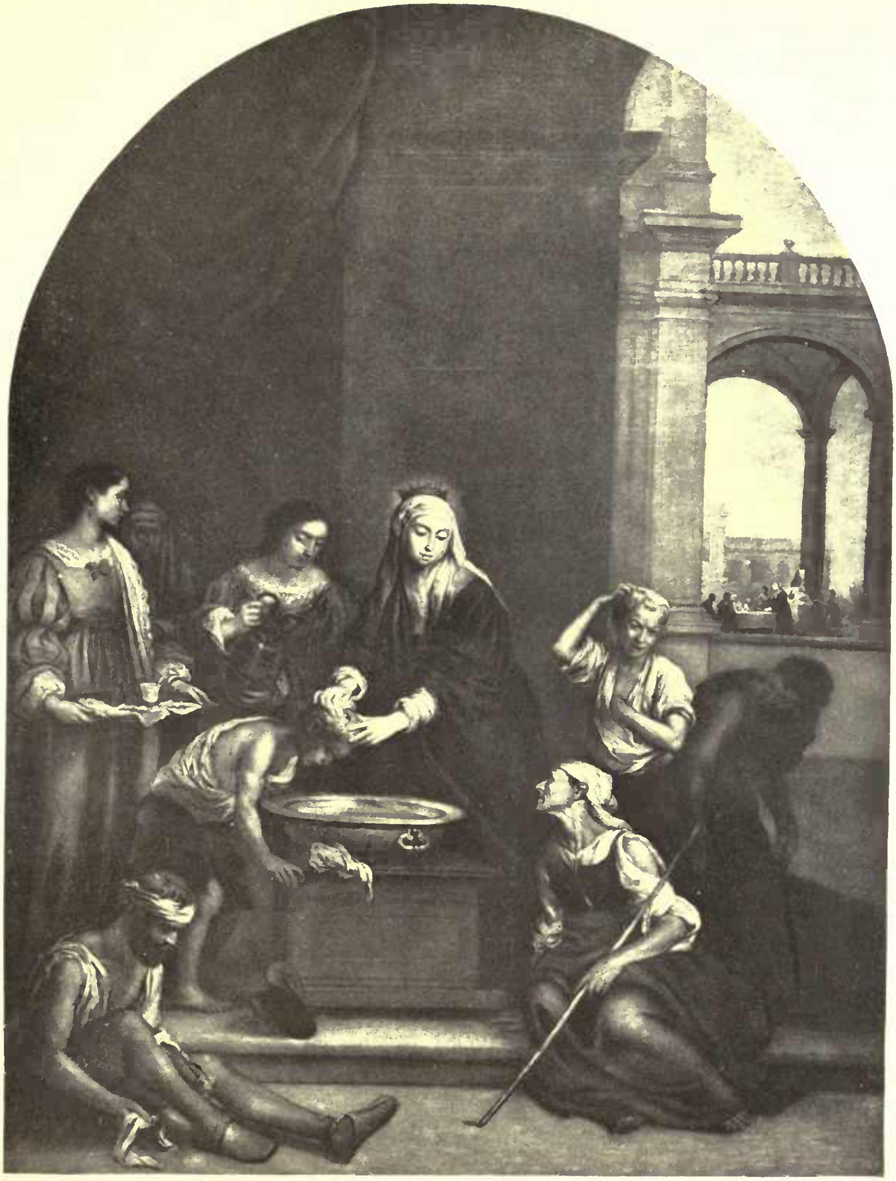
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

MURILLO
THE DIVINE SHEPHERD
PRADO, MADRID



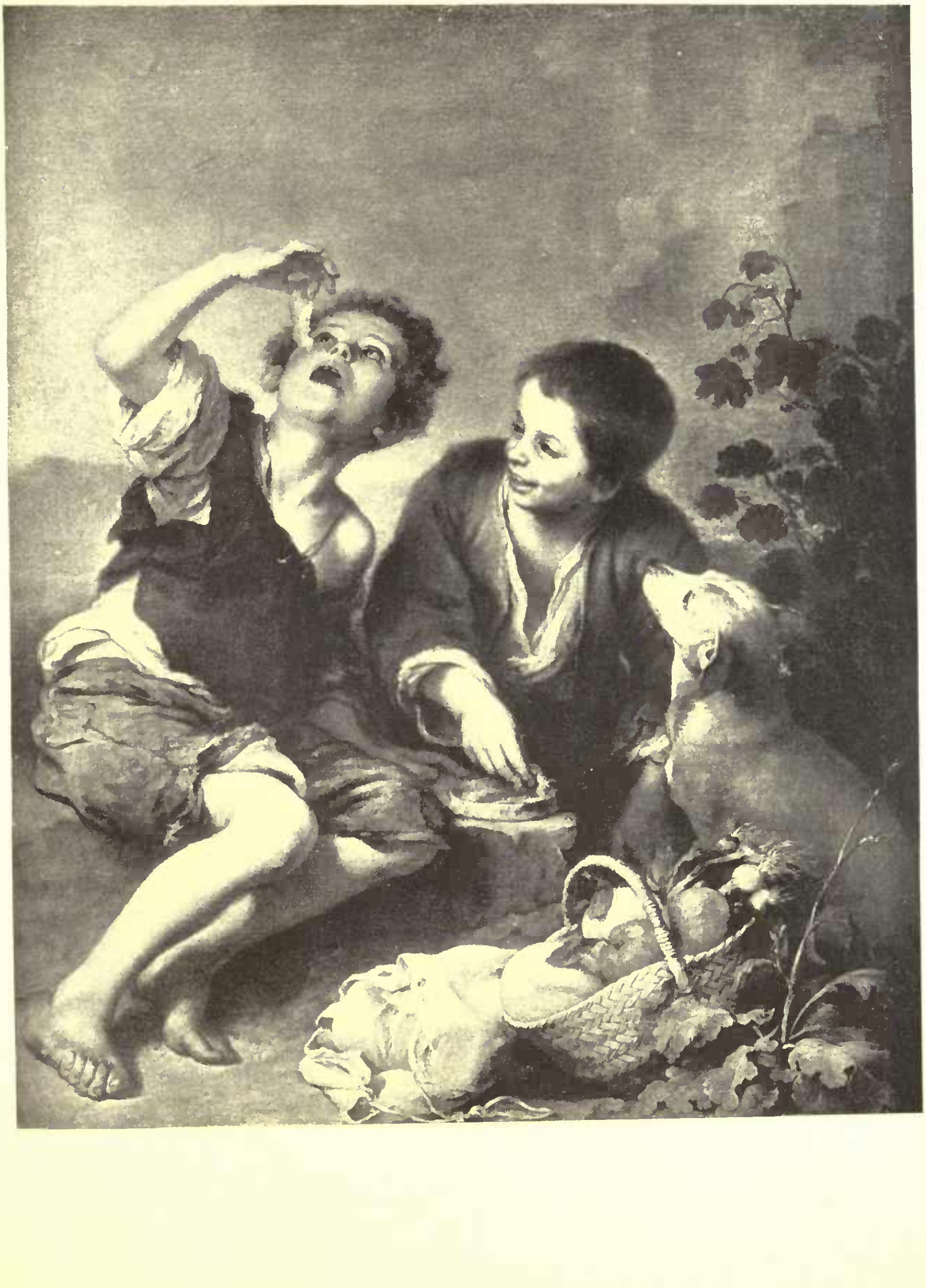
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE V.
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

MURILLO
ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA AND THE CHRIST-CHILD
BERLIN GALLERY



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VI.
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

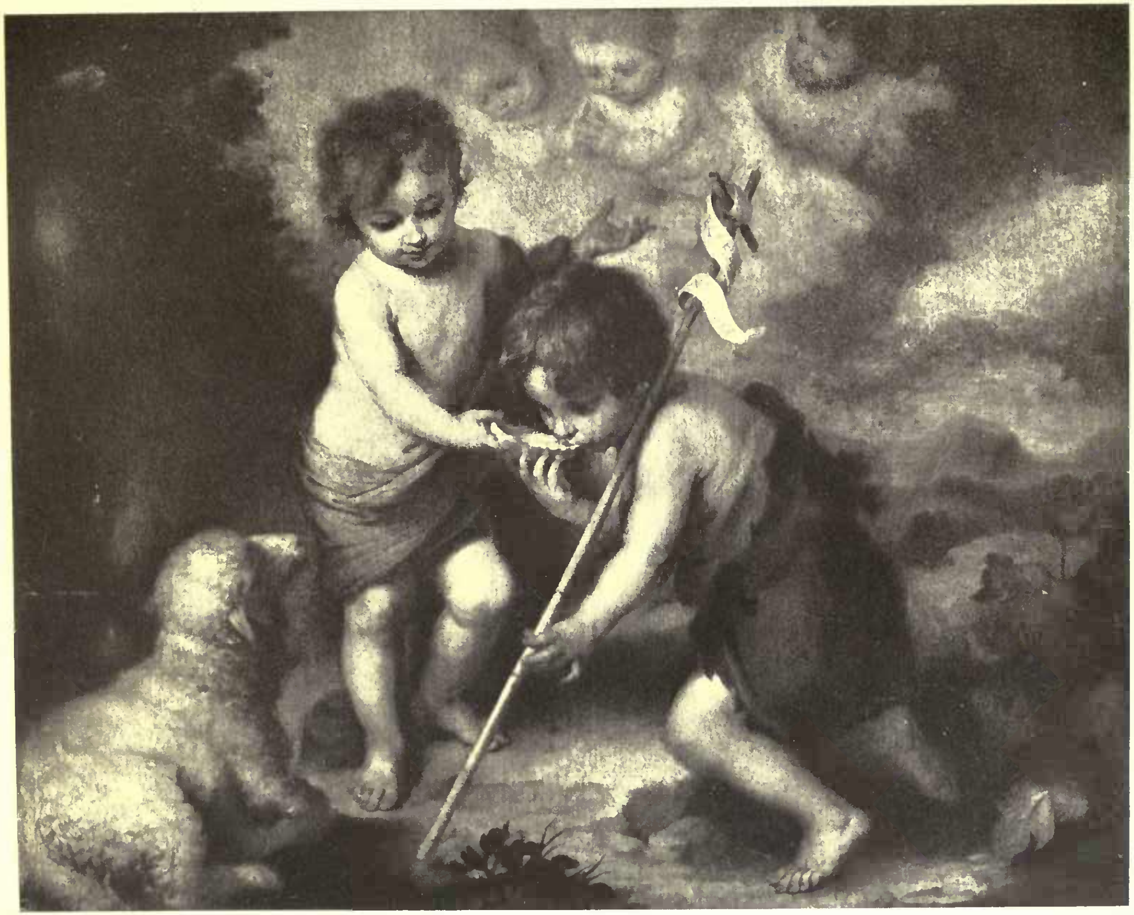
MURILLO
ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY HEALING THE SICK
ROYAL ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS, MADRID



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VII.

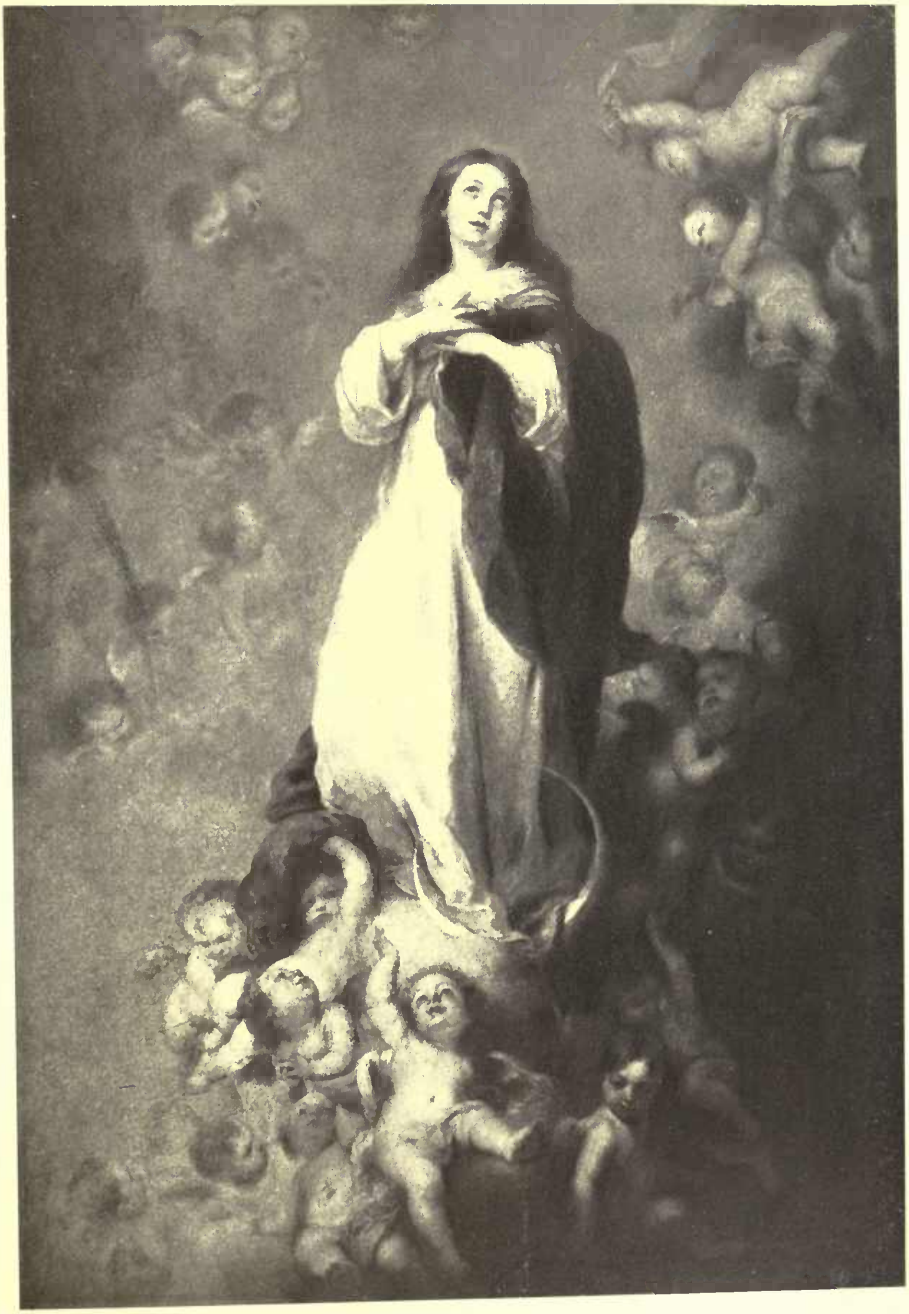
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

MURILLO
THE MELON-EATERS
MUNICH GALLERY



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VIII.
PHOTOGRAVURE BY BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC CO.

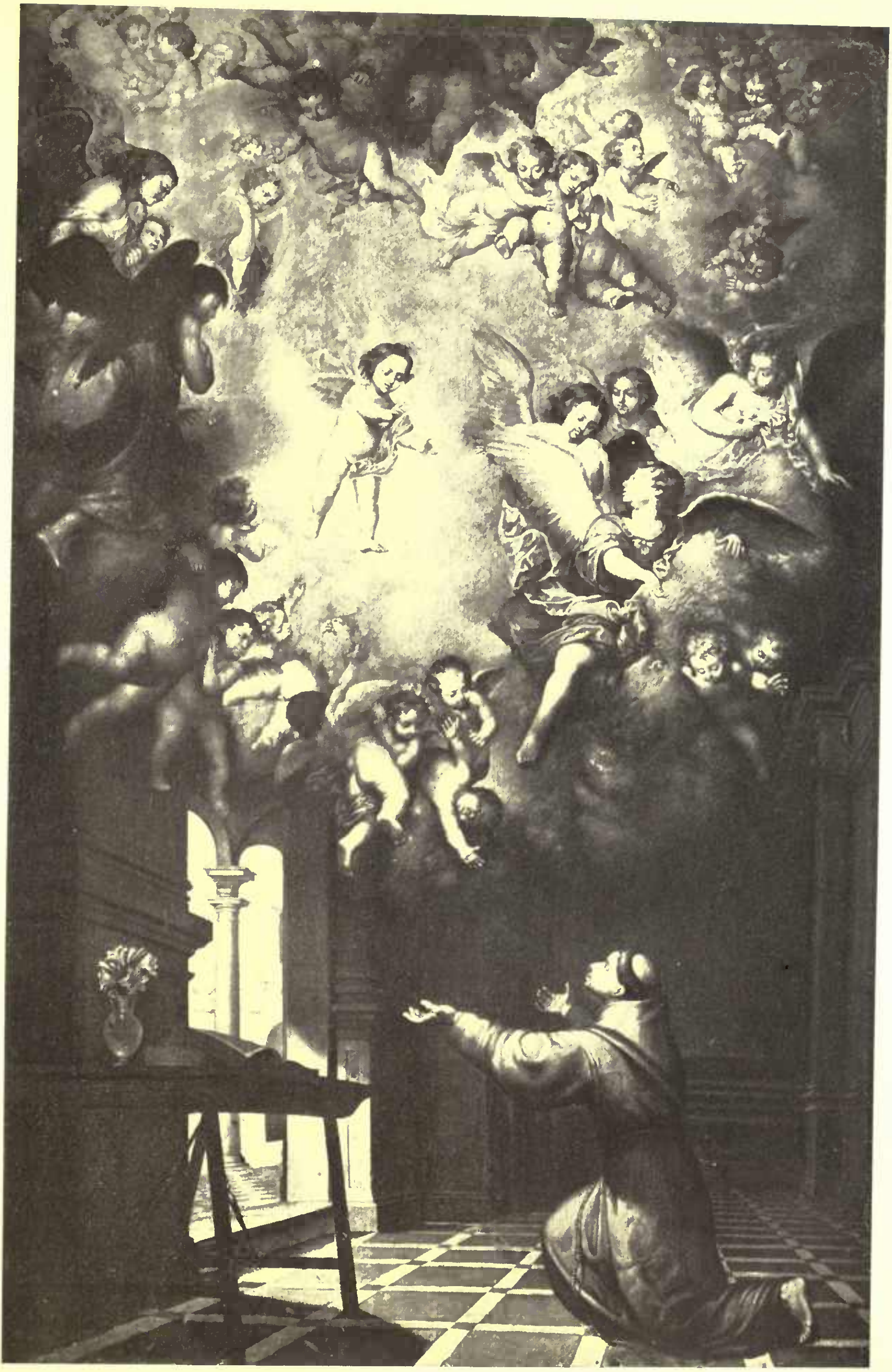
MURILLO
THE CHILDREN OF THE SHELL
PRADO, MADRID



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE IX.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

MURILLO
THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION
LOUVRE, PARIS



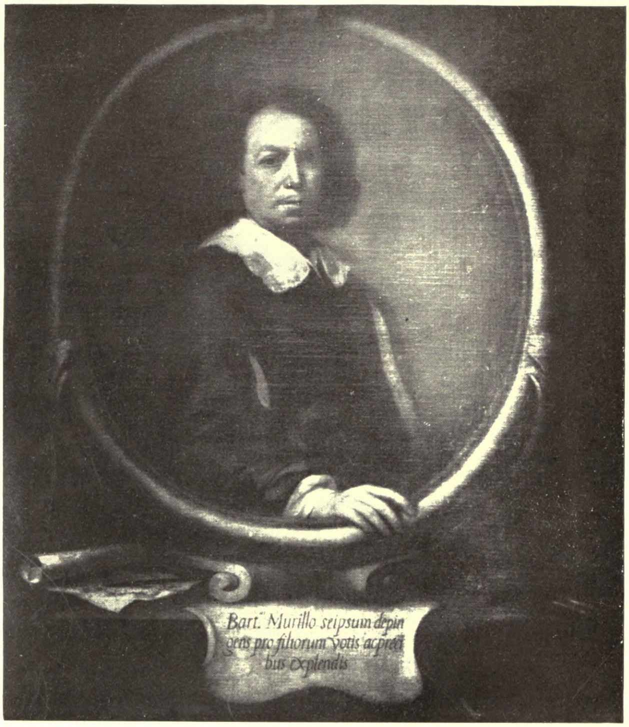
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE X.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAURENT

MURILLO

THE VISION OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA

SEVILLE CATHEDRAL


Bart.us Murillo seipsum depin
gens pro filiorum votis acpreci
bus explendis

PORTRAIT OF MURILLO OWNED BY EARL SPENCER, ALTHORP, ENG.

This portrait, which shows Murillo at about the age of sixty, was painted by him at the request of his children, and is inscribed, "Bartus Murillo seipsum depingens pro filiorum votis acprecibus explendis." It is believed to be that portrait which his contemporary Palomino speaks of as "wonderful," and is probably the painter's most authentic likeness.

Bartolomé Estéban Murillo

BORN 1617: DIED 1682
SPANISH SCHOOL

ELLEN E. MINOR "MURILLO"

BARTOLOMÉ ESTÉBAN MURILLO [pronounced in Spanish Moo-reel′-yo, and in English, Mew-ril′-o] was born in Seville, probably on the last day of December, 1617, and was baptized on the first day of January, 1618. Very little is known of his early years. His parents died before he was eleven years old, leaving him to the guardianship of a surgeon of the name of Juan Agustin Lagares, who had married his aunt Doña Anna Murillo. The boy was probably soon afterwards apprenticed to Juan del Castillo, his uncle; a painter of ordinary ability, under whose guidance Murillo made his first steps in the career of an artist. His gentle nature and anxiety to learn soon made him a favorite with his master and fellow students. Castillo took especial pains with his instruction, but did not allow him to omit any of the tedious and uninteresting details of grinding colors, preparing and cleaning brushes, and other ordinary work of an artist's pupil. Murillo availed himself of all means of improvement, and soon painted as well as his master.

In 1640 Juan del Castillo went to reside in Cadiz, and Murillo was left without his friend and adviser, and in needy circumstances. For two years he had a struggle for existence. There were so many artists at that time in Seville that only the works of the most celebrated could be sold at anything like a remunerative price. Murillo was then quite unknown to fame, of a shy, retiring disposition, without any influential patron to bring him into notice ; and his only resource was to paint rough, showy pictures for the *Feria*, a weekly market, held in front of the Church of All Saints, where he took his stand at the stalls of eatables and old clothes, among groups of gypsies and muleteers. For a painting to be called "*una pintura da feria*" was far from complimentary, for the purchasers were of the lowest class, who delighted in bright colors, without a care for correctness of design. This necessity to work for so inferior a class of buyers was not the hard fate of Murillo alone, for many of the Sevillan painters of fame in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries had begun their artist life in the same lowly way. It was the custom to bring brushes and colors into the fair, and to paint or alter the subject of a picture according to order. Many of these rough works were purchased for the colonies. As he stood in the market-place waiting for customers, Murillo had every opportunity of studying the habits and characteristics of the little beggar boys who swarmed in the streets of Seville, and who appear so often and so true to life upon his canvas. Still he was destined for better things than this.

Pedro de Moya, a fellow pupil of Murillo's in Castillo's school, having found the restraints of the workshop too irksome, joined the Spanish infantry, then camping in Flanders. His love of painting, however, was revived when he saw the works of the Flemish artists; he threw aside his arms and went to London to study under Van Dyck. Early in

1642, after that master's death, Moya returned to Seville, vastly improved by his six months with the Fleming; he brought with him copies of several paintings by Van Dyck, and also of many works which he saw in the Netherlands. These, together with the accounts of all he had seen and his own rapid improvement in style, so fired the ambition of Murillo that he became discontented with his circumscribed position, and resolved if possible to visit Rome. In order to obtain money for the accomplishment of his design he bought a piece of linen, divided it into squares of different sizes, and painted upon them attractive saints, bright landscapes, groups of flowers, fruit, and other subjects which suited the taste of eager purchasers. Then, without a word about his intention, he went away over the Sierras on foot to Madrid, a long and tedious journey. Arriving there without money, without friends, without anything, in fact, but a stock of indomitable courage, he went first of all to Velasquez, his fellow townsman, then court painter to Philip IV., to ask advice and obtain letters of introduction to artists in Rome. Velasquez, who was at the height of his power, received him kindly, questioned him about Seville, his master, and his intentions. He was so taken with Murillo's answers and pleased with his manners, that he offered him an asylum in his own house, an offer which was gratefully accepted. . . .

During the summer of 1642 Velasquez was absent with the king in Aragon, and upon his return was much pleased with some copies which Murillo had made of paintings by Ribera, Van Dyck, and Velasquez himself. In 1643-44 Velasquez was again absent with the king, in the northern campaign, and during this time Murillo had been working with unflagging industry, in the closest study of the masterpieces in the royal galleries. Velasquez was astonished at the progress he had made in freedom of style and decision of coloring. He now advised him to go to Rome, offering to give him letters of introduction to the first masters in that city. But Murillo had no longer the inclination to leave his country, and he returned to Seville early in 1645, after an absence of three years.

Soon after his return he commenced a series of pictures with life-size figures for the small Franciscan convent near the Casa del Ayuntamiento. A sum of money had been collected by a member of their mendicant brotherhood, and the friars determined to expend it upon eleven paintings for the small cloister. The amount was so insignificant that none of the Sevillan masters had considered it worth their acceptance. This was just the opportunity for showing his skill for which Murillo was waiting. The Franciscans, however, hesitated to give the commission to an unknown artist, but at length consented, as no one of established fame offered to undertake the work. For the next three years he was employed upon the paintings, and when they were finished all mistrust in the artist was changed to admiration and joy, for they were real triumphs. In all of them could be seen the influence of the three years' study of the works of Ribera, Van Dyck, and Velasquez. By the assimilation of the styles of all three he had gradually developed one peculiarly his own. While his contemporaries still kept to the tame, lifeless style as taught in the Seville schools, Murillo boldly struck out another path, with nature as his instructor; and his name soon eclipsed those of Pacheco, Herrera, Valdés-Leal, and Zurbaran, which until then had been the most honored in Seville. By these paintings the artist's reputation was made, and he was soon overwhelmed with orders from different quarters.

Now began a new era in his life. He was fully occupied in decorating the churches of different religious communities, and with work for noble patrons; he was admitted into the highest circle of society, and was worshipped by the people. In 1648 his circumstances had so far improved as to enable him to marry a wealthy and noble wife, Doña Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayer. Apparently the strict Catholic spirit which is so evident in his works also ruled in his home. His two sons became priests. The elder, Gabriel Estéban, went to America. The second, Gaspar Estéban, who for a time devoted himself to art, imitating his father's style, became eventually a canon in Seville Cathedral.

After his marriage, Murillo's house became the resort of the most distinguished people in Seville; and in 1654, when Pacheco's death occurred, he became the acknowledged head of the Sevillan school. His style continually improved, his figures became rounder, his outlines softer, the backgrounds more hazy, and his individuality more pronounced.

The need of a public academy for painting had been much felt by Murillo in his early days, and he determined to supply it for the benefit of a younger generation. By patiently enduring the decided opposition of his rivals, Herrera the younger and Valdés-Leal, he at length won them over to join in the undertaking, and succeeded in opening an Academy, of which he and Herrera were chosen the first presidents, on the first of January, 1660. The expenses were to be divided among the members, the scholars to pay what they could afford. The Seville Academy cannot be said to have had any great influence on Spanish art, and never produced any first-rate artists, nor did it long survive Murillo, — a man who had fewer followers after his death than rivals during his life, — and twenty years after his death it was closed for want both of masters and students. After retiring from the Academy, Murillo confined his instructions to those pupils who assembled in his own workshop. By gentle teaching he knew how to attach them to himself, and retained the warm friendship of many even to the end of his life.

Palomino says that in 1670 a painting of the Conception by Murillo, which was exhibited at the feast of Corpus Christi in Madrid, attracted great notice, and that Charles II. expressed a desire that the artist should enter his service, and employed Murillo's friend Don Francisco Eminente to bring it about. But all his efforts were unavailing, for Murillo had seen nothing attractive in Velasquez's position at court, and preferred his own independent retirement in Seville. He was now at the zenith of his power. In 1671 he commenced a series of paintings for the hospital of the old established brotherhood of the Holy Charity in Seville, to which he had himself been allied as a lay brother since 1665. He was engaged to paint eleven pictures for it, which occupied him for about four years, and are some of his most celebrated works. From this time on he was constantly occupied in painting innumerable religious pictures for convents, monasteries, and churches. But it was not for convents and churches only that Murillo painted. Bermudez says that there was scarcely a good house in Seville that did not possess some memento of his skill.

Seville ever remained the theatre of Murillo's work; after his journey to Madrid in his younger days he only once left his native town. At the beginning of 1680 he went to Cadiz to paint one large and four small pictures, with which he had promised to fill the retablo of the high altar in the church of the Capuchin friars. The large one represented the "Marriage of St. Catherine," a large portion of which, namely the graceful centre group of the Virgin and infant Saviour and the bride, was finished, when the artist had a dangerous fall from the scaffold which he was mounting to enable him to reach the upper part of the painting. Tradition says that this accident occurred in the chapel at Cadiz, but whether there or in his own studio, it is certain that the end of his life was passed in Seville. Too weak any longer to be able to use his brush, he would spend hours in prayer in the parish church of Santa Cruz, close by which he lived. His favorite position was in front of Campaña's celebrated painting of the "Descent from the Cross," executed a century before, and which Murillo greatly admired.

When Murillo felt that his end was approaching, he sent for a notary to make his will; but death came so quickly that he was unable to sign it. The notary appended the following statement to the document: "Towards five o'clock on the afternoon of the third of April, 1682, I was sent for to make the will of Bartolomé Murillo, painter and burgher of this town of Seville; and when I had written down as far as the names of his heirs, and was inquiring the name of his son Don Gaspar Estéban Murillo, and as he was in the act of saying his name and that of his elder son, I observed that he was dying; and when I asked him the formal question whether he had made any other will, he did not reply, and soon after died."

His funeral was celebrated with great pomp, and he was laid to rest by his own desire in the church of Santa Cruz at the foot of his favorite picture.

M. F. SWEETSER "MURILLO"

THE free march of French armies throughout the Spanish peninsula in the days of the first Napoleon brought about an extension of the fame of Spanish art; for their retreating baggage-trains carried into Northern Europe hundreds of priceless paintings. Marshal Soult was especially energetic in plundering Southern Spain of its best pictures, from whose sale he derived great sums in after-years.

Soult's robberies were skilfully planned and premeditated; and the cities in advance of his army were explored by spies, in the disguise of tourists, who were provided with Bermudez's "Dictionary of Art in Spain," and marked out the richest treasures. The Marshal seized the objects of his covetousness, and carefully guarded the legality of their titles by forcing their owners to sign fictitious bills of sale. The trophies were transferred to his house in Paris; and for many years afterwards the thrifty veteran derived a large income from selling them, one by one, to wealthy English nobles. Hundreds of other pictures were huddled into the Alcazar of Seville, awaiting transportation to France; but the sudden retreat of the French army compelled their abandonment. In 1852 what remained of Marshal Soult's collection was sold, and the fifteen Murillos which it contained brought $232,649.

The Art of Murillo

CARL JUSTI INTRODUCTION TO BAEDEKER'S "SPAIN AND PORTUGAL"

IT has lately become fashionable to depreciate Murillo in contrast with Velasquez, partly in reaction against his popularity with the layman, and partly on technical and artistic grounds. It appears to us that neither reason is justified. The two masters should not be compared, — the one holds the mirror to nature and his period, the other shows us what lies behind the brow. Murillo, who lived in a fanatically Roman Catholic provincial town, and painted for conventual churches, hospitals, and sacristies, had to represent, like the contemporary Italians, the subjects that pleased the devout of his day, such as the Immaculate Conception, the visions of the monk's cell, the mysteries and ecstasies of asceticism. He could not devote his entire energy to the reproduction of the mere visual phenomenon. He had to depict what he had never seen; he had to wrestle for years with such a problem as how to paint successfully a human face set against a background of glowing light. But his critics shut their eyes to his marvellous mastery of the illustrative apparatus, in which he vies with the Italians of the academic school. They assert that his effects are purely materialistic, though hundreds of artists, already forgotten or quickly passing into oblivion, have produced precisely similar effects so far as the material outside is concerned. The fact that we speak of Murillo's "St. Anthony" and his "Immaculate Conception" as if he had created them is itself a proof that he does not owe everything to his material. It is more probable that the depreciation of Murillo has its real ground in the modern materialist's dislike of the mystical subjects of the painter. He has represented things which the power of Velasquez refused to grapple with; but to give reality to the never-seen is also legitimate art. He depicts the miraculous in so naïve and intimate a way that it loses its unnatural character; and his pictures are so simple and so truthfully felt that even the sceptic can appreciate their charm and read into them purely human ideas.

Murillo was originally as essentially a realist as Zurbaran or Velasquez. When his task was merely to reproduce the actual, as in his famous groups of boys, and in the rendering of accessories, such as animals, ecclesiastical vessels, or the contents of a library, he has combined his characteristic broadness of touch with due attention to the accuracy, form, and pleasingness of the external appearance. His artistic greatness, the secret of his wonderful success, lies in the fact that he recognized the unique character and special charm of the human nature of Southern Spain, adapted it to the palette and the brush, and ventured to introduce it into paintings of religious subjects. This accounts for those elastic figures, the soft and supple forms of which lend themselves much more readily to painting than to sculpture; this is the source of the deep brown of the eyes and hair, set off by a warm flesh-tone reflecting the light.

To many this seems a thing of no great importance; but he was the first to discover it, and none of his imitators has reached his level. The Andalusian saints and Madonnas seen elsewhere might just as well have been painted in Naples or in Holland. Like Rembrandt, he recognized with the insight of genius, that biblical history and the legends of the saints could be best narrated in the dialect of the people. . . .

The pupil of a careless and incorrect academician like Juan de Castillo, Murillo would not have become what he was if he had not undergone the purging of both phrase and manner offered by the naturalism of the period. Many of his earlier paintings are cold and sombre in tone, sad in coloring, black in the shadows, jejune and trivial in character and expression. This early style is known as the *estilo frio*, or cold style, though such generalizations must not be applied in too sweeping a manner. His next phase, known as the warm style, *estilo calido*, is marked by deeper coloring and strong contrasts of light and shadow; but the light is actual light and the plastic forms are well defined. Murillo's last style, peculiar to himself, is known as *el vaporoso*, from a certain vaporous or misty effect that it produces. He here shows the unmistakable influence of Rubens, whom he had studied in engravings. The struggle of all great colorists to overcome the heaviness, opacity and hardness of matter led Murillo to his last system. Although still of solid impasto (hence the enduring quality of his painting), his brushwork is now loose and free; he produces his effect by a variety of tints melting into one another; he arranges the drapery now in sharp folds, now in flat. He models in the light without the aid of gray shadows; his palette is full of cheerful and warm colors; his figures are overflowing with life and sensibility; he has found the secret of so dematerializing them, partly through their gestures and partly through his handling of drapery, chiaroscuro, and accessories, that they seem to float in air; his visions are, as it were, woven of light and air.

The description of Murillo as an improvisatore, who "paints as the bird sings," is not very apposite. Few men have so well understood the art of pictorial composition or known so well how to charm the eye by gradations of light, skilful attitudes, and adroit foreshortenings; few painters have calculated their effects more carefully.

C. E. BEULÉ "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES": 1861

MURILLO is a popular idol, not alone in his native country, but throughout Europe, where his pictures command prices equal to those of the greatest masters, as the director of the Louvre can testify. On the other hand, artists seem to have but a mediocre opinion of him; for though they acknowledge his facility and charm, they do not find in him that force which commands their attention, nor the technique nor those original qualities which make him worthy of their study. A wiser judgment lies, it seems to me, between the two; and for my part, while I delight in his happy gifts, I cannot shut my eyes to his defects; and though I study his work with lively pleasure, I cannot accord him that blind admiration which is the due only of the greatest masters. Therefore those critics whom Murillo inspires with so overwhelming an admiration must pardon me if I cannot follow them in imitating the solemn rites with which they approach their idol. For example, — and perhaps to establish a likeness to Raphael, as if such changes in style were to be remarked only in the greatest artists! — they attribute to Murillo three formal manners, and pointing from one example of his work to another say, "This picture is in his 'warm' manner, this in his 'cold,' and this third in his 'misty' style." I have striven in vain to find the true basis for any such cut-and-dried divisions. The only divisions in his art which seem to me to hold, are those which mark his progress successively from a formative period, when to gain an immediate livelihood he was hastily daubing his bits of linen at the fair; a second, when he was developing his style by a study of the masterpieces in Madrid; and a third, when he finally became master of his individual talent. It would be a more exact description to say, simply, that one picture is badly composed and crude in color and design, that another is, on the contrary, vigorously painted, and that a third is so rendered that the outlines seem half lost in clouds.

Indeed, Murillo's nature was, to my thinking, quite too simple to lend itself to such critical subtleties. A man of instinct rather than will, of sentiment rather than system, a painter by temperament, whose inspiration was facile, flowing, and unpremeditated, he painted as a bird sings, without effort and without definite intention. I believe he would have been highly perplexed if he had been asked to expound his "theories of art." The carelessness of brush, the promptitude of conception, the absence of conscious volition, — in a word, the happy freedom from bonds, is so evident in his works that it should disarm those critics who approach them to judge and measure by rule and formula.

To my mind, both the weaknesses and the talents of Murillo are but clear expressions of the man's own nature and of the wider nature of the Andalusian race. Let us set his portrait before us; — not that which he painted for his sons, and which depicts him in mature age, a formed and accomplished artist, but that other likeness which Louis Philippe bought in Seville, and which shows him in the flush of youth, with all his possibilities before him. We find him brilliant, ardent, fresh-colored, the warm blood flowing close under his skin; his eyes black, penetrating, full of fire and fuller still of passion; his forehead high, and modelled with those slight bosses which show a quick but rather feminine intelligence; the lower part of his face (as is frequently the case with his countrymen) less finely cut, and marred by a coarse mouth and the heavy outline of the chin. The total impression is that of a nature in which ardor serves instead of force, of facile but superficial rather than profound intelligence, and, as a prime trait, highly mundane and sensual. Are not these the very qualities we find written in his works?

Look at his Virgins, whose beauty is of so human a cast; his infant Christs, whose grace is so much more carnal than divine; his angels and cherubs, which might have been the despair of Boucher and his school; his saints and monks, who adore the Madonna or the Christ-child with such earthly passion. One of the most religious of painters in his subjects, Murillo was, it seems to me, one of the most pagan in his sentiments. With him the embodiment speaks more loudly than the idea, and the forms, borrowed from nature, have perhaps a beauty a thought too graceful, and a fleshliness a thought too near voluptuousness to accord with the highest devotion.

And yet, in saying this I have no wish to imply a doubt of Murillo's personal devoutness or the sincerity of his intentions. The faith which his paintings express was the faith of his time and country. Before his day conflict with the Jews and Moors had excited religious passion in Andalusia to the highest pitch; — nowhere had the auto de fe caused greater bloodshed, or the tyranny of the Inquisition been more magnificently imperious. But in Murillo's time this severity had relaxed. A sentimental devotion had replaced fanaticism. The Jesuits, whose whole policy of adaptable principles, allowance of many pleasures, easy penances, sense-charming ceremonies, and adornment of the churches with hitherto unknown magnificence, was exactly adapted to the Andalusian character, were welcomed with special eagerness by the people of Seville. At the same time, the inflammable imaginations of the people were excited by the exploitation of new miracles, by the revival of old legends, by daily accounts of apparitions, visions, and ecstasies. It was no longer the robust faith of the Middle Ages nor the austerity of the cloisters, but an easier devotion and a more picturesque and emotional type of religion that Murillo's brush was called upon to serve. This is why he so frequently painted these ecstatic Assumptions and Conceptions; these monks before whose faith the depths of a glad heaven open; these Franciscans upon whom the infant Saviour bestows his childlike kiss; these Dominicans who embrace the crucifix with such passion that Christ leans from it to caress them; these winged seraphs who change the scourges of self-torturing saints to roses and lilies. In all such cases he found his plan ready-made and his procedure simple. He was not forced to constantly exert imaginative invention, — a tax which might have been beyond the limit of his powers.

His historical pictures will serve as a still more satisfactory test by which to measure his talents and their limitations; for it is in such subjects that the ability of the painter in composition, in style, and in dignity is most taxed, and in which the mediocre endowment soonest betrays itself.

Let us take, for example, Murillo's large canvas of "Moses Striking the Rock" in the Hospital of La Caridad in Seville. Here the artist has given us a picture which is clear, interesting, and agreeable, but he has treated his subject without distinction, indeed I might almost say without intelligence, for the true elements of its grandeur — the awfulness of thirst, the passionate gratitude of the little band rescued from imminent death, the sublime inspiration of the prophet who, for the moment, wields the power of God — have entirely escaped him. Remove Moses and Aaron from the picture — and indeed their removal would be easy, for they are not integral parts of the composition, and their expressions are, at best, uncertain — and there will remain merely a large genre-picture, which might appropriately be called "The Halt at the Fountain." It would be a very charming picture too, with its groups of women filling their jugs, the mothers caring for their little children, the dog drinking, all expressed in the gay flower-like tones which Murillo knew so well how to employ. It is evident that the deeper meaning of his subject did not preoccupy the artist for a moment, and that, in the delight of painting these bits of familiar life, the real every-day types which were to his taste and within the scope of his talents, he forgot its gravity. The same is true of his picture of "Christ Feeding the Multitude." Here neither Christ nor the apostles first attract our attention, but the waiting women seated in the foreground. We shall find the same merits and the same deficiencies in the "St. Elizabeth of Hungary." The saint has a cold, distracted air, and tends her patients as disinterestedly as if she had held such a clinic daily for twenty years. Of the spirit of tender charity which should have been the vital animation of the picture Murillo has given us nothing. He was himself interested and he interests us in his painting of the patient who bends over the basin, the man in the foreground who unwinds the bandage from his leg, the cripple who is making-off behind, or the little ragamuffin who is scratching his head with such a monkey-like grimace.

But if Murillo's talent was insufficient for large historical compositions, it was ample and delightful in those smaller canvases where the interest in individual figures, such as the isolated bits in his more ambitious pictures, serves in place of the grand style, and the general effect is intended rather to charm than to impress.

On the one hand, then, to copy nature without reading into her, as the greatest artists have been able to do, a deeper meaning than lies upon the surface, and on the other to gracefully express the half pious, half emotional movements of the soul,— herein lies Murillo's rôle. He is by turns of the earth and of the sky; half a painter of the real, half a painter of pleasant and sensual dreams.

In considering Murillo's work in its more technical qualities, I find that many of his most ardent admirers content themselves with extolling his coloring, and make no attempt to defend his drawing. In truth, considering that he was a painter so fond of copying nature, his drawing was mannered to a surprising degree; and, more than this, I must confess that I find in it something which I can no better express than to call it a taint of "commonness" — a fault which seems to me far more regrettable than such blemishes as badly finished fingers, arms which lack anatomy, or heavy and impossible folds of drapery; for such blemishes do not, on the whole, deprive a design of character, while the sin of vulgarity is an all-pervading and deadly one.

As for color, Murillo was endowed by nature with a gift for it; and like all those who are guided rather by instinct than by science, he sometimes failed sadly in his harmonies, and at other times was most exquisitely inspired. His coloring is ordinarily unctuous and consistent rather than vigorous, and is usually warm and charming; but here too I must qualify my praise and confess to finding in his use of color what I must again call the taint of vulgarity. Nothing is more fatal to a Murillo than the proximity of a painting by Velasquez, whose aristocratic brush, whose color, imposing by its force of truth, makes the coloring of the other seem almost "pretty" and chromo-like, and his light rather the light of the lamp than the white radiance of day.— ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH.

LUCIEN SOLVAY "L'ART ESPAGNOL"

MURILLO was the spoiled child of his own time, and he has continued to be the spoiled child of subsequent generations up to the present; but it is already foreshadowed that the generation to come will judge him less blindly. Indeed, to our thinking, such universal popularity alone is enough to establish his intrinsic inferiority to Velasquez, Zurbaran, and Ribera, whose works had nothing of popular appeal in them. To admire one must understand, and what the great majority fully understands is likely to be but mediocre. On the other hand, it is clear that Murillo's work has in it a true fundamental value, for wide-spread popular admiration, no matter how superficial, has always some just basis. The power of Murillo is due to the facts that he was one of the most fertile artists of his time, and that he had an engaging personality which he was able to put into his work.

It would have been better for his final fame if he had painted fewer Assumptions and Holy Families, with their swarms of cherubic angels and their infant Christs, and spent more pains upon those he did paint. But he multiplied them without number, and from constant repetition their peculiar grace — in which there is perhaps some taint of affectation — soon became but a stereotyped grace. He turned out cherubs by the dozen, all equally charming, with great black eyes and blonde hair and rosy mouths, as if from a stock formula.

His historical paintings, more severe in inspiration and of a higher type, escape, at least, this danger of constant and stereotyped repetition. In all of them we recognize a gift for arrangement, and the hand of an artist of taste and knowledge. We shall, however, search in vain among them for works of true power. Whatever the scene which he undertook to paint, Murillo will always remain a "pleasant" painter, whose "pleasantness" verges upon insipidity; an "elegant" colorist, whose elegance verges upon effeminacy. The Catholic religion, to whose service he had devoted himself, was no longer in his hands that virile, austere, and almost savage religion of the Inquisition and the auto de fe of the former Spanish masters. His God was but a benign Father, well disposed, no longer to be feared but rather to be adored. When He appears upon Murillo's canvas it is always with open arms, always to pardon, always to rejoice, never as the inspirer of awe or the bearer of punishment. Devotion is thus transformed into a sort of delicious hysteria.

One can hardly imagine the paintings of Murillo adorning the cold, sombre walls of a cloister. What a cruel antithesis there seems to be between the ascetic solitude of the monastery and Murillo's gentle pictures, with their Virgins who are so almost profanely feminine, and their bouquets of cupid-like cherubs sporting among roses upon golden clouds! They seem fitted rather to adorn the silken walls of boudoirs where the daylight filters through curtains of tinted lace to fall upon them.

When a subject inherently sad or violent was presented to his brush, a subject which of necessity compelled other than grace and smiles, Murillo, the compatriot of those sombre historians of Spain's church militant, adds accessories to turn our eyes away from the painful spectacle. The sky opens and choirs of blonde and rosy angels hasten to bring victorious palms to the sufferer, to remind us that the tortures of the martyr are but momentary. Whenever it is possible these pretty, winged angels of his reappear to relieve the monotony of his dark brown or black backgrounds by the rosy whiteness of their dainty bodies; and I will wager that the celebrity of the "St. Anthony of Padua" depends much more upon the fresh band of these delightful dolls of heaven who accompany the little Jesus (so delicious a child that the sight of him should soften the heart of the severest cenobite) than upon the fervent attitude and expression of the saint himself.

In singular contrast with these legions of angels and flower-like Madonnas is the tatterdemalion troop of poor, which appears in many of his most famous pictures. To my mind these figures will plead loudly for his glory before the tribunal of posterity. His beggar boys and the cripples and lepers in "St. Elizabeth of Hungary" recall "The Topers" of Velasquez by the pungency of their local color and their lifelike and picturesque humanity. In painting them Murillo must have felt his native Spanish instincts revived and quickened. It seems as if it were a healthy relief to him to thus give play to the natural blood in his veins after having so constantly devoted himself to painting supernatural dreams; and if he had not bent his imagination so exclusively to heavenly visions, and had consecrated himself to the study of his kind, as did Velasquez, he would, I believe, have been to the Spanish common people the painter that Velasquez was to the Spanish nobility. — ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH.

WILLIAM STIRLING "ANNALS OF THE ARTISTS OF SPAIN"

AMONG the ecclesiastical painters of Spain Murillo holds the same unapproached pre-eminence that is held by Velasquez amongst the painters of the Spanish Court. "All the peculiar beauties of the school of Andalusia," says Cean Bermudez, "its happy use of red and brown tints, the local colors of the region, its skill in the management of drapery, its distant prospects of bare sierras and smiling vales, its clouds light and diaphanous as in nature, its flowers and transparent waters, and its harmonious depth and richness of tone, are to be found in full perfection in the works of Murillo." As a religious painter he ranks second only to the greatest masters of Italy. In ideal grace of thought and in force and perfection of style he yields, as all later artists must yield, to that constellation of genius of which Raphael was the principal star. But his pencil was endowed with a power of touching religious sympathies and awakening tender emotions which belonged to none of the Italian painters of the seventeenth century. Some of them doubtless display a more accurate knowledge of the rules, but none have so efficiently fulfilled the purposes of art. He did not, because he could not, follow the track of the great old masters; but he pressed forward in the true spirit towards the mark of their high calling. The genius of ancient art, all that is comprehended by artists under the name of the antique, was to him "a spring shut up and a fountain sealed." He had left Madrid long before Velasquez had brought his collection of casts and marbles to the Alcazar. All his knowledge of pagan art must have been gleaned in the Alcalá Gallery, or, at second hand, from Italian pictures. Athenian sculpture of the age of Pericles therefore had, directly at least, no more to do with the formation of his taste than the Mexican painting of the age of Montezuma. All his ideas were of home growth; his mode of expression was purely national and Spanish; his model, nature as it existed in and around Seville.

The Works of Murillo

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

"THE HOLY FAMILY" LOUVRE: PARIS

THIS picture, sometimes called "La Vierge de Seville," was probably painted in 1670. It was purchased by Louis XVI. The Virgin, in a robe and mantle of blue, is seated in the centre, holding on her knees the Child, whom she presents to the adoring gaze of St. Elizabeth and of the youthful St. John, who offers a reed cross to the infant Jesus. In the open heavens are seen God the Father, and the Holy Spirit descending as a dove, surrounded by cherubs.

"VIRGIN AND CHILD" [DETAIL] PITTI PALACE: FLORENCE

"EVERY great painter," says Gautier, "has depicted his own type of the Madonna, in which he incarnates his especial dream of beauty. As Murillo has represented her, the Virgin is a pretty Andalusian girl, no doubt idealized, but whose prototype one may still see among the models at the Christina, or on the Promenade del Duque; and in saying this I have no thought of a reproach, for nothing can be more charming than the woman of Seville, with her great eyes full of light and her fresh coloring and vermilion lips.

"The child Jesus is treated by Murillo with a sort of caressing adoration. In painting him he seems to have found tones which do not belong to our earthly planet. Yet through all the graces, all the smiles, all the naïve ways of infancy, there is still to be felt a touch of the divine."

"THE BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN" LOUVRE: PARIS

"THE BIRTH OF THE VIRGIN" was painted by Murillo in his *calido* manner about 1655, for the Cathedral of Seville. Paul Lefort, who considers it the most beautiful Murillo in the Louvre, writes: "It is a most admirable achievement in coloring. The general tone is based upon strong reds, deep in the shadows, which become more and more orange as they approach the light, till, drowned and overpowered toward the centre and upper parts of the picture by the vaporous light, they fade into the most delicate and flower-like tones of lilac, violet, pale pink, carmine, and tender green, producing a wonderful effect, which at once recalls that other marvel of color wherein the reds play so powerful a part, 'The Tapestry Weavers' by Velasquez."

The subject of the picture is as charming as its color. "In the centre of the composition," says Gautier, "like a bouquet of flowers lighted by a ray of the sun, the baby Virgin swims, as it were, in a cloud of light. An old woman, the *tia* as the Spanish call her, raises the child from its cradle with a caressing gesture. In the foreground a girl, clad in a lilac, tender green and straw-colored robe, leans forward curiously, leaning on a beautiful white arm, satin-like in texture and dimpled at the rosy elbow. But the most marvellous figure in this group is the young angel, modelled, as it seems, from nothing,—a rose-colored vapor touched with silver. She leans her adorable head—made with three brief brush strokes—over the Virgin, resting one delicate hand on her breast, the fingers nestling among the folds of her dress as if in the petals of a flower. Above the cradle of the Virgin a hovering glory of child angels illumines the room like a glowing smoke. Half hidden in the shadow of the background the bed of the mother may be vaguely distinguished. It is impossible to imagine anything more fresh, more tender, more lovely, than this picture."

It is probably of this work, which formerly hung in the Seville Cathedral, that Ford relates the following anecdote: "On Marshal Soult's arrival in Seville this picture was hidden by the chapter. A traitor informed him of its concealment and he sent to *beg* it as a present, hinting that if refused he would take it by force. Some years after, in Paris, the worthy Marshal was showing Colonel Gurwood his collection, and stopping opposite a Murillo, said, 'I very much value *that* specimen. It saved the lives of two estimable persons.' An aide-de-camp who was standing by whispered, 'He threatened to have both of them shot on the spot unless they gave up the picture.'"

"THE DIVINE SHEPHERD" THE PRADO: MADRID

PAINTED probably about the year 1670, this picture shows the transition from Murillo's second, or *calido*, manner to his third, or *vaporoso*. It represents the child Jesus clad in a red tunic and sheepskin garment, seated on a terrace. His left hand rests on the back of a sheep, while in his right he holds a crook. "Murillo," writes Curtis, "is supposed to have been indebted for this design to an engraving of Cupid by Della-Bella, which is to be found in an edition of the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid."

"ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA AND THE CHRIST-CHILD" BERLIN GALLERY

IN this picture, one of the most celebrated of Murillo's works, St. Anthony of Padua, kneeling, holds in his arms the infant Jesus, who lovingly caresses the face of the saint. An opening in the heavens above reveals a group of cherubs in an atmosphere of glowing light, while on the ground are seen two more, one with an open book and the other holding lilies,—attributes of St. Anthony of Padua. The picture, according to Curtis, is probably the one taken in 1810 from a convent in Seville by Marshal Soult, with the assistance of a troop of infantry.

"ST. ELIZABETH OF HUNGARY HEALING THE SICK" ROYAL ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS: MADRID

OF the eleven remarkable pictures which Murillo painted when at the height of his power, between 1671 and 1674, for the Hospital of La Caridad in Seville, the "St. Elizabeth of Hungary" (El Tiñoso), now in the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Madrid, is considered the finest. "Whoever has not seen it," says Justi, "does not know what Spanish painting really is."

St. Elizabeth was a sovereign princess of Hungary in the fourteenth century, whose life was consecrated to religion and charity. She maintained a daily table for nine hundred poor, and an hospital where, in spite of the scorn and murmurs of her ladies, she personally performed the duties of sick nurse. "In his picture of St. Elizabeth of Hungary," writes Théophile Gautier, "Murillo takes us into the most thoroughgoing reality. Instead of angels we were here shown lepers; but Christian art, like Christian charity, feels no disgust at such a spectacle. Everything which it touches becomes pure, elevated, and ennobled, and from this revolting theme Murillo has created a masterpiece. The pious queen has her head enveloped by a sort of white veil which frames the pure oval of her face, and on this half-monastic veil there shines a light crown which marks her as a queen, and which radiates like an aureola and marks her as a saint. She stands at the entrance of the palace receiving her clients, the poor, the sick, and the infirm. A large silver basin filled with water is set upon a stool, over which bends a poor child (el tiñoso) and presents his diseased head to the white hands of the royal saint. Two young girls accompany their lady, and assist her in the menial occupation. One of them holds a salver on which are bandages and flagons of ointment, while the other holds a pitcher to refill a silver basin. Nothing is too beautiful for the service of the poor. Upon the first step of the terrace sits an old woman in rags, whose sharp profile stands out boldly against the violet velvet of the queen's robe. In the foreground, near the line of the frame, a beggar is wrapping a bandage around his leg, while behind a cripple hurries forward upon his crutches. In the background, and through a piece of architecture which recalls Veronese, may be seen the queen again, accompanied by her women feeding the hungary poor."

"This picture," writes Professor Hoppin, "unites the excellences of Murillo's three styles, more especially the *frio* and *calido*, with fine effects of atmosphere and of the management of light. The faultlessness of the drawing, the luminous shadows, the treatment of light, the inimitable skill in the disposition of different groups, exhibit a mastery of technique as well as of coloring."

"Murillo's 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary,'" writes Paul Lefort, "may be studied as one of the best manifestations of the characteristics and tendencies of the Spanish school, — a sublimity in conception, linked to the most audacious naturalism in form; qualities and defects which seem the essence and originality of Spanish genius."

"THE MELON-EATERS" MUNICH GALLERY

NO example of Murillo's celebrated beggar boys, upon which so large a portion of his fame rests, is now to be found in any public gallery of Spain. The one here reproduced was acquired by the Munich Gallery in 1802.

"As a painter of children," says Stirling, "Murillo is the Titian or Rubens of Spain. He appears to have studied them with peculiar delight, noting their ways and their graces in the unconscious models so abundantly supplied by the jocund poverty of Andalusia. Amongst the bright-eyed, nut-brown boys and girls of the *Feria*, he found subjects far better fitted for his canvas than the pale Infants and Infantas who engrossed the accurate pencil of Velasquez."

"THE CHILDREN OF THE SHELL" THE PRADO: MADRID

"THE CHILDREN OF THE SHELL" (Los Niños de la Concha), called by Professor Hoppin "the most beautiful picture of children in the world, in which childlike loveliness can no farther go," represents the child Jesus giving the young St. John — "a girdle of skins about his loins," and bearing the bannered cross of his mission — water to drink from a shell; while through the opening skies, angels look down upon the charming scene in rejoicing sympathy. This picture is an excellent example of Murillo's *vaporoso* manner. Over the whole is spread the seeming veil of an unseen mist,— a warm, transparent haze, impalpable and dreamy, which tones the splendor of the setting sun that lights the picture into a glowing harmony.

"THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION" LOUVRE: PARIS

ONE of three works painted by Murillo in 1678 for the Hospital de los Venerables, in Seville, this picture was among those taken from Spain by Marshal Soult, and at the Soult sale, in 1852, was acquired by the French government for 586,000 francs, a higher price than had at that time ever been realized by a work of art.

The dogma of the Immaculate Conception was a favorite one in the Spanish Church, and Murillo, with whom it was a favorite subject (he represented it some twenty times), became known as "the painter of the Conception."

"For the treatment of this important subject," says Stirling, "the directions of Pacheco (the Inspector-General of Sacred Pictures to the Inquisition) are very full and precise. The idea is borrowed from the vision in the Apocalypse, of the wondrous woman clothed with the sun and with the moon under her feet, and having upon her head a crown of twelve stars. 'In this gracefullest of mysteries,' says Pacheco, 'Our Lady is to be painted in the flower of her age, with all the beauty that a human pencil can express.' Her eyes are to be turned to heaven, and her arms meekly folded. The mantling sun is to be expressed by bright golden light behind the figure; the pedestal moon is to be a crescent with downward-pointing horns; and the twelve stars are to form a diadem like a celestial crown in heraldry. The robe of the Virgin, of course covering her feet with decent folds, must be white, and her mantle blue; and round her waist is tied the cord of St. Francis, because in this guise she appeared to Beatriz de Silva, a noble nun of Portugal. About her are to hover cherubs, bearing emblematic boughs and flowers; the upper glory is to reveal the forms of the Eternal Father and the mystic dove; and in the clouds beneath the moon, the bruised head of the great red dragon. These last accessions, however, Pacheco does not absolutely require; and he is especially willing to forgive the omission of the dragon, 'which, indeed,' says he, 'no man ever painted with good will.'

"Murillo is by no means exact in his adherence to the letter of Pacheco's laws. The attitude of the figure and the colors of the drapery are the sole points in which he exhibits habitual obedience. The horns of his moon generally point upwards; he usually omits the starry crown; and in spite of his predilection for the Capuchin order, he commonly dispenses with the girdling cord of St. Francis. His Virgin is sometimes a fair child with golden locks, gazing to heaven with looks of wondering adoration; sometimes a dark-haired woman, on whose mature beauty the sun has looked, bending her eyes in benign pity on this sublunar sphere. . . .

"The celestial attendants of the Virgins of Murillo are amongst the loveliest cherubs that ever bloomed on canvas. He permitted no difficulty of attitude or foreshortening to deter his facile and triumphant pencil. Hovering in the sunny air, reposing on clouds, or sporting amongst their silvery folds, these ministering shapes give life and movement to the picture, and relieve the Virgin's statue-like repose."

"THE VISION OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA" SEVILLE CATHEDRAL

ST. ANTHONY of Padua was a Portuguese by birth, who for a time taught divinity at the University of Padua; but impelled by a desire for wider usefulness, he forsook scholastic honors, and, as a humble Franciscan friar, went forth to teach the gospel to the poor. On one occasion, when expounding with wonderful eloquence the mystery of the Incarnation, it is related that he saw the infant Jesus descend from heaven and stand upon the open Bible before him. This is "The Vision of St. Anthony of Padua," which Murillo, with various changes of *mise en scène*, so frequently chose as a subject. The present version is the largest painting he ever executed; and is considered by many critics as his highest achievement.

"Never," writes Théophile Gautier, "was the magic of a painter's brush pushed further. I consider this picture better than Murillo's 'St. Elizabeth of Hungary;' better than all his Virgins and holy children, pure and lovely as they are. He who has not seen the 'St. Anthony of Padua' has not seen Murillo's masterpiece. The saint in ecstasy kneels in the middle of his cell, all the poor details of which are depicted with that vigorous realism which is characteristic of the Spanish school. The upper part of the picture, flooded with vaporous light, is filled with groups of angels of truly ideal beauty. Drawn down by the fervor of prayer, the infant Christ, descending from cloud to cloud, is about to place himself between the outstretched arms of the saint."

"The picture," writes Paul Lefort, "exhibits in a way that is unrivalled in any period and in any school Murillo's rare faculty of closely combining the supernatural with natural beings and tangible objects, and of introducing celestial visions into the very midst of humble and familiar every-day life. Under his brush visions, dreams, and miracles acquire in some way the indisputable authority of fact; and a golden legend becomes history."

In November, 1874, it was discovered by the guardians of Seville Cathedral that the picture had been mutilated by cutting out the figure of St. Anthony, although, so far as was known, the curtain covering it had not been withdrawn during the previous forty-eight hours. The Spanish government immediately sent photographs of the mutilation to its foreign representatives, and instructed them to aid in the search for the criminal. In January, 1875, a Spaniard who called himself Fernando Garcia offered to sell in New York to Mr. Schaus, a well-known picture dealer, an authentic Murillo, which he said had been in his family for years. This Murillo proved to be none other than the stolen fragment, tacked to a new American stretcher, and much damaged by having evidently been kept rolled for some time. Mr. Schaus immediately recognized it, purchased it from Garcia for $250, and notified the Spanish consul. Garcia was arrested but finally released, because of insufficient evidence of his complicity in the theft. The fragment was replaced, the injury as far as possible repaired, and the picture reinstated in its old place in the Baptistery, with public festivities, in October, 1875.

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF MURILLO, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ALTHORPE, ENG., EARL SPENCER'S COLLECTION: Portrait of Murillo (Page 20)—AYNHOE, ENG., CARTWRIGHT COLLECTION: Immaculate Conception; St. Anthony and Infant Jesus; St. John Baptist; Ecce Homo; Mater Dolorosa; Tobias and the Angel; Abraham and Isaac—BERLIN GALLERY: St. Anthony of Padua and the Christ-child (Plate v)—CADIZ MUSEUM: Ecce Homo—CADIZ, CAPUCHIN CHURCH: Immaculate Conception; Marriage of St. Catherine; St. Francis of Assisi—CADIZ, CHURCH OF SAN FELIPE NERI: Immaculate Conception—CHICAGO, ART INSTITUTE: Adoration of Shepherds; Immaculate Conception—DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Virgin and Child; St. Rodriquez;

Death of St. Clara — Dulwich Gallery: Virgin and Child; Flower Girl; Two Peasant Boys; Three Peasant Boys — Florence, Pitti Palace: Virgin and Child (Plate ii); Virgin and Child with Rosary — The Hague, Museum: Virgin and Child — London, National Gallery: Holy Family; St. John and the Lamb; Peasant Boy; Boy Drinking — London, Wallace Collection: Annunciation; Assumption; Virgin and Child with Rosary; Virgin and Child (*bis*); Holy Family; St. Thomas of Villanueva; Virgin, Child, and Saints; Virgin, Child, and St. Rosalie; Adoration of Shepherds; Marriage of the Virgin; Joseph and his Brethren — London, Stafford House: Abraham and Angels; St. Anthony and Infant Jesus; St. Justa; St. Rufina; Archbishop Ambrosio Ignacio Spinola; Prodigal Son's Return; A Girl — London, Lord Overstone's Collection: Immaculate Conception; Holy Family; Three Pictures of Virgin and Child; Ecce Homo — London, Earl Dudley's Collection: St. John; St. Anthony and Infant Jesus; Five Scenes from Life of Prodigal Son; St. Justa; Old Woman and Boy — London, Grosvenor House: Infant Jesus Asleep; St. John; Meeting of Jacob and Laban — London, Earl of Northbrook's Collection: Assumption; Immaculate Conception; Holy Family; Repose in Egypt; St. Thomas of Villanueva; Peasant Boy; Sleeping Infant; Portrait of Don Andres de Andradae — Madrid, The Prado: Annunciation (*bis*); Three Pictures of Immaculate Conception; Adoration of Shepherds; Holy Family; Education of the Virgin; Infant Jesus Asleep; The Divine Shepherd (Plate iv); Christ on the Cross (*bis*); Five Sketches for Pictures of Prodigal Son; Virgin and Child (*bis*); Children of the Shell (Plate viii); St. John and the Lamb; Ecce Homo; Mater Dolorosa; Head of John the Baptist; Head of St. Paul; Conversion of St. Paul; St. Augustine; Martyrdom of St. Andrew; Vision of St. Bernard; San Fernando; St. Francis of Assisi; Three Pictures of St. Francis de Paul; St. James; St. Jerome (*bis*); St. Ildefonso; Father Cavanillas; Mary Magdalen; Rebekah and Eliezar; Two Landscapes; Peasant Girl; Old Woman Spinning — Madrid, Royal Academy of Fine Arts: St. Elizabeth of Hungary Healing the Sick; (Plate vi); Dream of the Roman Senator; Roman Senator Relating his Dream; Virgin and Child; Resurrection; Mary Magdalen; St. Francis of Assisi; St. Diego Blessing a Pot of Soup — Munich Gallery: Melon-eaters (Plate vii); Two Peasant Girls; Boys Playing Dice; Old Woman and Boy; St. Francis of Assisi (?) — New York: Metropolitan Museum: Magdalen — New York, Owned by C. B. Curtis, Esq., St. Diego Surprised by the Guardian — Orwell Park, Eng., Owned by George Tomline, Esq.: The Pool of Bethesda; St. Joseph and Infant Jesus; St. Augustine — Paris, Louvre: Birth of the Virgin (Plate iii); Immaculate Conception (Plate ix); Immaculate Conception (*bis*); Virgin and Child; Holy Family (Plate i); Angels' Kitchen; Peasant Boy; Duke of Osuña; Don Francisco de Quevedo Villègas — Paris, Owned by Baron Seilliere: Portrait of Murillo — Richmond Hill, Eng., Owned by Francis Cook, Esq.: The Virgin; Ecce Homo; Christ after Flagellation; Christ on the Cross; St. Francis of Assisi; St. Joseph and Infant Jesus; St. Peter; St. Bonaventura; Landscape; Portrait of Murillo — Rome, Corsini Palace: Virgin and Child — Rome, Vatican: Adoration of Shepherds; St. Peter Arbuez; Marriage of St. Catherine — Seville, Museum: Annunciation; Four Pictures of Immaculate Conception; Adoration of Shepherds; Three Pictures of the Virgin and Child; St. Thomas of Villanueva; St. Joseph and Infant Jesus; Pietà; John the Baptist; St. Francis of Assisi; St. Augustine (*bis*); St. Anthony of Padua and Infant Jesus (*bis*); St. Peter Nolasco; St. Felix (*bis*); St. Leandro and St. Bonaventura; St. Justa and St. Rufina — Seville Cathedral: Vision of St. Anthony of Padua (Plate x); Immaculate Conception; Baptism of Christ; The Guardian Angel; St. Pius; St. Isadoro (*bis*); St. Justa; St. Rufina; St. Ferdinand (*bis*); St. Laureano; St. Leandor (*bis*); St. Hermengild; Madre Francisca Dorotea Villalda — Seville, Hospital of La Caridad: Moses Striking the Rock; Miracle of Loaves and Fishes; St. John and the Lamb; Annunciation; Infant Saviour; San Juan de Dios — St. Petersburg, Hermitage: Annunciation; Assumption; Immaculate Conception; Adoration of the Shepherds; Holy Family; Crucifixion; St. Joseph and Infant Jesus (*bis*); St. Anthony of Padua and Infant Jesus; Jacob's Dream; Isaac Blessing Jacob; St. Peter in Prison; St. Peter Arbuez; Peasant Boy (*bis*); Flight into Egypt; Repose in Egypt; Peasant Girl — Valladolid, Museum: St. Joachim and the Virgin — Vienna, Imperial Gallery: St. John and the Lamb.

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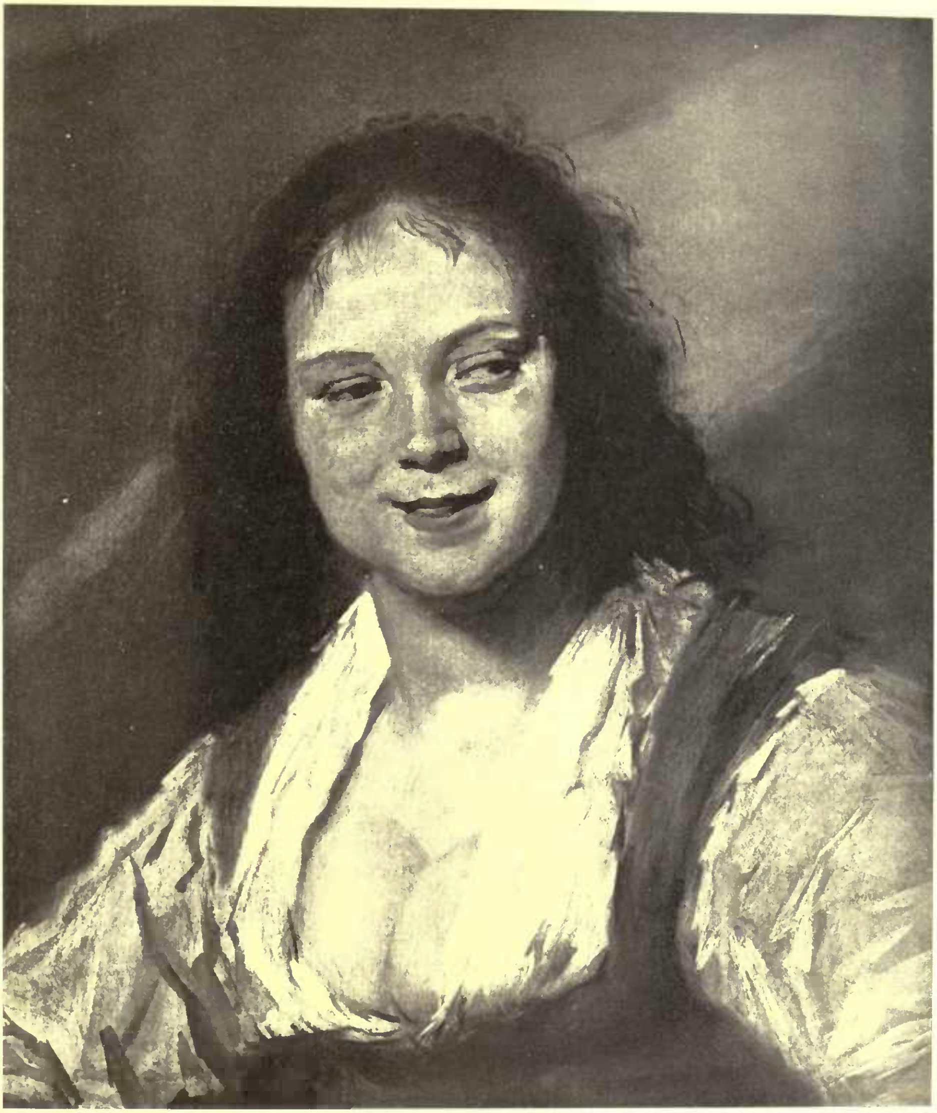
Frans Hals

DUTCH SCHOOL



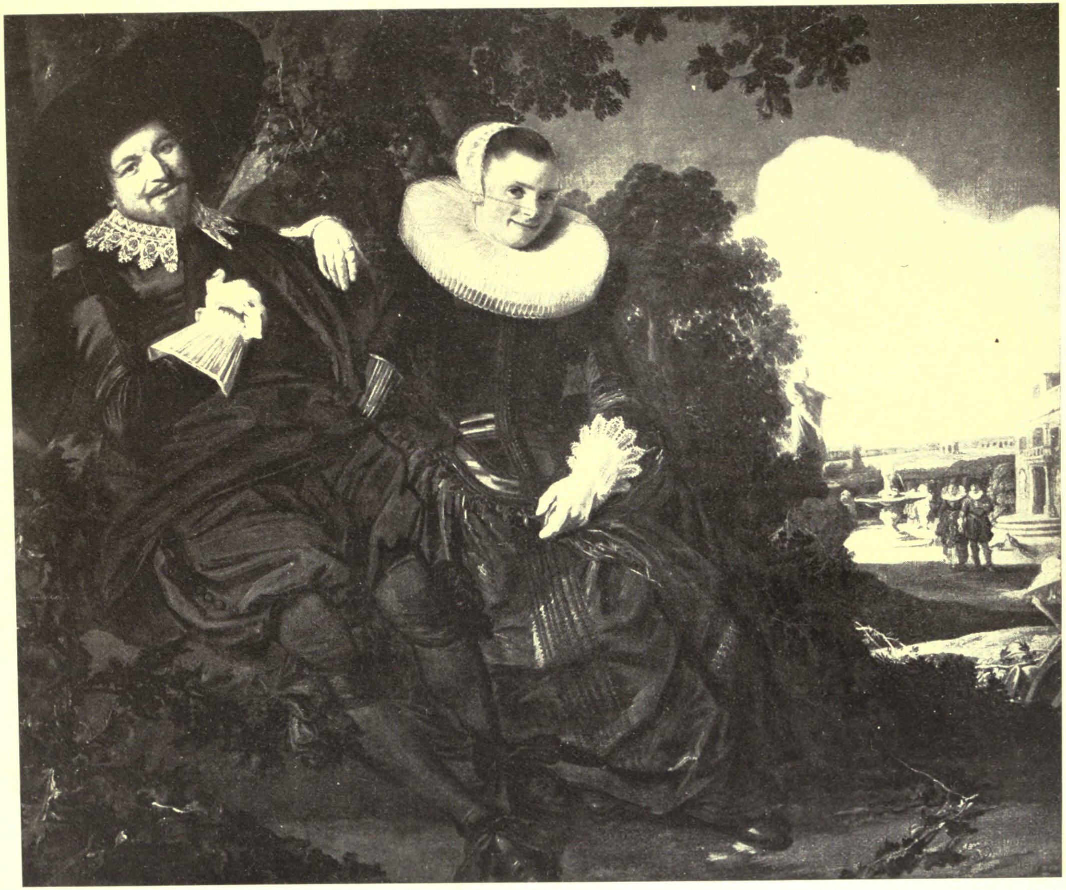
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE I.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

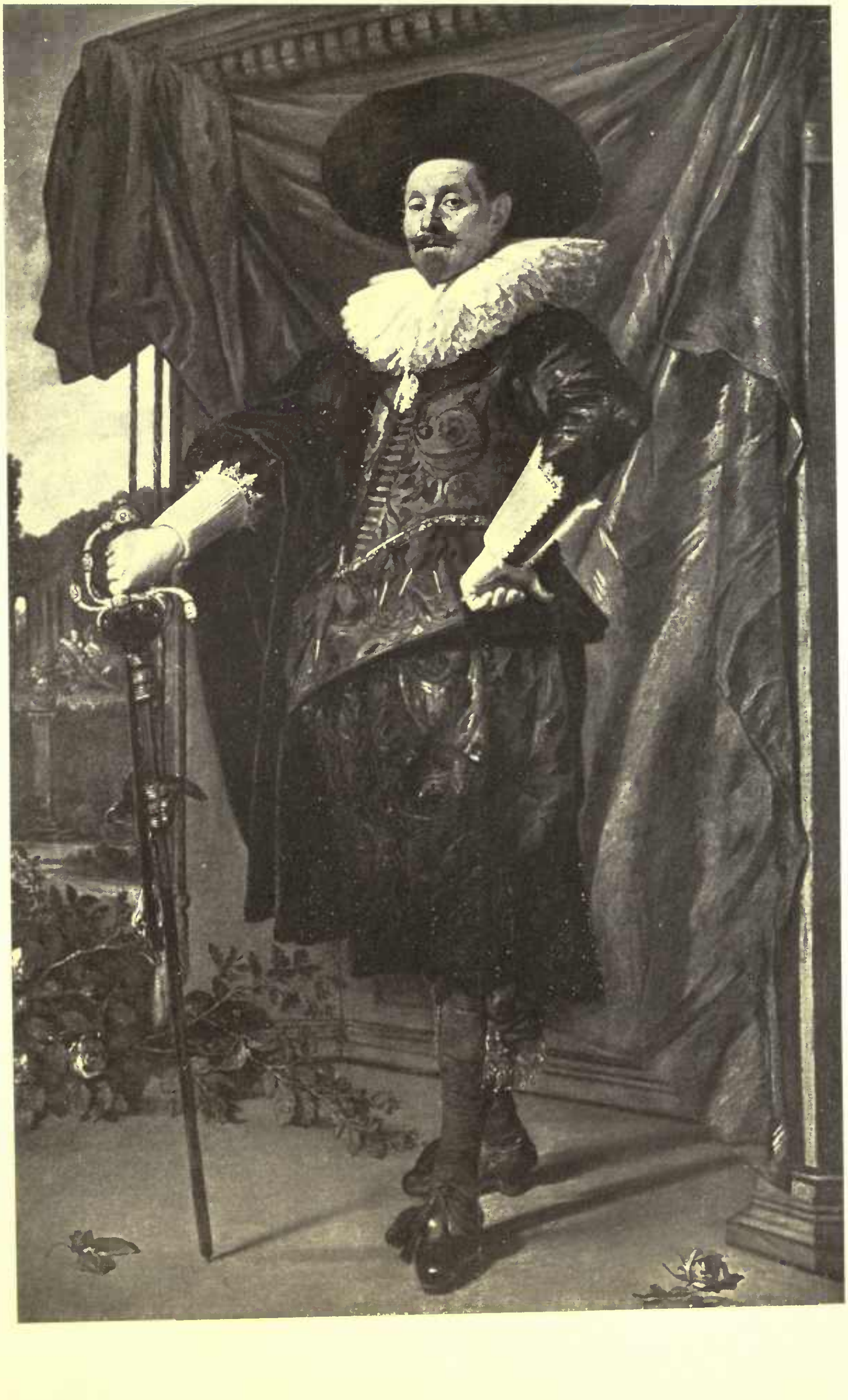
FRANS HALS

"LA BOHÉMIENNE"

LOUVRE, PARIS

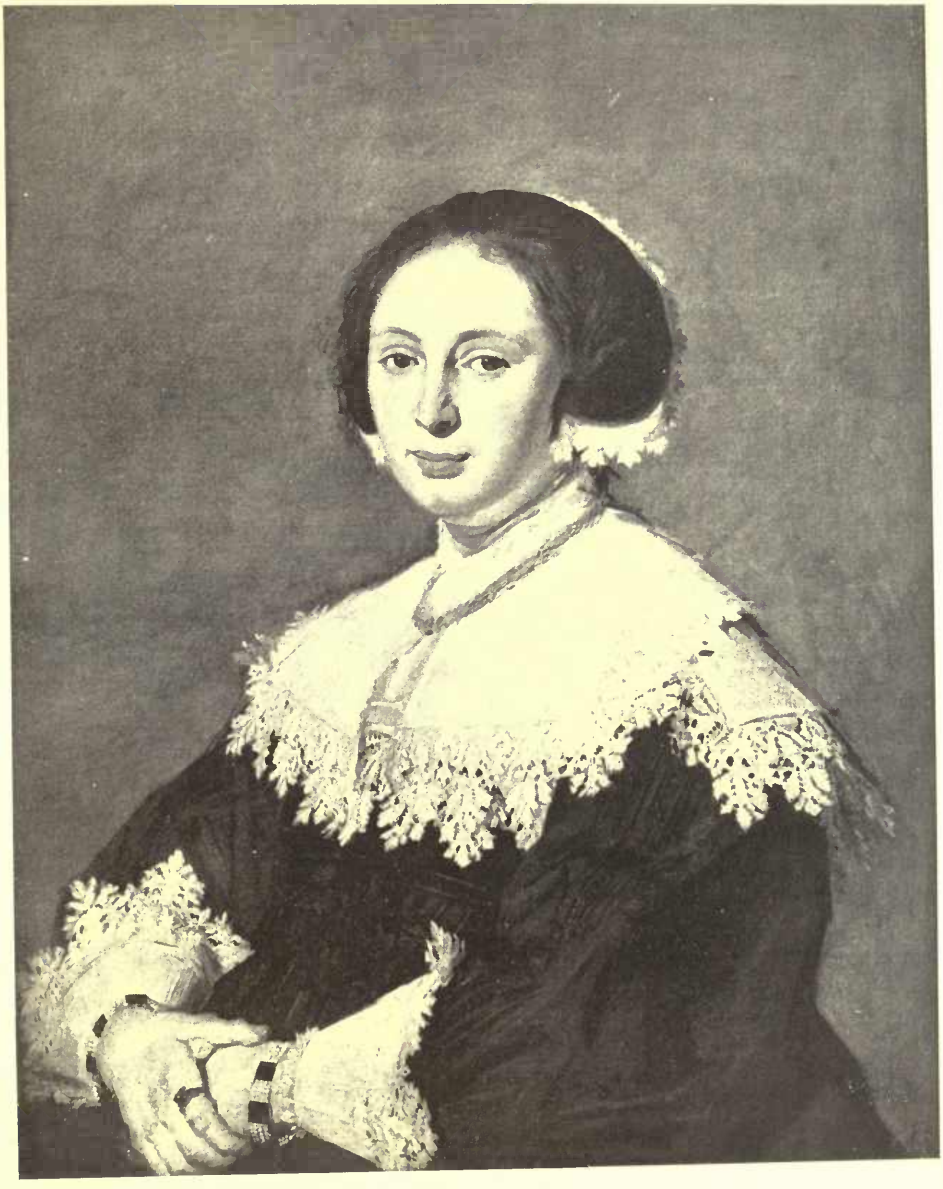

MASTERS IN ART. PLATE II.
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

FRANS HALS
PORTRAITS OF FRANS HALS AND HIS WIFE
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM



PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

FRANS HALS
PORTRAIT OF WILLEM VAN HUYTHUYSEN
LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY, VIENNA



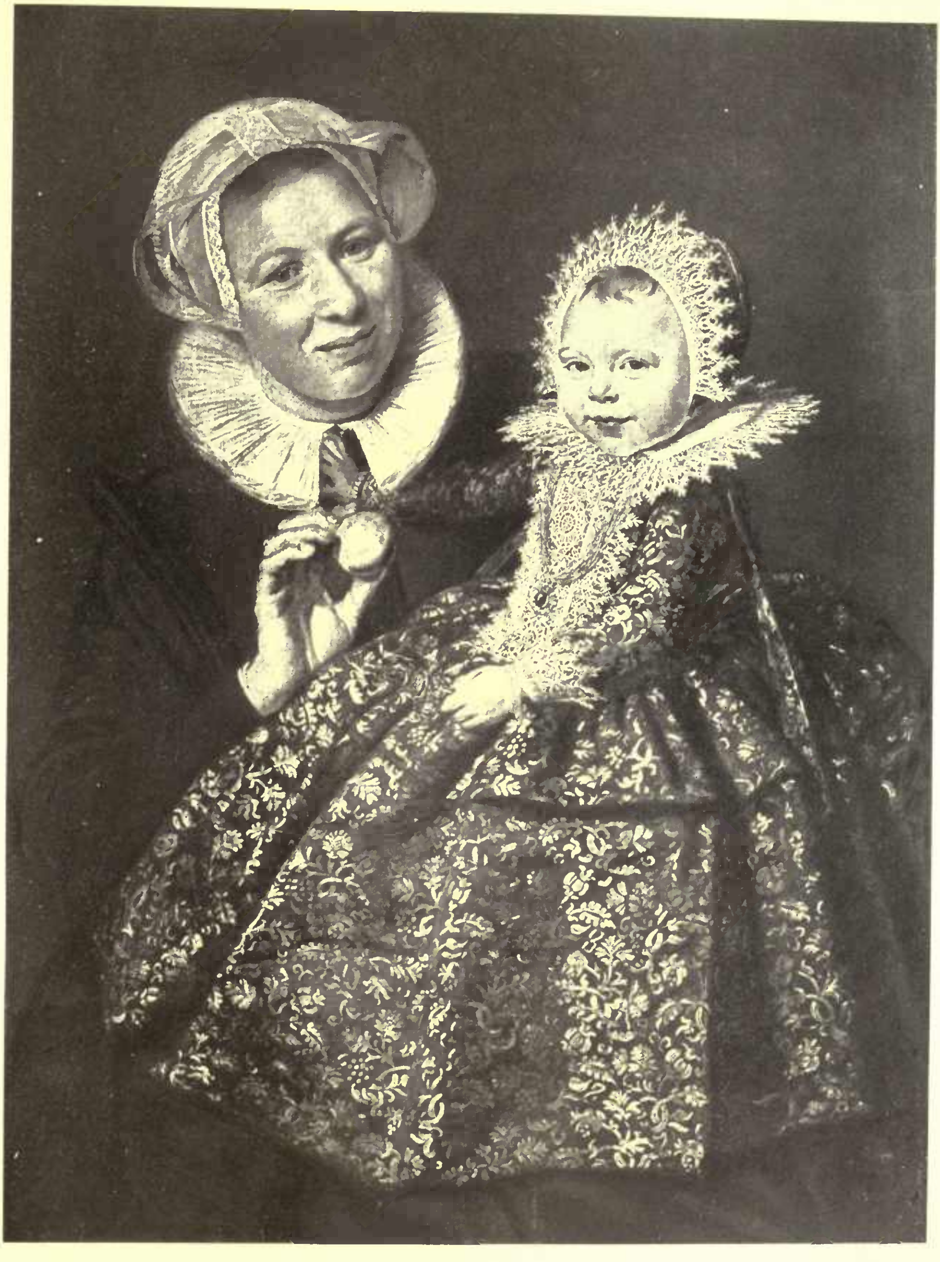
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE IV.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

FRANS HALS

PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN

BERLIN GALLERY



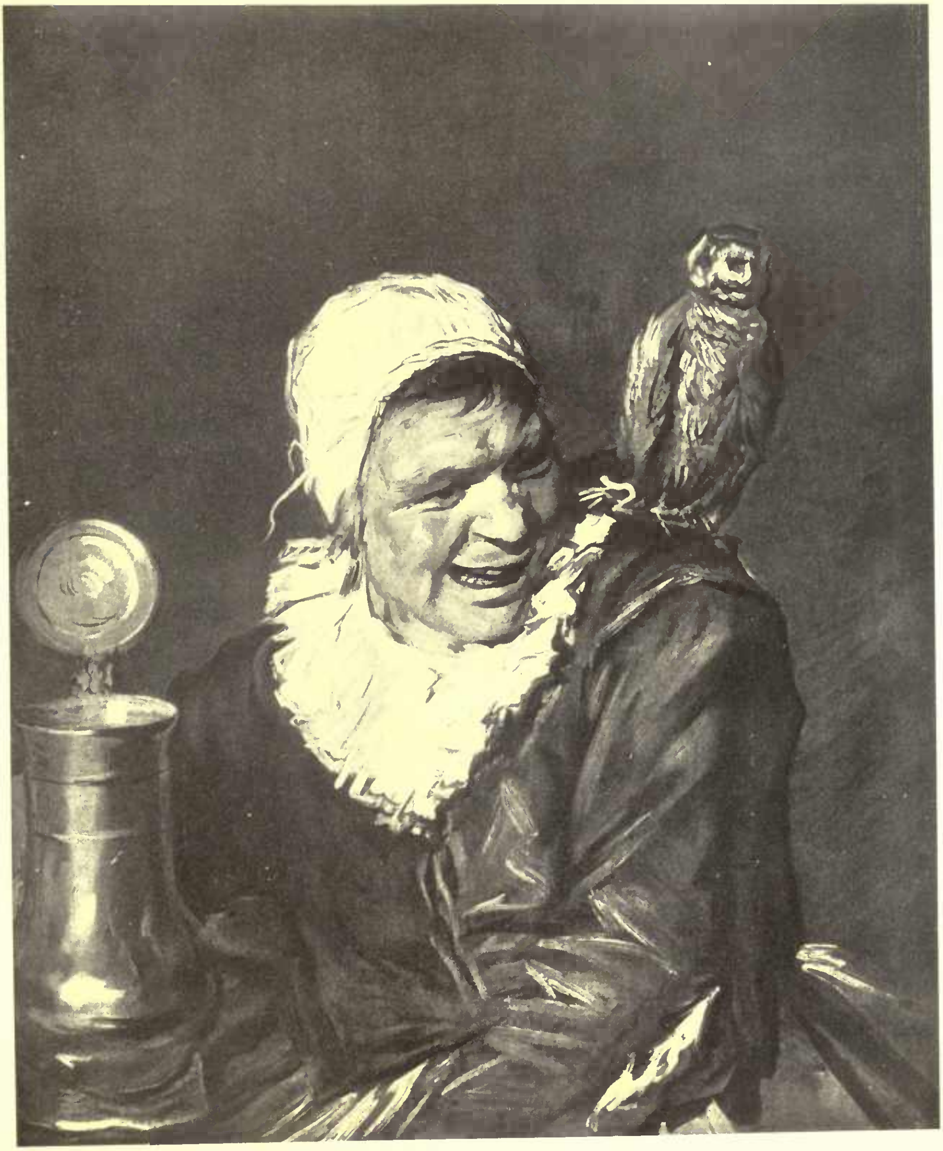
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE V.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

FRANS HALS

PORTRAIT OF A CHILD AND HER NURSE

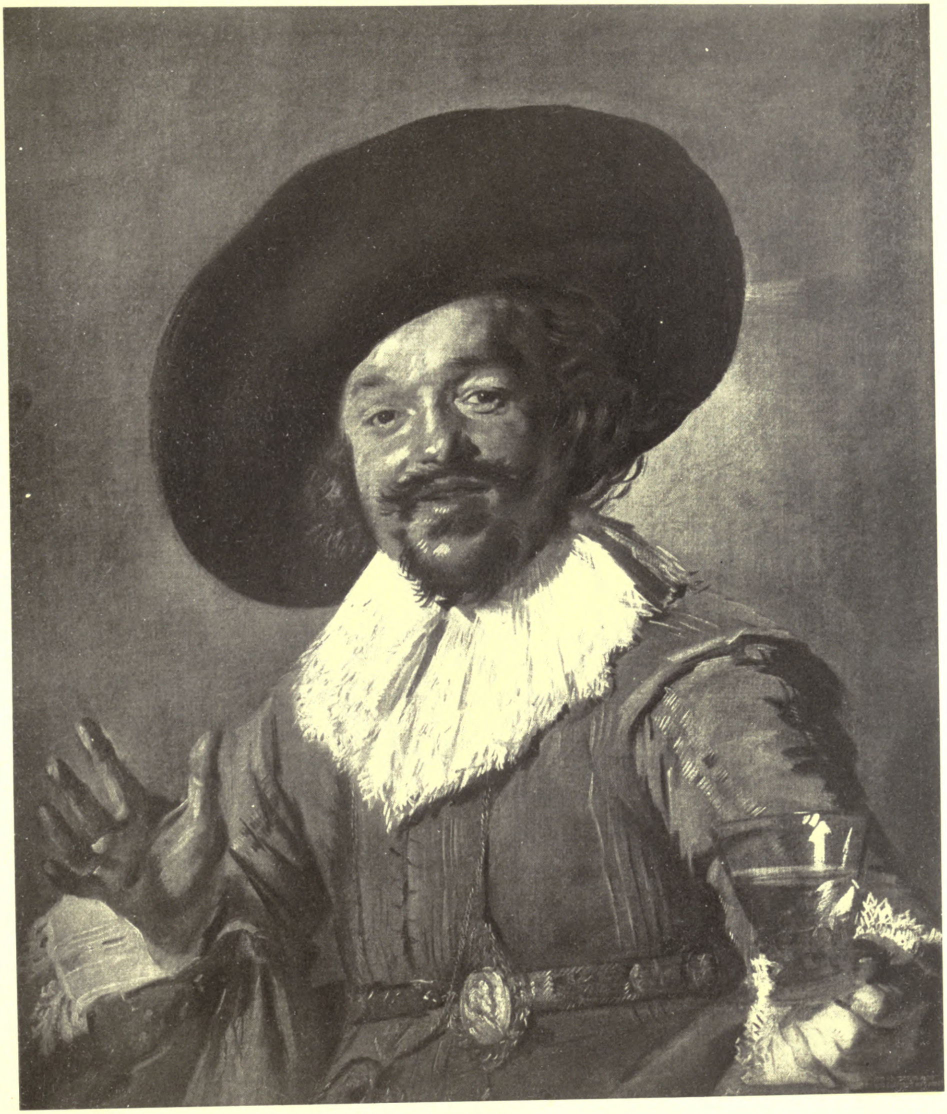
BERLIN GALLERY



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VI.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

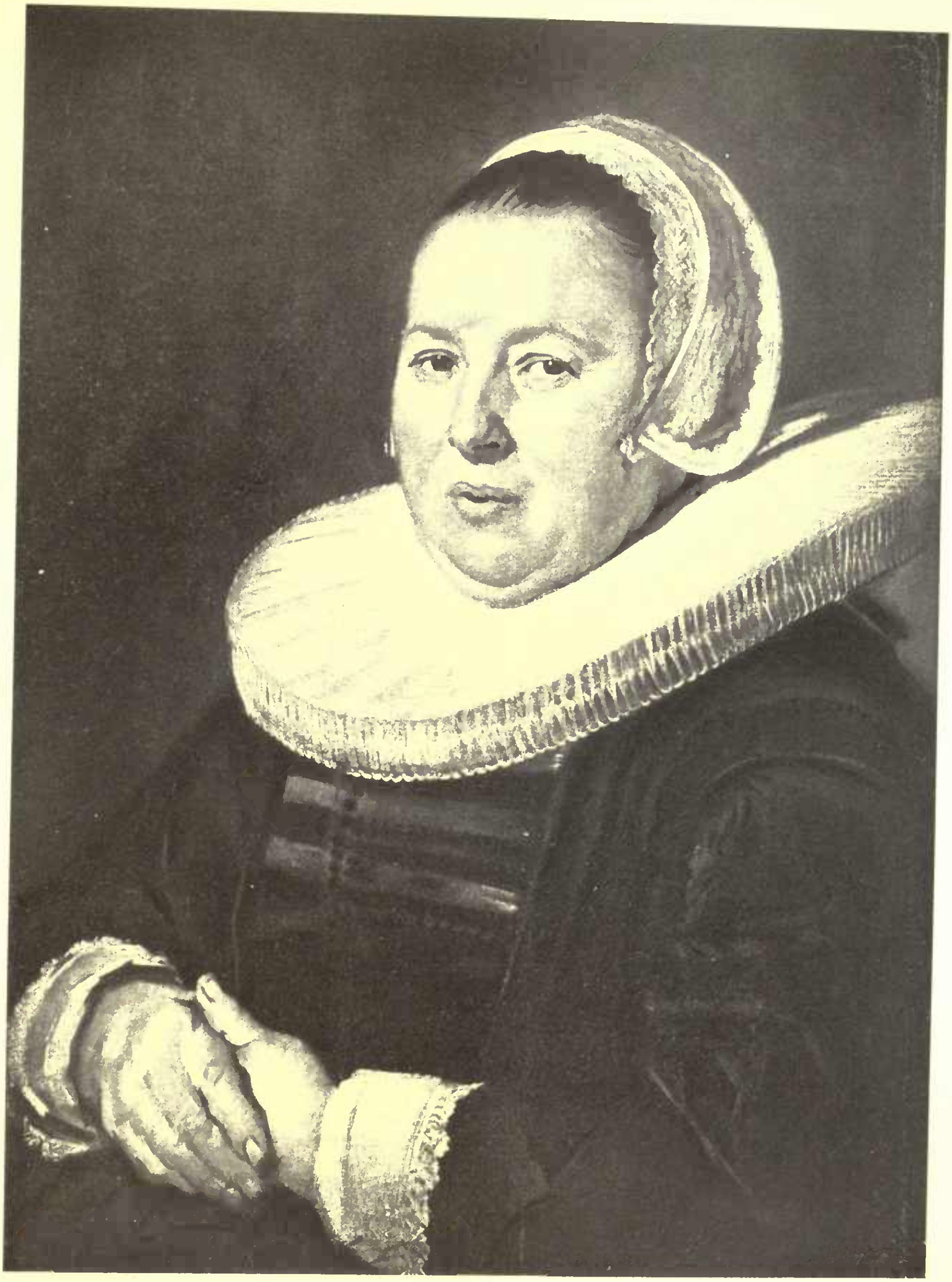
FRANS HALS
"HILLE BOBBE, THE WITCH OF HAARLEM"
BERLIN GALLERY



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VII.

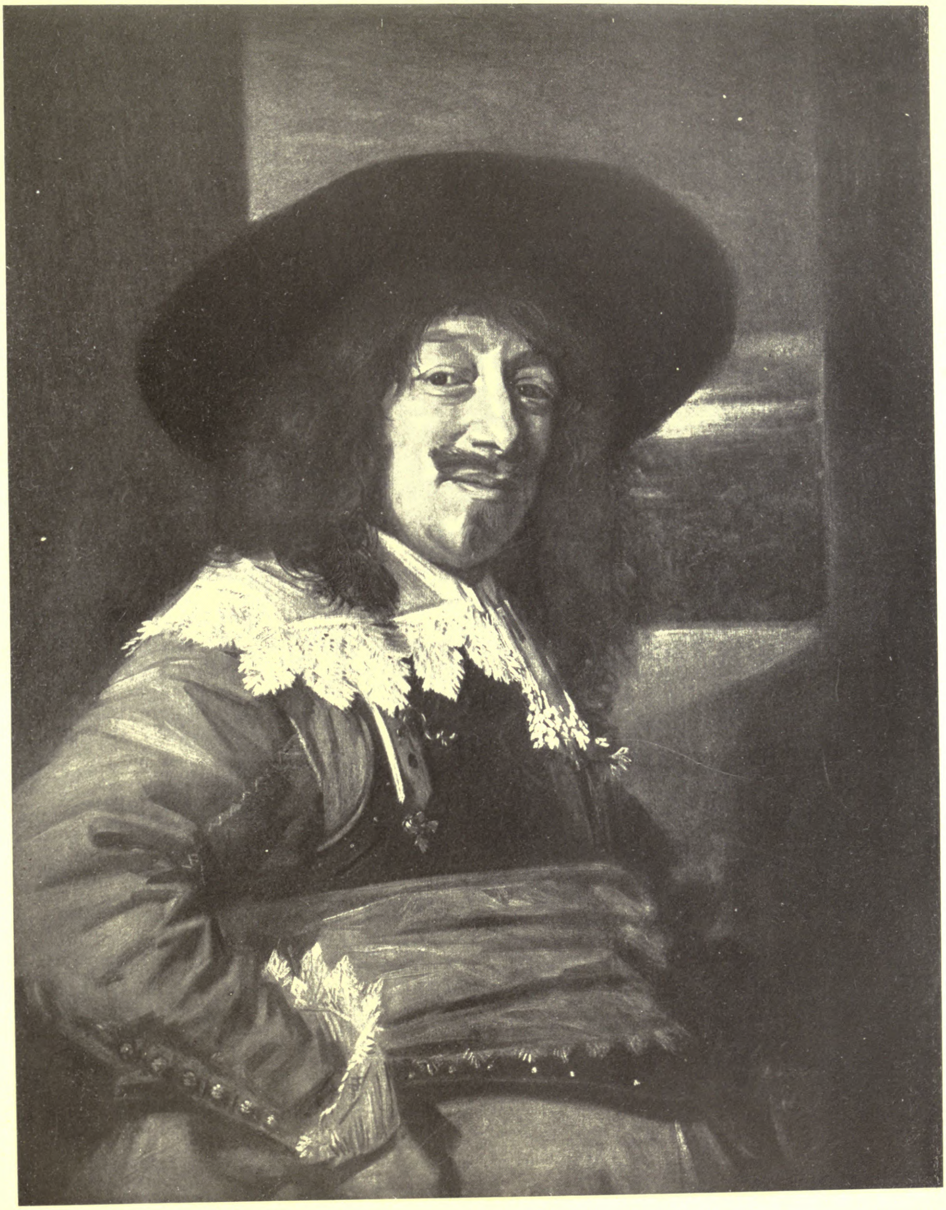
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

FRANS HALS
"A JOLLY MAN"
RYKS MUSEUM, AMSTERDAM



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VIII.
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

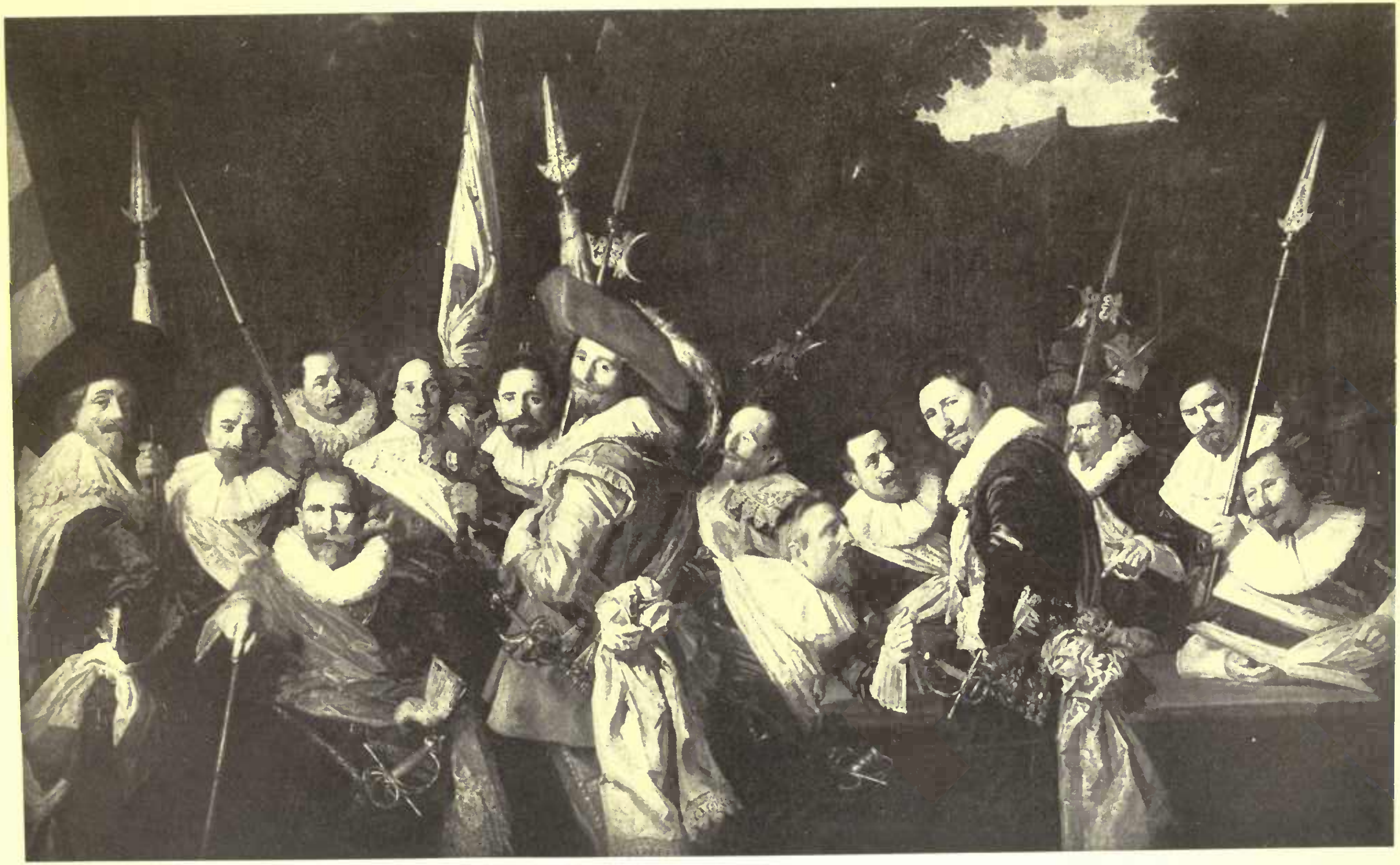
FRANS HALS
PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN
NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE IX

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

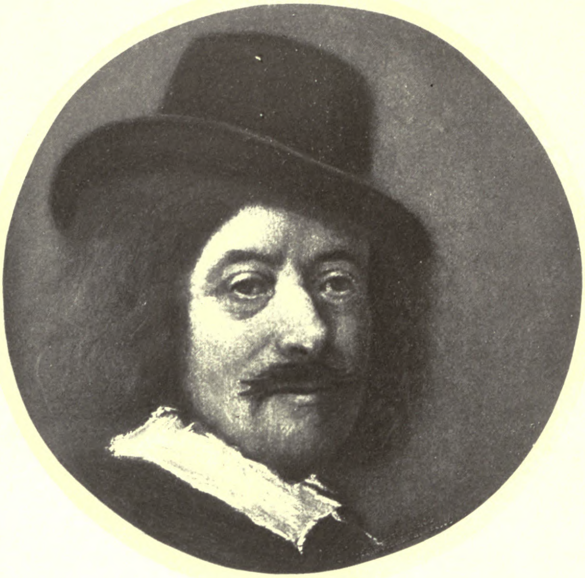
FRANS HALS
PORTRAIT OF AN ADMIRAL
THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE X.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

FRANS HALS
REUNION OF THE OFFICERS OF ST. ANDREW, 1633
MUNICIPAL MUSEUM, HAARLEM



PORTRAIT OF FRANS HALS MUNICIPAL MUSEUM, HAARLEM

This portrait was purchased from Hals's descendants by Dr. van der Willigen, the historian of his life. It is undoubtedly a likeness of the master, and closely resembles his portrait as one of the minor figures in the group of "The Officers of St. George," painted in 1639. That it was painted by Frans Hals himself, as Dr. van der Willigen believes, is doubtful. It is more probably the work of his brother, his son, or his nephew, all of whom were painters, or of a pupil.

Frans Hals

BORN 1584?: DIED 1666
DUTCH SCHOOL

PERCY RENDELL HEAD "FRANS HALS"

THAT Antwerp claims the honor of having given Frans Hals birth is merely an accident of his origin. His ancestry was Dutch; from the outset of his working life he had become a citizen of Holland; and the characteristics of his art are decidedly opposed to those of the Flemish school, with Rubens at its head.

For two centuries before the artist's birth the Hals family, as its records prove, had occupied a place of high consideration among the patrician houses of Haarlem. Misfortunes consequent upon the war compelled the parents of Frans, in the latter part of the sixteenth century, to quit their native city and seek an asylum in Antwerp. There, and not, as some biographers have asserted, at Mechlin, Frans was born, probably in the year 1584. Nothing is known certainly of his early years; he studied probably at Antwerp in the beginning of his training, and, on the return of his family to Haarlem, entered the school of Karel van Mander. The date of this return can only be conjectured; we ought probably to place it before 1608, if we are to suppose that the "Joost Hals of Antwerp," who in that year was charged before the Haarlem magistrates with drunkenness and disorderly conduct in the streets, was a member of the same family.

It must have been about the year 1610 that Hals married a young lady named Anneke Hermanszoon. On the second of September, 1611, occurred the baptism of their son Harman Hals. His domestic life with this lady cannot have been very happy; on the twentieth of February, 1616, we find him summoned before the magistrates for ill-treating her. He received on this occasion a severe reprimand for his drunken habits and violence, expressed much contrition, and was let off on the understanding that a repetition of the offence would be visited with severe punishment. He was relieved from temptation by the death of his wife, which happened only a few days afterwards — not, we are glad to believe, in consequence of his mishandling, but in the course of nature, as it was not thought necessary to hold any inquest or investigation concerning the causes of her death.

In his second marriage Hals was more fortunate in finding a spouse able to make allowance for his peculiarities of conduct and temper. Her name was Lysbeth Reyniers. They were married on the twelfth of February, 1617, lived together for nearly fifty years, and brought up a large family.

The accounts of Hals's dissolute habits have undoubtedly been much exaggerated. Little as we know of his history, there is plenty of evidence to prove that he was very different from the mere sot which some biographers would have us believe him. It cannot be denied that he was both intemperate and improvident, and these faults were powerful obstacles to his advancement. If he had been less idle and less fond of pleasure he would have done more work and achieved higher fame; but a man given over altogether to wine-bibbing and low society would hardly enjoy, as Hals did, considerable local reputation in a crowded profession, constant employment during a long working life, and a pension from the State to provide for the wants of his old age. As to those features in his character which are not praiseworthy, the historian need not be harsher than the artist's own contemporaries. His talents were allowed to condone his faults while he lived, and it is with his talents that posterity is chiefly concerned. Even after the wife-beating episode, it does not appear that he was regarded with disfavor among his fellow-citizens; for we find that in 1617 and 1618 Frans and his brother Dirck Hals were elected members of the Guild of Rhetoric, "de Wijngaardranken." They were also members of the Civic Guard, and of the Guild of St. Luke — for Haarlem, like Antwerp, possessed this institution.

In 1642 we find Hals refusing to pay the yearly subscription of six sous exacted from members of the Guild. Whatever his reason was, the matter must have been amicably arranged, for in 1644 his name appears on the committee, which was a small body chosen annually from amongst the most distinguished members of the fraternity. In 1661, in consideration of his poverty and his services to art, the aged painter was excused from payment altogether.

Towards the end of Frans Hals's life his pecuniary difficulties became serious. In 1652, one Jan Ykess, a baker, sued him for a debt of two hundred Carolus guilders, incurred for bread supplied and small loans advanced from time to time, and obtained possession of the artist's movables. The baker was not a hard-hearted creditor; content with a lien upon his debtor's property, he left him the use of it for the time being.

In 1662 Hals was seventy-eight years old, and poverty pressed hard upon him. He applied for relief to the city administration, which readily granted an immediate donation of one hundred and fifty florins, to be paid quarterly. This staved off want for the time, but soon after the quarterly payments ceased he had to renew his appeal to public bounty. On the sixteenth of January, 1664, he appeared again before the city council, who took his case into consideration. A provisional order was issued that three cartloads of peat for fuel should be sent to him, and that those who had a claim against him for rent should apply to the municipality. By the first of February they had come to a decision on his case. He obtained a pension of two hundred Carolus guilders a year, beginning from the first of October, 1663, and to be paid in quarterly instalments.

Hals did not long survive to enjoy the public liberality. He died on or about the twenty-sixth of August, 1666, in his eighty-second or eighty-third year, and was buried on the first of September, beneath the choir of the Church of St. Bavon, in Haarlem.

The Art of Frans Hals

WILHELM BODE "FRANS HALS UND SEINE SCHULE"

THE first thing that strikes one in studying the works of Frans Hals is his limitation, his one-sidedness in regard to the choice of his subjects — in short, an undeniable poverty of invention. Exclusively a portrait-painter, even his pictures representing the life of the people are only a kind of genre-portraits. It may be that one reason for this peculiarity is to be found in the individuality of the artist himself, but it must be attributed still more to the desire of the Dutch people to have their portraits painted — a desire which was but the outcome of the times, and in which is to be found the true explanation of this one-sidedness in Frans Hals.

Historical painting in Holland, based as it was upon the dead-and-gone traditions which had been received from Italy, had become so deeply rooted that it was long looked upon as great and true art. The most talented artists, however, turned from the painting of history to a closer study of nature — namely, to portraiture, a branch of art which will always engage the attention of the greatest masters in those countries where a people, through its own exertions, has worked its way upwards and come to a realization of its own importance. This it was, coupled with a rugged kind of individuality from which sprang a certain self-consciousness, that was the foundation-stone of the character of the Dutch people. What wonder, then, that each man, recognizing that all that had been accomplished was owing to individual exertion, found in his own person the worthiest object for artistic representation, and that the greatest of their artists turned their attention to the painting of portraits!

This marked characteristic of his people which made a portrait-painter of Frans Hals is exactly what he embodies in his portraits, and this he conceives more strikingly and reproduces more intelligently than any of his contemporary countrymen. None but a truly great artist has the power of stamping his portraits not only with individual peculiarities, but with the general characteristics of his time and country. To vividly express just these and never to strive for a deceptive resemblance through trifling externalities should be his highest aim. That Frans Hals attained this goal assures him his place among the greatest portrait-painters of all time.

Modern Dutch art has, in countless historical pictures, endeavored to immortalize the most illustrious events in Holland's great past in her struggle for freedom. But not one of these productions conveys the spirit of that time so well as a single portrait from the hand of Hals. Whether his men are assembled for the practice of arms or for consultation over the welfare of the Fatherland, whether the master paints them in public festivities or in the intimacy of the family circle, they are men who have grown up amid the dangers of war and of the sea; men who were willing to stake all for convictions, freedom, and faith, but who also strove for their own advantage; men of the strongest passions, but governed and controlled by keen understandings and iron wills. A deeper spiritual meaning is for the most part wanting in his pictures, but we do not miss it, for it would hardly be in keeping with the portraits of these energetic, cold, calculating men with their strongly marked individuality, their naïve self-consciousness.

In the numerous genre-pictures by Frans Hals, of which unfortunately only a few have been preserved, a similar character is observable; indeed, to such an extent is this the case that, as I have already said, they can only incorrectly be described as genre-pictures. The life-sized figures of singing and playing boys, of musicians, mongers, jolly topers, and idle wenches are really portraits taken from the lower classes of the people, whose extravagant, irrepressible humor springs from the same source as does the haughty, high-bred self-assurance which is expressed in his portraits of the upper classes. How little Frans Hals strove to produce an exclusively genre-picture is most clearly seen in his works containing a number of figures, wherein no attempt at composition is perceptible. But for what they pretend to be, — true and lifelike reproductions of types of the people, — these studies are on a level with the portraits of the master, and give us their complement, the contrast of the aristocratic world.

Frans Hals's manner of painting is in keeping with his conception. The artistic principle which characterizes Dutch painting in regard to color and the mastery of tone is particularly striking in his work. Hals depicts his people just as he saw them and knew them in the street, in the field, in public life. He paints them in ordinary daylight — not as Rembrandt did, in the half-light of an interior. His light is evenly distributed; the color seems only so far affected as it would naturally be by the open air. For the sake of a uniform lighting, the artist did not choose bright sunlight, which in any rich material would produce vivid lights and deep shadows, but rather a subdued daylight, which gives sufficient prominence to the local color. With all the brilliant coloring which he knew so well how to develop in the rich and variegated costumes of his military pieces, he nevertheless subordinates it with the greatest delicacy to the flesh tones. He makes the intellectual predominate over the material, allows the dress only just what is needed to make its wearer understood, determines the arrangement of his pictures by the local coloring, concentrates the interest upon the head as the intellectual centre and upon the hands as direct interpreters of character.

Even Hals's drawing is determined by his manner of coloring. When we see how he distributes the light and paints in the colors in great masses, we cannot be surprised to observe the same broad style, aiming only at the essential points, in his drawing also. Although a rigorous realist, Hals pays no attention to any slight and accidental peculiarities of his models, but subordinates these details throughout to the general impression. In his drawing, in which the brush plays a prominent rôle, he defines the body only in its most important lines and movements, and the garments only in large, simple folds, whereby his uniform lighting and his clear, quiet tone of color is made possible. Naturally the execution is determined by means of this artistic conception of the painter's. He goes only just far enough to make his conception fully intelligible; never, however, at the cost of expression. It is for this reason that an interpretation by Frans Hals is especially telling.

It is in the execution that we can most clearly see how the master, following these general principles, always took into consideration the individuality of each person, but how his treatment in the course of his development, which we can follow during a period of fifty years, was subjected to marked changes in manner. These changes accord with the effort, pre-eminent with Hals as with all great artists, to express himself ever more concisely, and yet at the same time more clearly. Consequently, he suppresses the execution more and more, simplifies drawing and color, but, on the other hand, lays greater stress on the tone. The military group of the year 1616, in the Haarlem Museum, reminds one in its strong coloring, its intensely brown tone, in its mellow lights and careful execution, of the Netherland manner of painting in the sixteenth century. Scarcely ten years later the artist was at the height of his originality; the local color was more strongly accented, the coloring clear and bright, the treatment marvellously free. Before the year 1635 the color began to grow deeper, the lighting more uniform, the general tone to prevail more strongly. The passing influence of Rembrandt upon Frans Hals, which occurred between the years 1635 and 1642, only served to mark and develop this new tendency more strongly. As simple black costumes became all the fashion at this time, Hals consequently gave even the coloring of the flesh a gray tone. The reds of the flesh in his pictures might be most aptly compared — if such comparisons are allowable — with the patina which bronze acquires, and the coloring of the flesh corresponded in the master's different periods to a brownish, a golden, an olive-green, and finally, even, to a blackish patina. This prevailing gray tone marks his treatment from the year 1640 until his death — that is, through a period of twenty-five years. He became ever broader in his manner of working, ever more sparing of color, until finally, in the two regent pieces of the year 1664, he reached the utmost limit of breadth and of monochromy.

Generally speaking, the tone of a picture may be regarded as the reflex of the artist's mood. Rubens' old age, highly favored as it was, and radiant with happiness, found distinct expression in the bright and glowing tone with which the colors of his later works are so resplendent. Rembrandt, under heavy misfortune, long painted in a correspondingly sombre and colorless tone, but in the golden glow of his last pictures we read his return to inward calm and composure. It is very different with Frans Hals. Abandoned by the world, without the requisite repose in his inner life, he saw things only in gray tones, barely allowing them their natural forms, and withholding from them their fresh colors. As his fellow-men granted him only what was needful for the bare maintenance of life, so the old man of eighty years gave to the figures in his last pictures only enough form and color to allow them to appear like living beings.— FROM THE GERMAN.

C. VOSMAER "EAUX-FORTES D'APRÈS FRANS HALS"

BORN twenty-two years before Rembrandt, Hals died but three years before him. He lived through more than one period of Dutch art. He saw the older school of Haarlem still flourishing in her latest masters, Van Mander, Goltzius, Cornelis Cornelissen, and E. Verspronck. He was the eldest among the moderns proper. He stood in the front rank of the school in its prime, and, himself unenfeebled, saw, under a later generation, its after-blossom and the beginning of the artistic decline. On the other hand, the circle of his own labors was not a wide one. He painted many pictures, but strictly speaking, they are all portraits; even his pictures of popular life are both in style and composition rather portraits from life than genre-pictures. This is, however, no reason to lower our estimate of his genius. To paint portraits as he painted them comprises much. Technically, there is nothing more difficult, and moreover, a true portrait is no mere reflection of the outward semblance of the sitter at a given moment; it embraces and shows in that image the man in his whole life and being. Hals, like Rembrandt and like all the greatest masters in portraiture, reveals the entire personality, lays stress on the features that form character, discards the temporary and subordinate, and transforms the momentary image into a living being.

But though in Hals's portraits, as in Rembrandt's, life and character are fully represented, the two painters differ totally in their manner of treatment. Rembrandt transfigures his personages, as it were, by his poetry of light and color, and charms by the subtle effects of light and color on the visual nerves of the beholder; Hals presents his figures in a less ideal manner, and rather preserves the proportions of real life and the light of real day. He does not so take the imagination prisoner, but on the other hand he appeals more fully to the whole mind. Rembrandt contracts his eyes and hatches illusions of light; Hals opens his own wide and laughs, and drinks in the full sparkle of life. Rembrandt concentrates all the light in a supernatural glow; Hals spreads the common light of day over his whole canvas. The former transforms local colors into quite ideal combinations, his brush is continually digging and kneading, as it were, in colors and in tones; the latter rather preserves the true colors of the objects, and, with an astonishingly certain touch and full consciousness of what he aims to do, lays in the required tints and forms immediately and unerringly. The palettes of the two had, I think, totally different aspects. Rembrandt's, with its mixture of many colors, already foreshadowed the effect of his work; on Hals's few colors lay next one another, less run together, and his brush laid the clear tone on freshly.

Technique is an essential part of every art. Like execution in music, the *manner* of representation in painting is of the greatest importance. It shows not only what Hals called "the evidence of the master's hand," but "style" is closely connected with it, and the technical skill in representation contributes a great part of the enjoyment that works of art afford. One painting may evince much talent, even genius, and yet the manner of painting may be uneasy, restrained, disagreeable. Another picture, without showing much inspiration, may be most beautiful solely on account of the technical mastery — the boldness, ingeniousness, nicety, and the playful ease in its rendering. Rembrandt united both gifts. Hals's scope was not so wide. That the higher genius was not lacking, indeed, is evidenced by the vivacity, character, and personality with which he endows his portraits, and the expression of popular life in his genre-pictures. But his work acquires perhaps its greatest value from his *manner* of representation. Without it, his portraits would be true and natural; with it, they are much more than this.

As Rembrandt van Rijn ranks first on the serious side of Dutch painting, and as in his work we find the deepest feeling and the richest imaginative charm, so to Frans Hals we accord superiority on the side of free, unrestrained, and unaffected naturalness. There is the same humorous joyousness in his work as sparkles through old Dutch art and finds its laughing fellow in old Dutch comedy. — FROM THE FRENCH.

WILLIAM HOWE DOWNES "TWELVE GREAT ARTISTS"

FRANS HALS may be ranked as a portrait-painter alongside of the greatest, not only for his unexcelled virtuosity, in which he is allowed to be a past master and the peer of Rubens and Veronese, but also for his elegance and distinction of style, his profound knowledge of human nature, his irresistible and contagious humor, his grasp of character, and his phenomenal capacity to express the most elusive and subtile personal traits.

The fine things, in a more technical sense, about Hals's paintings are their tremendous spirit and vivacity; their ease, dash, fluency, bravura; their wonderful freedom and looseness of touch; their splendid breadth and largeness of effect; their brilliant and mellow color; their firm, true, and bold draughtsmanship; their infallibly good arrangement. Difficulties seem not to have existed for him; or, rather, to have existed simply to give him the joy of overcoming them. There has never been a painter in any school or age who understood better and controlled more fully the resources of his art. He was a magician of the brush. . . .

It is hard to say to which period of such a prodigious painter's career belong the brightest honors. Already great in his young days, he seems to have climbed steadily from triumph to triumph, without retrogression and without faltering. The earliest paintings naturally show the most careful regard for finish; the intermediate works are more confidently executed; and those of the last period are still more broadly and loosely painted. It is the usual order of progression. Hals, with all his power of indicating much by a few strokes, did not disdain finish, nor did he ever intentionally slight details; and although he understood so well the useful principle of sacrifices, he knew just when and where to apply it, and when and where not to apply it. He always placed the right emphasis in the most telling place. None of his works, not even the most summary, look unfinished, careless, or slovenly. He could be superbly dashing in his manner, — none more so, — but it is perfectly obvious that he always knew precisely what he was about, never forgot himself, coolly calculated all his effects, and succeeded in stirring others without losing his own *sang-froid*. In a word, he was thoroughly well balanced. . . .

The ease and adroitness of Hals's handiwork are of those delectable qualities that never become otherwise than enjoyable. The touch, which is unlike any other painter's, has something piquant and capricious about it. Light as a feather here, firm as the everlasting hills there; now deliberate, now rapid as a lightning-flash; whatever change may be rung upon it, it is always right, always fit.

JOHN C. VAN DYKE "OLD DUTCH AND FLEMISH MASTERS"

HALS was primarily a master workman, and it has been said that he was nothing beyond that; but this latter statement should be accepted with some qualifications. It is true that he had not the reflective, the speculative, the romantic temperament. He was a seer and a recorder rather than a thinker; a man devoted apparently to the beautiful in the material rather than in the intellectual, yet far removed from the mere mechanical realist of cold facts. Some natures reveal their artistic feeling in what they say, and others reveal the same feeling in how they say it. We see this continually exemplified in modern poetry, where the artist in language is quite as apparent as the poetic thinker; and modern painting is filled with painters who are poetic only in their means of expression. Frans Hals belonged to this class. He was a painter of great power, and, withal, of great sensitiveness and feeling in the pure art of painting. His work shows to us the shrewd observer of fitness and character, the learned student of tone and relation, the harmonist of full, frank colors, the rhapsodist in all that relates to technical expression. The finer qualities of the man came to the surface through his eyes and finger-tips; but it was no common realist's eye that perceived the beautiful harmonies of silvery whites and blacks in the regents' pictures at Haarlem; it was no mere workman's mind that grouped and held together those great pictures by giving due force and character to each figure in light, in value, and in color; it was no time-serving, mechanical hand that drew and painted them so truly and yet so easily. Frans Hals was something more than a mere technician. He was a great artist. . . .

His subjects, indeed, might be regarded, in a popular sense, as unselect. They were of the common stock from which all the Dutch painters drew, and had nothing whatever to do with the ideal. They were things seen, not imagined; people of Holland, not people of the air. He was peculiarly fond of the bluff, robust type, and he painted it in a fresh, vigorous manner to complement the character. Even his portraits are of this type. They have health and good spirits, substance and shadow, as in nature; but again they have little of the ideal, or what is called in portraiture "character-painting," about them. Hals followed his model, and painted only what was apparent. His well-fed burghers probably showed little more than physical life, and he was not the man to paint false character into a face. He was not a Van Dyck, painting scholars, lords, and princes; and he had little use for the intellectual gaze, the refined face, and the lordly air. Possibly he never had a chance to paint men of noble mien; and yet it is more probable that his sympathies went out to people of his own kind, and that he painted the frankly human because he believed in it and loved it for its truth's sake. His other subjects would seem to indicate this. He is always free, vivacious, hearty, full of animal spirits. Sometimes he lightly jests, as in the portraits of himself and wife at Amsterdam; sometimes he is whimsical and boisterous, as with his Fools and Jolly Men; and sometimes he is sober, sedate, calm, as in his Haarlem pictures. Good-natured, candid, and honest, he is always pleasing and never frivolous. Whatever may be his subject, he is serious in its handling. And that brings us around to our first conclusion,— that the real feeling and power of the painter lay in his methods of expression. What he said was often coarse; but his manner of saying was eloquent, cultured, refined. His was the poetry of rhythmical color, light, and handling.

As a technician, Hals had few equals, and it is hardly extravagant to say that he had no superior. Velasquez and Rubens were different, and as artists they were greater; but as pure painters they were not more individual or more certain than was Hals. In drawing and modelling he was remarkable for giving the truth of mass and bulk in the physical presence. Flesh, bone, brawn and weight he could translate with convincing precision. This effect he gained not by line drawing. He was not a man of clear outline like Holbein. His modelling was effected by regarding the exact relations of color-tones. The black hat and white ruff of the "Jolly Man" do not hold their place by virtue of their outline or rim, but by virtue of their mass in black or white, each mass exactly true in value, and properly related to the head and to each other. This scrupulous regard for values enabled him to paint with flat tones, and thereby suggest modelling without actually giving it. The black hat has a crown to it, though it is not seen; the brim circles the head, though at the back it is only indicated. The variation in the shades of black gives modelling, and suggests what is not shown. In this flat painting Hals anticipated Manet and all the Whistlerians by two hundred years; and for this very feature he is greatly admired by the moderns of to-day. It speaks strongly for the genius of the man that he did not learn or appropriate this from any master or school. He originated it.

In the handling of light Hals was quite different from Rembrandt and the painters who were born a few years after him. He did not display it in spots upon the canvas, or break the continuity of the picture by several focuses. There is nothing forced about his illumination. The light came not from the sky, but chiefly from the figures themselves, as was the manner of treatment employed by the great Italians. In color he was at first a little florid, and perhaps lacking in depth and delicacy; but he soon began to employ a richer and more mellow palette, upon which all colors seemed to be placed,— orange, red, blue, green, brown, gray, black. These he used with great purity and tenderness, showing always the sense of a colorist in giving the proper fitness, resonance, and relationship of colors, under light and under shadow. Late in life his hand failed him, but not his eye. The colors became subdued, and he grew fond of rich blacks and pearly whites flecked with gray. He was less sparkling, less varied, but even more refined and harmonious. He now threw his remaining strength upon the general tone-effect, and gained a charm of sobriety. It was the final, perhaps the highest step as a colorist in the painter's life, but it is marred by the feeling that it was in measure a makeshift to hide the inequalities of a failing hand.

It is not wonderful that the hand of a person of eighty-four should forget its cunning. The man, physically, was sunk in twilight; the feebleness of old age was upon him; but in the days of his strength there never was a more positive and powerful brushman. His handling is of superb freedom and dash. A staccato quality in it lends to it energy and vivacity. He did not often indulge in the long serpentine sweep of Rubens. He used little oil, and his pigment was not so fluid as that of the great Fleming. He modelled by spots and areas, painted often in patches, and occasionally dashed in a hat or cloak with a large, full-loaded brush. He knew almost infallibly just where to begin, just how far to carry, just when to stop. He never tortured, or dragged, or thumbed; he struck swiftly and accomplished his aim at one blow. We gain no idea of correction or emendation from his work. It looks to be done once and finally, and that, too, with the ease of a hand that does not pause to deliberate, but dashes forward, fully conscious of its touch and certain of its result. Hals is again strictly original in all this. His brush-work, so much admired and studied by modern painters, followed no tradition, and was not learned or imitated from others. It was invented, created, improvised by Hals to suit his conceptions and characters, and is a positive stamp of his own individuality. It is in itself, aside from the other qualities he possessed, sufficient to mark him as a technician of extraordinary resources, and a painter of prodigious power.

CAMILLE DE RODDAZ "L'ART" 1878

HALS must have painted rapidly; and seen close, his portraits are marvellous. It is hardly possible to believe in such surety, such boldness of touch; the lights, the shades, all the tones, seem to be put in at one single swoop, just in the right place and in the right way to contribute to perfect truth of expression. It seems almost as though he must have determined the place where each touch was to be laid by a pencil sketch; never, except in his early pictures, is this first touch *étalée* or brushed over. Nevertheless, his heads have none of the marquetry look of modern imitators of his manner.

Composition is Hals's weak point. Individually, his figures are naturally posed; indeed, their attitudes are strikingly true to life; but his group pictures, taken as a whole, sometimes lack air and perspective. The art of making sacrifices was evidently not his forte. Even the best of these group pictures gain by being studied in detail. Examined separately, the figures are very fine, but they rarely are so placed as to conduce to the harmony of the whole. They are all principal, all important, all treated as vividly, whatever their position in the picture, as the figures in the front rank. It is to be said in defence, of course, that in such corporation pictures, where each person who was included paid his share, none wished to be subordinate, and that the painter would have had a difficult task to convince any one that it would be necessary to sacrifice him for the benefit of the composition. Rembrandt plainly encountered the same difficulty in his "Anatomy Lesson."—FROM THE FRENCH.

ARSÈNE ALEXANDRE "HISTOIRE POPULAIRE DE LA PEINTURE"

IT may be questioned whether the combined abilities of all the other painters of Holland, rich in high qualities as they are, would have been sufficient to raise the Dutch school to the eminence it occupies in modern esteem without two of its members, one of whom put into portraiture the profundity of the deepest philosophy and added an unprecedented mystery to mere execution, and another who crowned the perfection of technique, prepared for by generations of eminent Dutch artists, by the supreme touch of a marvellous facility which made the mere painting a thing of joy in itself. The first of these men was Rembrandt; the second was Frans Hals.

The effect which Hals's pictures produce is vivid, and an effect to be grasped in a first impression. One may like his work or one may not, but it is always striking, and never leaves the beholder cold or indifferent. Only at Haarlem and surrounded by his great group pictures is it possible to appreciate Hals at his best and to rightly judge him; but in the Haarlem gallery, with his work hanging on all the walls about you, the effect is wonderful;—living eyes glance at you from all sides, living mouths are just about to speak or to burst into ringing laughter; the whole gallery fairly pulsates with life,—a gay, bustling life of fête-days and reviews, of the excitement of parades in splendid uniforms, and of the convivial reunions that follow. What a clinking of glasses, what a jingling of forks, what a drinking of patriotic toasts, what cordial and friendly banter laughed across the loaded tables! And what a martial air the merry-makers have withal,—the banners of their companies displayed, their silk scarfs glowing against their dark costumes, their hats with swashing cavalier brims, their eyes alert and gleaming, their martial beards and mustachios;—and all of it, all of it, life itself! One seeks in vain for another term to express the sensation. No word but *life* expresses the main characteristic of Hals's work. Nothing can come closer to our humanity than these painted folk of his. To stand opposite a picture by him is like a memorable meeting with personages who look at you, who all but speak and move. Yet, with all this truth to life, there is no attempt at illusion, no vulgar endeavor to fool the eye into mistaking the painted for the actual (a result, by the way, in which the most commonplace artist may succeed as easily as the greatest). There is no deceit in Hals's painting—anything but that. All the varied and delicate processes of his art are made use of in full day, without hypocrisy or disguise. He has only one secret,—if by the "secret" of a painter one means that which he alone possesses to the exclusion of all rivals, and which makes him, in so far, inimitable,— and that secret is his marvellous technical mastery of hand.

No other painter whosoever is as facile and as prompt in execution as was Hals; no other has ever been less distrustful of his own facility, and therein lies one source of his power. He ceases to be himself if ever, even in the slightest degree and for no matter what object, he checks the freedom of his brush — a point of difference perhaps between a great artist and a wonderful artist. Hals was, however, much more than a virtuoso. To portraits of the uttermost naturalism he succeeds in imparting style,— and moreover the grand style,— conjoining two qualities which seem inherently antipathetic.

Frans Hals was, in addition, possessed, in the highest degree, of the rare gift of tact; a tact equal to his facility, and which gave to that facility its unusual and most precious quality. By this we mean to say, that while Hals's hand was wonderfully supple, agile and sure, a hand that could paint with no matter what materials or what utensils, and while he had also a remarkable truth of eye, these abilities were under the control of that prompt and spontaneous wisdom which in default of a better word we must call "tact." It was his gift, too, to be able to see objects and living beings at the moment when they were, so to say, most significant; when they showed most characteristically. He saw his sitters in both attitude and movement in that lightning-flash when they were most of all their true selves. It was then that the facile and obedient hand played its part, fixing the image hardly less rapidly, it would seem, than the eye had perceived it; and when he had brought the image to that subtle point at which a single touch the more would overweight it, his tact intervened to stop the hand. To know precisely when to stop, that is another of Hals's great gifts — one of the rarest, be it said, among all artists; for it is as easy to carry the work too far as to fall short of the nick of perfection.

Such was Hals's whole secret, and because he was possessed of it his figures overflow with an intensity of life; but the life of each figure he portrayed was an individual life and acquired by no formula used indiscriminately for all. Indeed, it was because he had no set system or method of procedure that Hals seems to have triumphed so easily over all difficulties.

It is true that he gives us no more than life, nothing that humanity itself does not afford; but the rapid dashing-in of the drawing, the humor and exactness of the touch, the evident joy of the artist in his work,— in determining an accessory or a sword-guard with half a dozen strokes, dashing in a mustache, dotting the sparkle in an eye, and as the work progressed, grouping all his personages in such a pleasant hurly-burly of life, vivifying his entire *mise en scène*,— give his realistic art a very precious quality.

Perhaps we do not rate such a temperament as Hals's high enough. It is as rare in nature to produce such a technician as it is to produce the highest type of thinker. The magic hand may give us as much pleasure as the giant brain; and though we may well acknowledge that the great thinker is more valuable to humanity in the large sense than the great virtuoso, in painting, which is a material art dependent upon mere lines and colors that have in themselves qualities and virtues quite independent of the ideas, poetic or philosophical, which may be expressed by them, great virtuosity in itself is a quality as admirable as it is rare. What more is there, intrinsically, in one of Frans Hals's "Civic Guard" groups than a number of personages of his own time, in their own costumes and their accustomed surroundings? Nothing, unless perhaps more spirit than other artists, less facile or more timid, would have been able to put into them. What is there in the mere material painting that is singular or novel? Absolutely nothing! There is not an uncommon tone, not a subtilty of harmony in them. Hals was not born with the distinguishing gift for color which makes certain artists so original. He was only original in color by his very frankness. He gives us gray costumes or black ones against which he relieves scarfs or sashes of tender blue, or red, or orange; he gets his whites by the use of white paint, and pursues the same simplicity throughout his entire color scheme, whether he is painting garments or faces, banners or blank walls. There is, if I may make the comparison, the same relation between Hals's absolutely straightforward simple painting and the subtile, complex, and mystical style of Rembrandt as between a cunningly prepared liqueur and clear water from a spring.

Hals's sensations were direct sensations, and direct was his painting; but thanks to his mastery of hand, his power of seeing true, and his tact in the use of these gifts, his mere direct statement is endowed with the rarest value, and Frans Hals a great virtuoso becomes also a great painter.—ABRIDGED FROM THE FRENCH.

The Works of Frans Hals

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

"LA BOHÉMIENNE" LOUVRE: PARIS

"LA BOHÉMIENNE" is a masterpiece of its type. Abounding with health and high spirits, the young gypsy looks out of the frame with the frankest and most contagious of smiles; and no workmanship could be more harmonious with its subject than that which Frans Hals has here bestowed. As Bürger has said, the picture seems to have been improvised in some hour of good humor, when the master's brain and hand were both most happily disposed. The whiteness of the linen, the salmon of the bodice, and the rosy tints of the shining face, all join in a cheerful harmony against the sky-like background of a bluish gray.

"All who were in any way remarkable in Haarlem," writes Vosmaer, "Calvanistic ministers, Roman Catholic priests, literary men and artists, old women and blooming damsels, ensigns and colonels, knaves and fools, 'rommelpot' players, tipplers, Kates and pretty Alices,—all these were spoil for Hals's brush; all made their obeisance to him; all sat for a brief moment on his painting-throne to be graced with the undying beauty of his triumphant art, and then dismissed into personal oblivion. But one and all, as they passed, seem to have fallen under the spell of the 'jolly' Frans; for, with the exception of a severe Descartes (who seemed to exist only because he thought) and of a few stately dames and consequential fine gentlemen, they all laugh. If they do not laugh openly, they smile; if they do not smile, at least the prelude to a smile steals over their faces. It seems as if all his subjects, from the very contagion of sitting opposite to him, fell into his sunny mood."

"PORTRAITS OF FRANS HALS AND HIS WIFE" RYKS MUSEUM: AMSTERDAM

"THE charming picture of Frans Hals with his wife Lysbeth Reyniers," writes Dr. Bode, "probably dates from about the year 1624. What a jolly couple, not young, but in the prime of life, it shows us! And with what laughing eyes the good Lysbeth—never a beauty, it must be confessed—listens to the banter of her jovial spouse! An example of portraiture of the truest and most lifelike character, the work is at the same time a great genre-picture, overflowing with humor, wherein, together with the wonderful unity of the composition, there is shown in the artist's conception of the subject the existence of perfect good fellowship between the couple." Lord Ronald Gower suggests that "the idea of being thus represented sitting together like two sentimental lovers seems too much for the gravity of Frans and his wife, and the merriment in their faces and even attitudes is so genuine and natural that it is difficult not to laugh with them and at them."

According to Lafenestre, there is some uncertainty as to whether this picture really represents Hals and his wife, the reason for the doubt being based chiefly upon the lack of resemblance between the man here depicted and the likeness of the artist painted by himself, which shows him as one in the group of the "Feast of Arquebusiers of St. George" at Haarlem.

The prevailing tone of the picture is gray, the costume of the man black, while the woman wears a black skirt and corsage, a mantle of dark violet, and a white cap trimmed with cherry ribbons. In the distance is seen one of the parks of Holland. "The work," writes Bürger, "is that of a great technician, while the fineness of the heads, and their expression, at once reveal the hand of the master portraitist."

"PORTRAIT OF WILLEM VAN HUYTHUYSEN" LIECHTENSTEIN GALLERY: VIENNA

"IN the Liechtenstein Gallery, Vienna," writes Dr. Bode, "there is a full-length portrait of Willem van Huythuysen, citizen of Haarlem. Although surrounded by a number of fine portraits by Rubens and Van Dyck, this picture, with its proud and lifelike figure, imperiously arrests the attention of the spectator. The man stands before us in an embroidered black silk costume, his hat turned back, his left hand resting on his hip, his right, over which his cloak is thrown, resting on a sword. The background is a rich red curtain, and in the distance we have a glimpse of one of the parks of Holland. Roses lie scattered on the floor. The expression of youthful vigor and dignified self-consciousness, the composition great in its seeming simplicity, the thoroughly artistic effect of the rich but delicate coloring, light gray in tone — in short, the whole execution of this wonderful portrait makes it one of the artist's greatest masterpieces."

"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN" BERLIN GALLERY

THIS portrait of an unknown lady was probably painted about 1625. It shows her dressed in black, with a broad lace-trimmed collar and cuffs, and a small lace cap at the back of her head. Around her neck is a gold chain, and bracelets are on her wrists. The background is light gray, and the treatment of the whole work broad and free. "On account of its fresh and cheerful scheme of color, and its sparkling manner of execution," writes Dr. Bode, "this picture is one of the most beautiful of the artist's early middle period."

"PORTRAIT OF A CHILD AND HER NURSE" BERLIN GALLERY

THIS portrait of a little girl of the Ilpenstein family belongs to the artist's middle period, having been painted about 1630–1635. "The laughing baby on its nurse's arm," writes Dr. Bode, "is dressed in a stiff costume of golden olive brocade trimmed with lace, and is festooned with chains and jewels like a Dutch beauty in her most elaborate and cumbersome attire. But the little face beams with sheer childish happiness, and the peasant nurse shows off her precious charge with pride and delight."

"HILLE BOBBE, THE WITCH OF HAARLEM" BERLIN GALLERY

"HILLE BOBBE, called the 'Witch of Haarlem,'" writes Bürger, "was no doubt a well-known character in her day. She is not beautiful, but she has had the distinction of being painted more valiantly than was ever young and lovely princess; for Frans Hals, evidently smitten with her at first sight (for he painted her more than once), made haste to add her to his gallery illustrating bohemian Holland. Does she not, the roaring old Minerva with her solemn owl, recall the horrible but superb dwarfs of Velasquez? Hals seems to have caught his priestess of wisdom and folly — inspired by owl and beer-mug — at just the instant when she had finished telling him some lively ale-house tale; and, fired by her aspect (for indeed she does seem to belong to the world of Rabelais's creation), gave her the immortality of Panurge, of Falstaff, and of Sancho. I believe that no other painter, neither Rubens, nor Rembrandt, nor Brouwer, nor Jan Steen, nor Velasquez, ever painted a face more vividly expressive."

"What kind of magic arts Hille Bobbe may have practised," writes Knackfuss, "we do not know; but truly a great magician is the painter who can hold us so spellbound before this almost colorless painting, in which the broad brush-strokes are, so to say, merely thrown, one after another, upon the canvas!"

The picture probably dates somewhere between 1630 and 1640.

"A JOLLY MAN" RYKS MUSEUM: AMSTERDAM

THE picture, although one of Hals's lighter subjects, is nevertheless quite as remarkable in point of technique as are his more pretentious works.

"This wild spark," writes Vosmaer, "dwells at present in the Ryks Museum at Amsterdam. During his lifetime his abode was not so elegant, but nevertheless he led a merry life; and here, with his big hat on the back of his head, he laughs the boisterous laugh of the wanton, unrestrained spendthrift. Thick-tongued, he sings and laughs, gesticulating meanwhile with his right hand: —

'I have emptied three flagons of wine,
Every one of them filled to the brim!'

He is dressed with a trace of shabby gentility, in a brownish-yellow suit, with a crumpled, dirty collar and ruffles. With the fingers of his left hand he holds one of those green Rhenish wine-glasses that we fanciers are so fond of possessing. The light grayish-yellow background, and the yellowish and sometimes golden tones of the whole, mark this picture as contemporary with that of the Civic Guard of 1627."

"The execution of this picture is marvellous!" writes Richtenberger. "The colors are dabbed on, one beside another, without mixing, and with the supremest audacity. The shadows are made up of just such apparent daubs, and the high lights seemed dashed in anyhow, as if by pure luck — but with what wonderful sureness of hand! The execution is the work of an impressionist — but what an impressionist!"

"PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN" NATIONAL GALLERY: LONDON

THIS admirably characteristic and lifelike portrait of an unknown woman is signed with Frans Hals's monogram, but it is not dated. It is painted with more finish than was usual with him; and indeed he seems to have generally abandoned something of his dashing manner in painting women of the better class, feeling perhaps that a smoother style was more adapted to such subjects; but in doing so he has, in this instance at least, lost nothing of vigor or of the vital quality.

"PORTRAIT OF AN ADMIRAL" THE HERMITAGE: ST. PETERSBURG

"THE year 1639," writes Knackfuss, "was one of bitter strife, but full of glory for the Netherlands. Two successive victories were gained by Admiral Tromp over a proud Spanish fleet, and all Europe was forced to recognize the young navy of Holland as the first sea power in the world. If we would have a true conception of the heroes who fought with Tromp for the freedom and honor of their native land, no more expressive and characteristic head could be found than that in the splendid portrait of an unknown officer (generally called an admiral) painted by Frans Hals at this very time. The picture represents a man still youthful in appearance, who, with a self-conscious but artless bearing, turns a little to one side to look at us. Behind him is a view of the scene of his deeds of valor, — the wide, dark sea. Years of combat with wind and weather, as well as with the weapons of the foe, have hardened and toughened the naturally rounded face, each feature of which tells of the strength of an iron will and the bold spirit of adventure. But it is also evident that this hardened warrior is quite ready to enjoy to the full every pleasure of life which the passing moment may offer. Well suited to his weather-beaten face is the framing of thick hair, falling in waves from under his broad-brimmed felt hat like the mane of a lion."

"REUNION OF THE OFFICERS OF ST. ANDREW" MUNICIPAL MUSEUM: HAARLEM

IN Hals's time Dutch artists were frequently commissioned to paint groups of officers of the several military companies, or guilds, which formed the civic guards of the various cities, and which also shared in the national defence, and had recently played prominent parts in freeing the country from the Spanish yoke. The so-called "Night Watch" by Rembrandt was such a picture. Between the years 1616 and 1639, Frans Hals painted five of these military groups, and they are considered his greatest achievements. All of them are now in the Municipal Museum of Haarlem. The largest of the series represents a reunion of the officers of the Company of Arquebusiers of St. Andrew under their colonel, John Claeszoon Loo, who is seated in the foreground at the left. It was painted in 1633, and is ranked as Hals's masterpiece. It represents the fourteen officers, at life size, assembled in the garden of the Company's "Doelen," or shooting-hall. The background is formed by a wooden palisade, through the open door of which is seen a glimpse of houses and a bit of sky. Against this dark background of palisade, brown foliage, and red roofs, the ruddy faces, the colored coats with white facings, the orange, blue, and white scarfs, and the banners are strongly relieved.

"In the attitudes, in unity of tone, and in harmony of tints," writes Vosmaer, "this picture ranks with the very greatest. The technique, while still preserving the free and easy, is more elaborate, more searching in the modelling, mellower and finer in the various tones, than the others in the series. In color-scheme, russet here gives place to various harmonies of gray, yellow, and brilliant olive green."

"This picture, a wholly beautiful work in his richest and most sparkling style, is Hals's masterpiece," writes Fromentin. "It is not his most forcible achievement, but it is his most lofty, — the richest, most substantial, most serious of all. There is no idiosyncrasy about it, no placing the figures *out* of the air rather than in it, and creating a void about them. Neither is any one of the difficulties of an art which when thoroughly mastered accepts and resolves all difficulties here shirked or avoided. Perhaps taken individually, the heads are less perfect, less spiritually expressive, than some of his earlier groups; but with this exception, which is an accident that might be the fault of the models as well as of the painter, the picture is as a whole superior. The background is dark, and consequently the values are reversed, and the black of the velvets, silks, and satins plays with more fancifulness on it; the colors are relieved against it with a breadth, certainty, and harmony that Hals never exceeded. The material treatment, too, is of the rarest kind. The handling is free, intelligent, supple, and bold; never foolish, never insignificant; everything is treated according to its interest, its own nature, and its value. In one detail application is felt; another is hardly touched. A sentiment of the substance of things prevails. Everything is made clear with half a word, as it were, yet nothing but the useless is omitted. The touch is expeditious, prompt, and sharp; the true phrase, and nothing but the true phrase, is found at once. There is no overloading; no turbulence and no superfluity. The artist shows as much taste as Van Dyck, as much skilful execution as Velasquez, and deals with the manifold difficulties of a palette infinitely richer. Such are, in the full brilliancy of his experience and fire, the almost unique qualities of this fine painter. Never was there better painting; never will there be better painting!"

THE PRINCIPAL PAINTINGS OF FRANS HALS, WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

ALTHORPE, Eng., Earl Spencer's Collection: Portrait of Admiral de Ruyter — Amsterdam, Ryks Museum: Frans Hals and his Wife (Plate ii); A Jolly Man (Plate vii) — Amsterdam, Town Hall: "Doelenstück" (A Shooting-gallery) — Amsterdam, Museum van der Hoop: Portrait of an Old Lady — Amsterdam, Six Collection: Portrait of a Man; Lute-player — Amsterdam, van der Kellen Collection: Portrait of an Old Man and Wife — Antwerp Museum: Fisher-boy — Berlin Gallery: Hille Bobbe, the Witch of Haarlem (Plate vi); Two Portraits of Young Men; Portrait of a Young Woman (Plate iv); Singing Boy; A Jolly Toper; Portrait of an Old Man; Portrait of Joannes Acronius; Portrait of a Nobleman; Portrait of a Child and her Nurse (Plate v); Portrait of Tyman Oosdorp — Boston, Art Museum: Portrait of Count Falkenstein — Brussels Museum: Portrait of W. Van Huythuysen; Portrait of a Man — Brussels, Aremberg Collection: Two Singing Boys; A Jolly Toper — Cassel Gallery: Jolly Topers; Singing Boys; Portraits of a Nobleman and his Wife; Portrait of a Young Man; Portraits of Two Gentlemen — Chicago, Art Institute: Portrait of Harman Hals — Delft, Cluvenirsdoelen: Shooting-piece — Dresden, Royal Gallery: Two Portraits of Men — Frankfort, Städel Museum: Portraits of a Young Man and Wife; Portrait of a Lady; Portrait of a Youth — Gotha Gallery: Two Portraits of Young Men — Haarlem, Municipal Museum: Banquet of Officers of Arquebusiers of St. George, 1616 (12 figures); Banquet of Officers of Arquebusiers of St. George, 1627 (11 figures); Banquet of Officers of Arquebusiers of St. Andrew, 1627; Reunion of Officers of Arquebusiers of St. Andrew, 1633 (Plate x); Officers and Sergeants of Arquebusiers of St. George; Governors of the Elizabeth Hospital; Governors of the Hospital for Old Men; Lady Governors of the Hospital for Old Women; Portraits of Albert van Nierop and his Wife — Haarlem, Hofje van Berensteyn: Portraits of Nicolaas van Berensteyn and his Wife; Young Girl of the Berensteyn Family — Haarlem, Copes van Hasselt Collection: Junker Ramp; Two Boys Singing — Hampton Court, Eng.: Portrait of a Young Man — The Hague Gallery: Portraits of Jacob Pietersz Olycan and his Wife — London, National Gallery: Portrait of a Woman (Plate viii); Portrait of a Man — London, Buckingham Palace: Portrait of a Man — London, Bridgewater House: Head of an Old Woman — London, Earl of Northbrook's Collection: Herring-seller — London, Wallace Collection: Portrait of an Officer — New York, Metropolitan Museum: Hille Bobbe von Haarlem; Portrait of a Man; Wife of Frans Hals; The Smoker — Paris, Louvre: Portrait of René Descartes; Portrait of a Woman; "La Bohémienne" (Plate i);

Berensteyn Family Group — Paris, Private Collections: Two Portraits of W. van Huythuysen; Three Portraits of Men; Portrait of a Woman; Portraits of an Old Man and Wife; Portraits of a Gentleman and Wife; Two Portraits of Young Ladies; Portrait of an Elderly Lady; Rommelpotspeeler; Three Pictures of Jolly Topers; Portrait of Dr. M. Middelhoven; Portrait of Schrevelius and his Wife; Portrait of Schade van Hestrum; Portrait of Pieter van Broecke; Fisher-boy; Table Company — Schwerin Gallery: Portrait of a Man; Drinking Children; Laughing Children; Young Bagpipe-players; Guitar-players — St. Petersburg, Hermitage: Two Portraits of Men; Portrait of a Youth; Portrait of an Admiral (Plate ix); Portrait of an Armorer — Vienna, Imperial Gallery: Portrait of a Young Man — Vienna, Liechtenstein Gallery: Portrait of Willem van Huythuysen (Plate iii).

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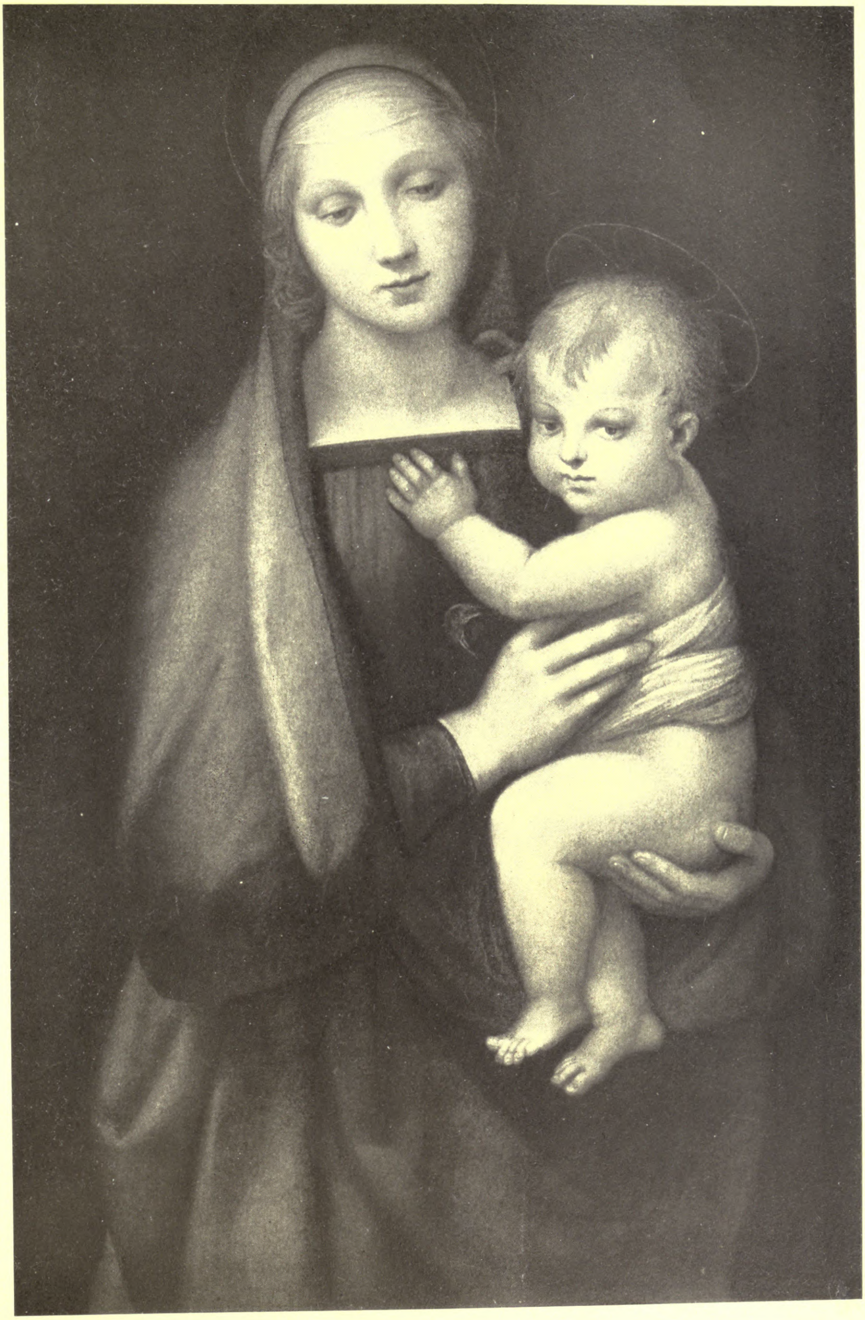
Raphael Sanzio

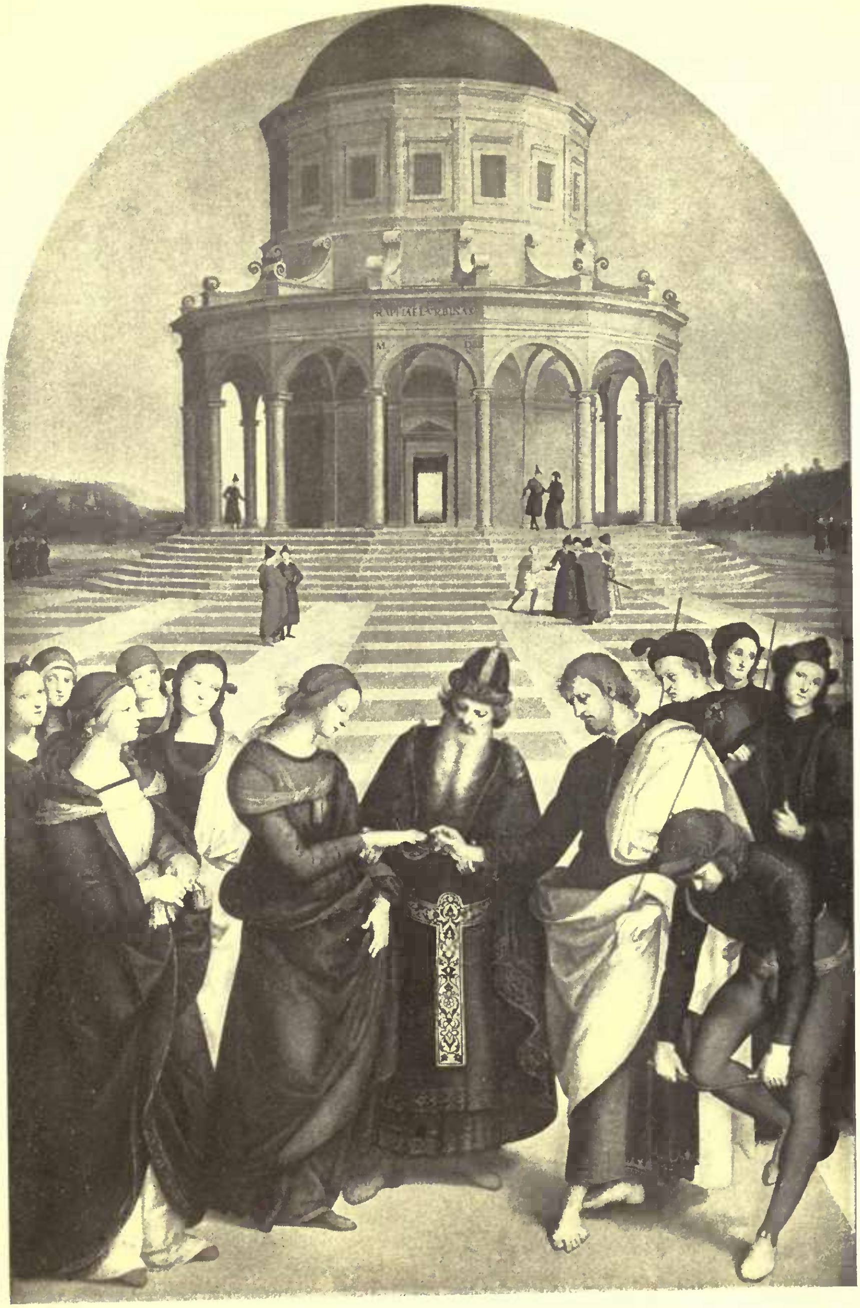
UMBRIAN, FLORENTINE, ROMAN SCHOOLS



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE I.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

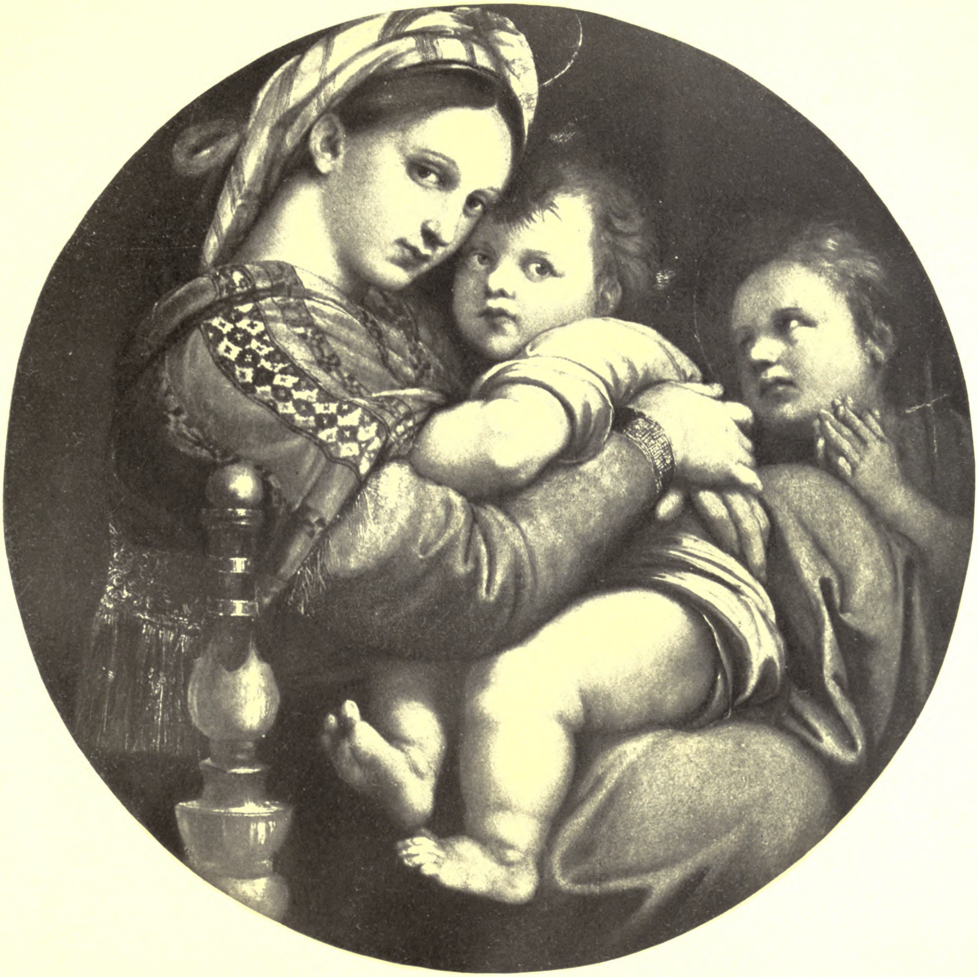
RAPHAEL
THE GRAN' DUCA MADONNA
PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE



RAPHAEL
MARRIAGE OF THE VIRGIN
BRERA GALLERY, MILAN

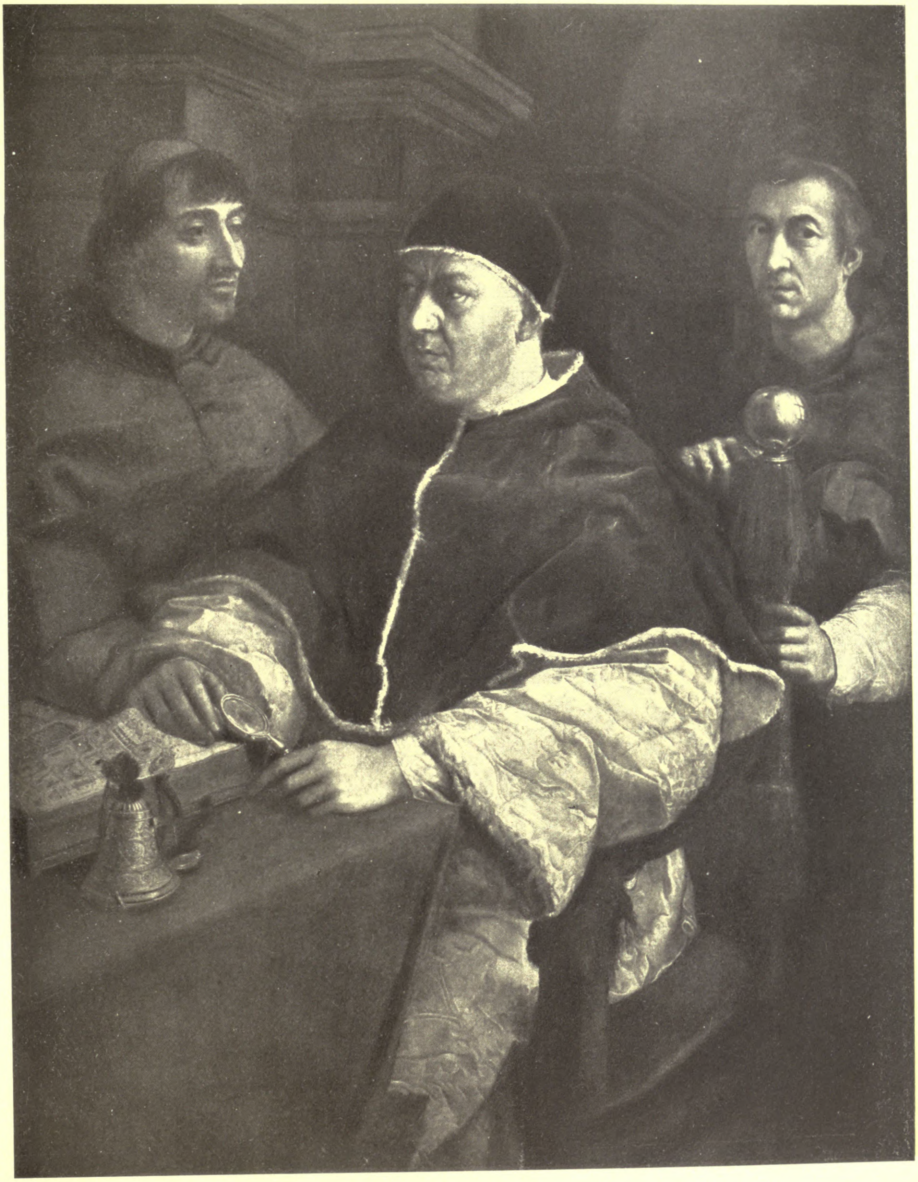
MASTERS IN ART. PLATE II.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI



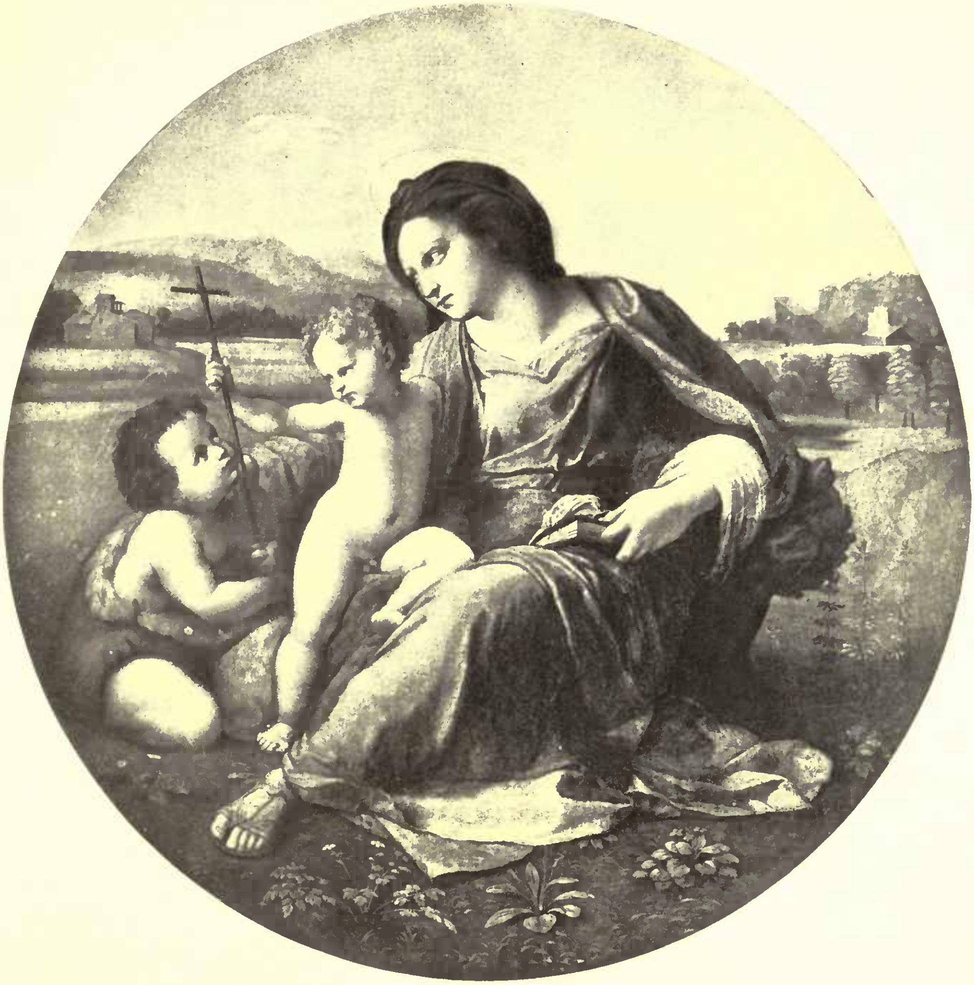
RAPHAEL
MADONNA OF THE CHAIR
PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI



RAPHAEL
PORTRAIT OF POPE LEO X.
PITTI PALACE, FLORENCE

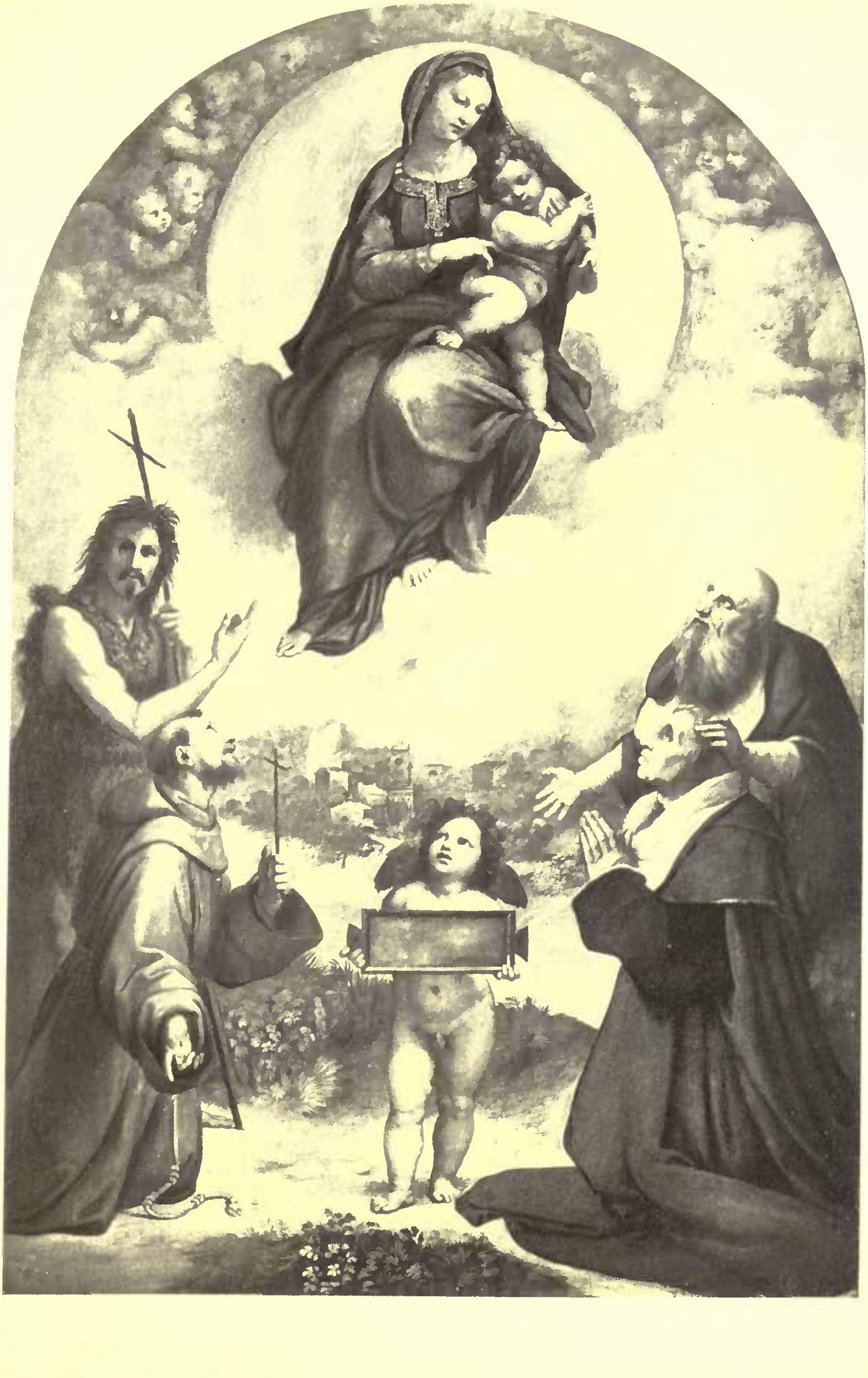
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE V.

PHOTOGRAVURE BY BERLIN PHOTOGRAPHIC COMPANY

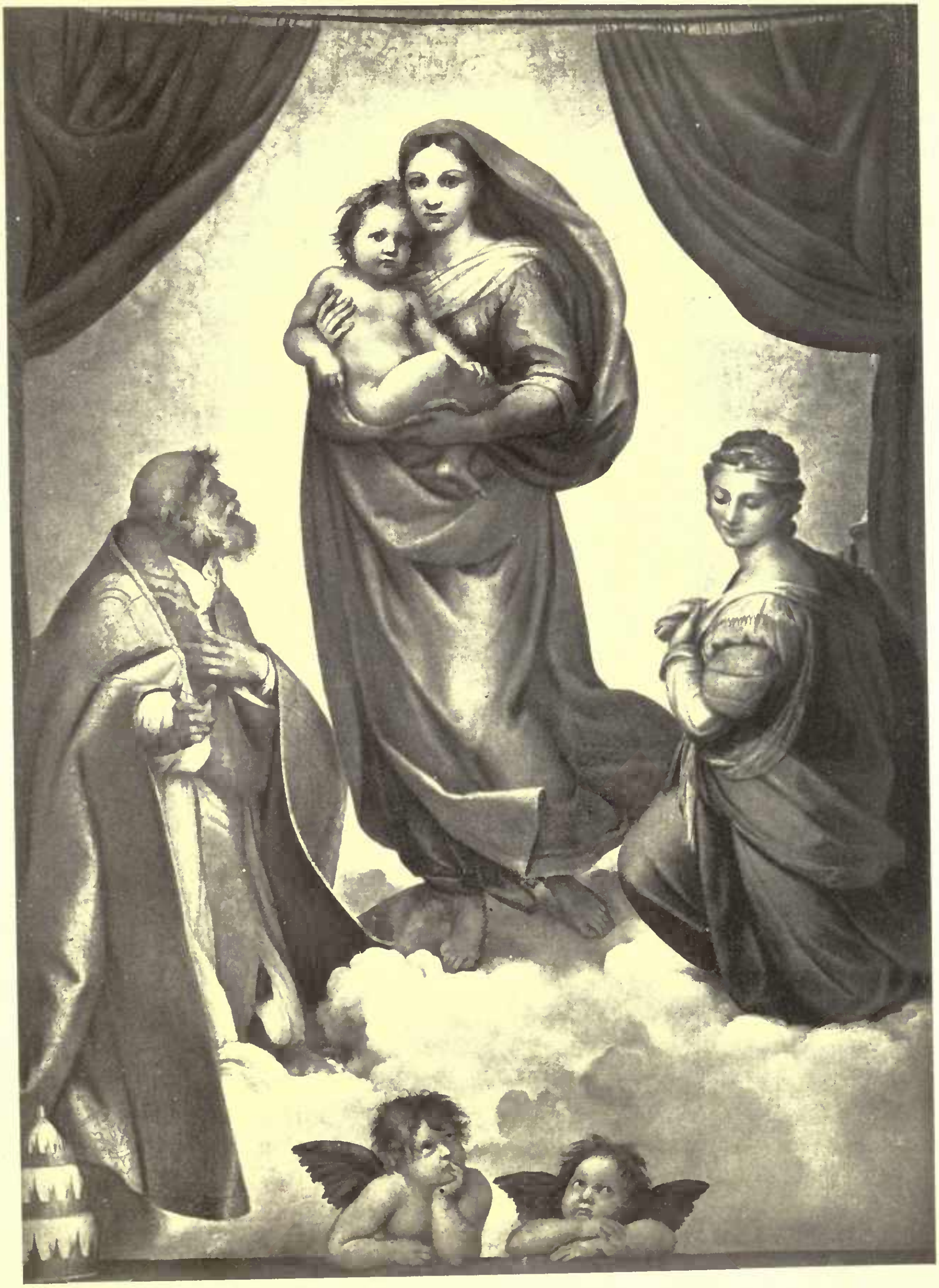
RAPHAEL
MADONNA OF THE HOUSE OF ALBA
THE HERMITAGE, ST. PETERSBURG



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VI.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALINARI

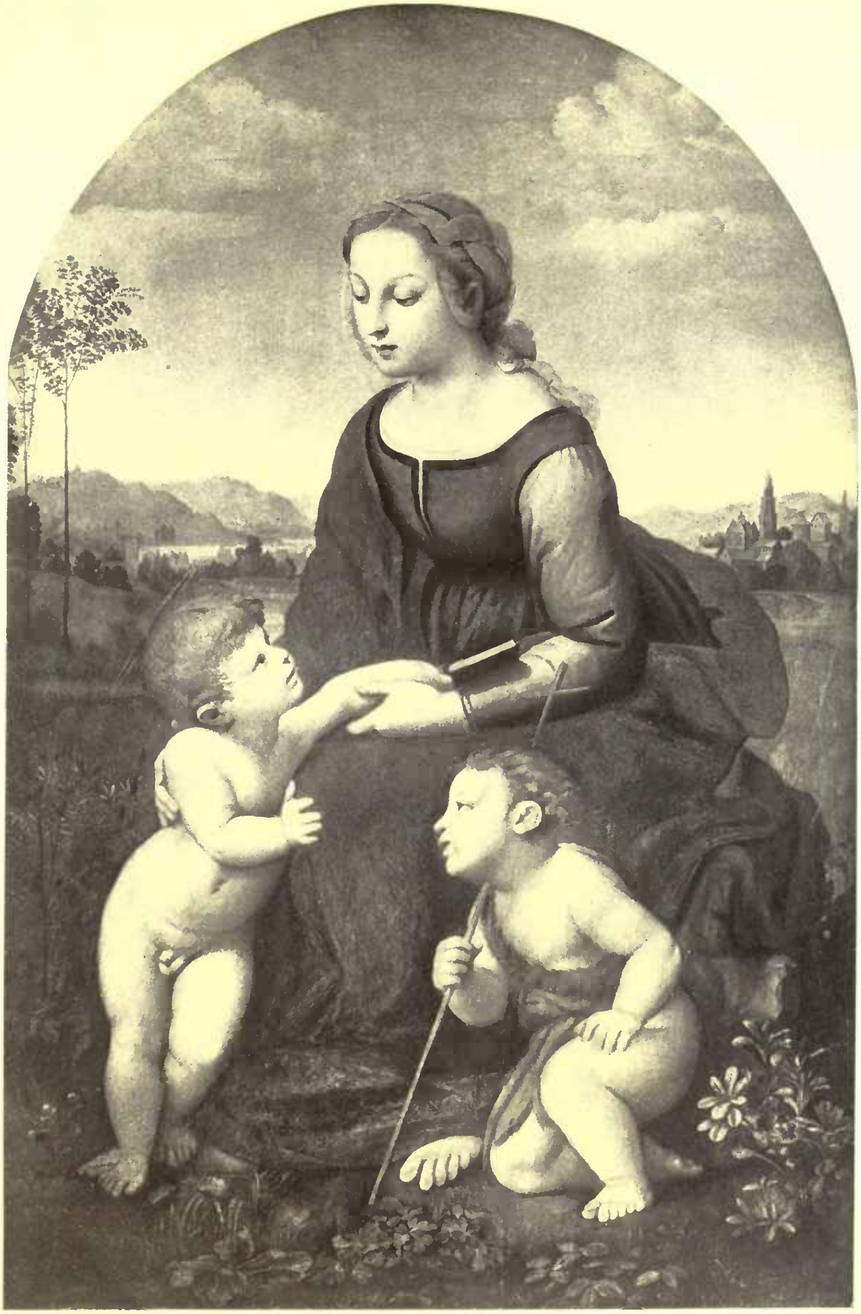
RAPHAEL
MADONNA OF FOLIGNO
VATICAN GALLERY, ROME



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VII.

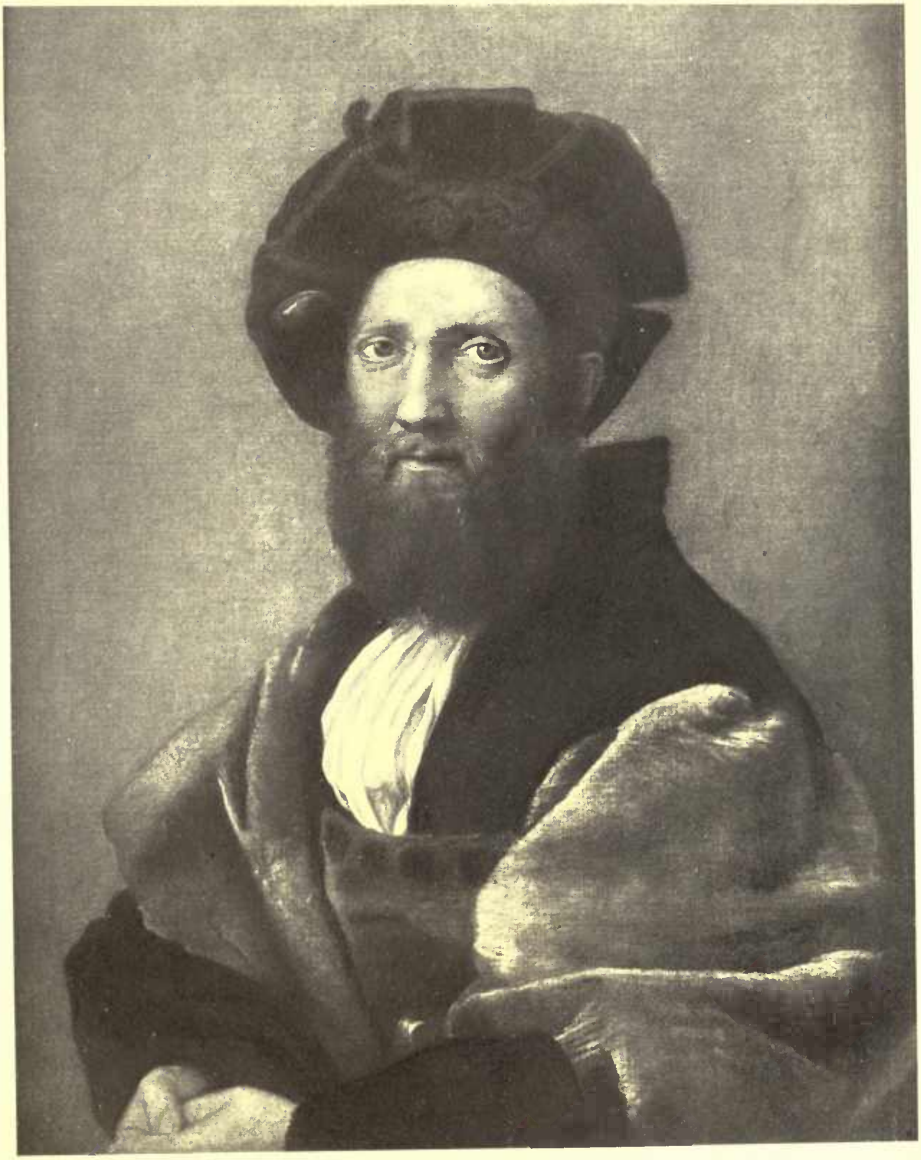
PHOTOGRAPH BY HANFSTAENGL

RAPHAEL
THE SISTINE MADONNA
ROYAL GALLERY, DRESDEN



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE VIII.
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.

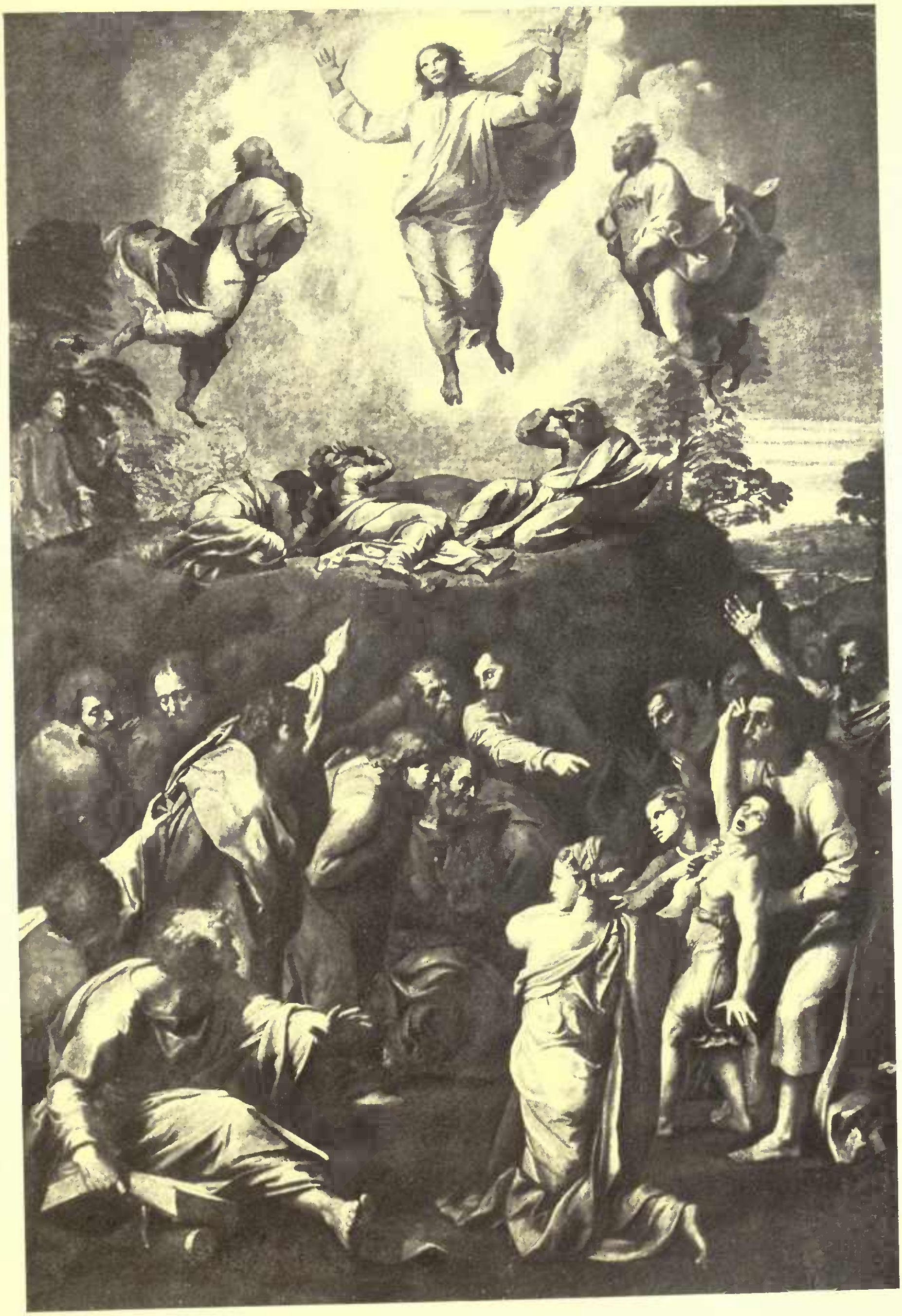
RAPHAEL
"LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE"
LOUVRE, PARIS



RAPHAEL
PORTRAIT OF BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE
LOUVRE, PARIS

MASTERS IN ART. PLATE IX.

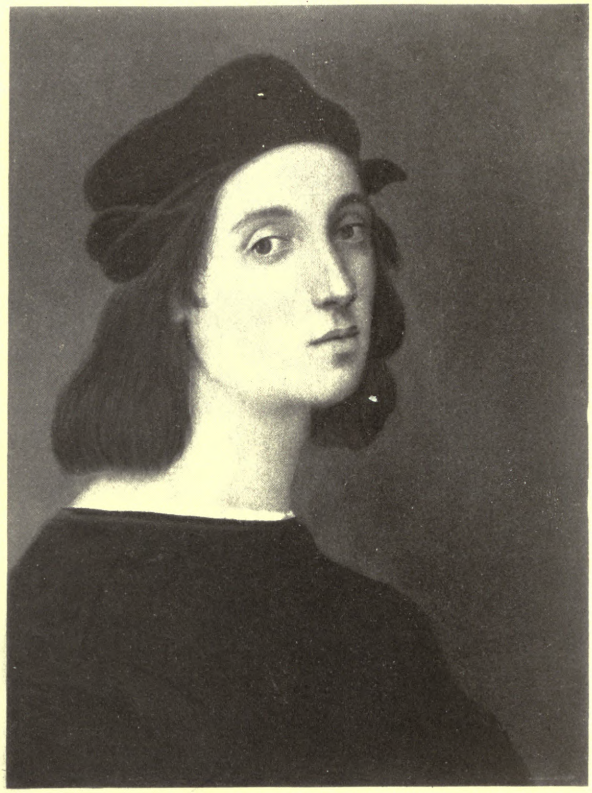
PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLÉMENT & CIE.



MASTERS IN ART. PLATE X.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRAUN, CLEMENT & CIE.

RAPHAEL
THE TRANSFIGURATION
VATICAN GALLERY, ROME



PORTRAIT OF RAPHAEL BY HIMSELF UFFIZI GALLERY, FLORENCE

This portrait, painted when Raphael was twenty-three, is, in spite of its imperfections, the best extant likeness of him. The drawing in the Oxford University Collection, of doubtful authenticity at best, shows him at the immature age of sixteen, and in his portrait of himself in the "School of Athens" he is in unusual guise and, as it were, acting a part. The Uffizi portrait, however, can leave us in no doubt as to its physical correctness. The eyes are brown and the hair chestnut. Originally but thinly painted, the picture has been badly cared for, and is much changed; but Dr. Bode is alone among critics in doubting that it is Raphael's own handiwork.

Raphael Sanzio

BORN 1483: DIED 1520
UMBRIAN, ROMAN, FLORENTINE SCHOOLS

THE present monograph treats of Raphael only as a painter of easel-pictures. His frescos and drawings will be considered in future issues.

ANNA JAMESON "MEMOIRS OF EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS"[1]

RAPHAEL SANZIO,[2] or Santi, was born in the city of Urbino, on Good Friday, in the year 1483. His father, Giovanni Santi, was a painter of no mean talent, who held a respectable rank in his native city. The name of Raphael's mother was Magia, and the house in which he was born is still standing, and is regarded by the citizens of Urbino with just veneration. He was only eight years old when he lost his mother, but his father's second wife, Bernardina, well supplied her place, and loved him and tended him as if he had been her own son. His father was his first instructor, and very soon the young pupil showed extraordinary talent; but when the boy was but eleven years old his good father died, in August, 1494. It is not quite certain who was Raphael's next teacher,[3] but it appears that he was sent to study under Perugino in 1499, being then sixteen years old.

He remained in this school till he was nearly twenty, and was chiefly employed in assisting his master. A few pictures painted between his sixteenth and twentieth year have been authenticated by careful research, and are very interesting from being essentially characteristic. There is, of course, the manner of his master Perugino, but mingled with some of those qualities which were particularly his own, and which his after-life developed into excellence; and nothing in these early pictures is so remarkable as the gradual improvement of his style, and his young predilection for his favorite subject, the Madonna and Child. The most celebrated of all his pictures painted under the influence of Perugino was one representing the marriage of the Virgin Mary to Joseph — a subject which is very common in Italian art, and called "Lo Sposalizio" (The Espousals).

In the same year that he painted this picture (1504) Raphael visited Florence for the first time. He did not remain long at Florence in this first visit, but he made the acquaintance of Fra Bartolommeo and Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, and saw some cartoons by Leonardo da Vinci and Michelangelo which filled his mind with new and bold ideas both of form and composition. In the following year he was employed in executing several large pictures for various churches at Perugia.

[1] Edited and revised by Estelle M. Hurll (Boston, 1896). [2] His name was Raffaello Santi; its Latin form was Sanctius, which again in Italian became Sanzio. [3] It is believed by many critics that Raphael studied under Timoteo Viti at Urbino.

When he had finished these and other works he returned to Florence, and remained there till 1508. Some of his finest works may be referred to this period of his life; that is, before he was five-and-twenty. [Among them may be mentioned the "Madonna del Cardellino," "La Belle Jardinière," "St. Catherine," and "St. George and the Dragon."]

In his twenty-fifth year, when Fra Bartolommeo, Leonardo da Vinci, and Michelangelo were all at the height of their fame, and many years older than himself, the young Raphael had already become celebrated from one end of Italy to the other. At this time Julius II. was pope, and at the age of seventy was revolving plans for the aggrandizement of his power and the embellishment of the Vatican which it would have taken a long life to realize. Conscious that the time before him was to be measured by months rather than by years, and ambitious to concentrate in his own person all the glory that must ensue from such magnificent works, he listened to no obstacles, he would endure no delays, he spared no expense in his undertakings. Bramante, the greatest architect, and Michelangelo, the greatest sculptor, in Italy, were already in his service. Leonardo da Vinci was then employed in public works at Florence and could not be engaged, and he therefore sent for Raphael to undertake the decoration of those halls in the Vatican which Popes Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV. had begun and left unfinished. The invitation, or rather order, of the pope was, as usual, so urgent and so peremptory that Raphael hurried from Florence, leaving his friends Bartolommeo and Ghirlandajo to complete his unfinished pictures; and immediately on his arrival at Rome he commenced the greatest of his works in fresco, the Chambers of the Vatican. . . .

Before this work was finished Julius II. died, and was succeeded in 1513 by Leo X. Though the character of Pope Leo X. was in all respects different from that of Julius, he was not a less patron of Raphael than his predecessor had been; and certainly the number of learned and accomplished men whom he attracted to his court, and the enthusiasm for classical learning which prevailed among them, strongly influenced those productions of Raphael which date from the accession of Leo. They became more and more allied to the antique, and less and less imbued with that pure religious spirit which we find in his earlier works.

Cardinal Bembo, Cardinal Bibbiena, Count Castiglione, the poets Ariosto and Sanazzaro, ranked at this time among Raphael's intimate friends. With his celebrity his riches increased; he built himself a fine house in that part of Rome called the Borgo, between St. Peter's and the Castle of St. Angelo; he had numerous scholars from all parts of Italy, who attended on him with a love and reverence and duty far beyond the lip and knee homage which waits on princes; and such was the influence of his benign and genial temper, that all these young men lived in the most entire union and friendship with him and with each other, and his school was never disturbed by animosities and jealousies. All the other painters of that time were the friends rather than the rivals of the supreme and gentle Raphael, with the single exception of Michelangelo.

About the period at which we are now arrived, the beginning of the pontificate of Leo X., Michelangelo had left Rome for Florence. Leonardo da Vinci came to Rome, by the invitation of Leo, attended by a train of scholars, and lived on good terms with Raphael, who treated the venerable old man with becoming deference. Fra Bartolommeo also visited Rome about 1513, to the great joy of his friend. We find Raphael at this time on terms of the tenderest friendship with Francia, and in correspondence with Albrecht Dürer, for whom he entertained the highest admiration. . . .

Under Leo X. Raphael continued his great works in the Vatican; and while he was designing and executing these large frescos, assisted by his scholars, he was also engaged in many other works. Among his most celebrated and most popular compositions is the series of subjects from the Old Testament called "Raphael's Bible;" these were comparatively small frescos adorning the thirteen cupolas of the loggie of the Vatican. There was still another great work for the Vatican intrusted to him. The interior of the Sistine Chapel had been ornamented round the lower walls with paintings in imitation of tapestries. Leo X. resolved to substitute real draperies of the most costly material; and Raphael was to furnish the subjects and drawings, which were to be copied in the looms of Flanders, and worked in a mixture of wool, silk, and gold. Thus originated the famous "Cartoons of Raphael." . . . For his patron Agostino Chigi, Raphael painted in fresco the history of Cupid and Psyche. The palace which belonged to the Chigi family is now the Villa Farnesina, on the walls of which these famous frescos may still be seen in very good preservation, and in the same palace he painted "The Triumph of Galatea."

At this time the lovers of painting at Rome were divided in opinion as to the relative merits of Michelangelo and Raphael, and formed two great parties, that of Raphael being by far the more numerous. Michelangelo, with characteristic haughtiness, disdained any open rivalry with Raphael, and put forward the Venetian Sebastiano del Piombo as no unworthy competitor of the great Roman painter. Raphael bowed before Michelangelo, and, with the modesty and candor which belonged to his character, was heard to thank Heaven that he had been born in the same age and enabled to profit by the grand creations of that sublime genius, but he was by no means inclined to yield any supremacy to Sebastiano; he knew his own strength too well. To decide the controversy, the Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, afterwards Clement VII., commissioned Raphael to paint the picture of "The Transfiguration," and at the same time commanded from Sebastiano del Piombo the "Raising of Lazarus," which is now in the National Gallery. Both pictures were intended by the cardinal for his cathedral at Narbonne, he having lately been created archbishop of Narbonne by Francis I. Michelangelo, well aware that Sebastiano was a far better colorist than designer, furnished him with the cartoon for his picture, and, it is said, drew some of the figures (that of Lazarus for example) with his own hand on the panel; but he was so far from doing this secretly that Raphael heard of it, and exclaimed, joyfully, "Michelangelo has graciously favored me, in that he has deemed me worthy to compete with himself, and not with Sebastiano!" But he did not live to enjoy the triumph of his acknowledged superiority, dying before he had finished his picture, which was afterwards completed by the hand of his pupil Giulio Romano.

During the last years of his life, and while engaged in painting "The Transfiguration," Raphael's active mind was employed on many other things. He had been appointed by the pope to superintend the building of St. Peter's, and he prepared the architectural plans for that vast undertaking. He was most active and zealous in carrying out the pope's project for disinterring and preserving the remains of art which lay buried beneath the ruins of ancient Rome. He also made several drawings and models for sculpture, and with a princely magnificence sent artists at his own cost to various parts of Italy and into Greece to make drawings from those remains of antiquity which his numerous and important avocations prevented him from visiting himself. He was in close intimacy and correspondence with most of the celebrated men of his time; interested himself in all that was going forward; mingled in society, lived in splendor, and was always ready to assist generously his own family and the pupils who had gathered round him. The Cardinal Bibbiena offered him his niece in marriage, with a dowry of three thousand gold crowns; but the early death of Maria di Bibbiena prevented this union, for which it appears that Raphael himself had no great inclination.

In possession of all that ambition could desire, for him the cup of life was still running over with love, hope, power, glory, when, in the very prime of manhood, and in the midst of vast undertakings, he was seized with a violent fever,—caught, it is said, in superintending some subterranean excavations,—and expired after an illness of fourteen days. His death took place on Good Friday (his birthday), April 6, 1520, when he had completed his thirty-seventh year. Great was the grief of all classes; unspeakable that of his friends and scholars. The pope had sent every day to inquire after his health, adding the most kind and cheering messages; and when told that the beloved and admired painter was no more, he broke out into lamentations on his own and the world's loss. The body was laid on a bed of state, and above it was suspended the last work of that divine hand, the glorious "Transfiguration." From his own house, near St. Peter's, a multitude of all ranks followed the bier in sad procession, and his remains were laid in the church of the Pantheon, near those of his betrothed bride, Maria di Bibbiena, in a spot chosen by himself during his lifetime.

The Art of Raphael

CHARLES C. PERKINS "RAPHAEL AND MICHELANGELO"

OF all artists since the Greeks, Raphael had the most perfect feeling for true beauty. The beautiful was his especial field, and hence he is first among his kind. Leonardo had more depth, Michelangelo more grandeur, Correggio more sweetness; but none of them approached Raphael as an exponent of beauty, whether in young or old, in mortals or immortals, in earthly or divine beings. A genius of which grace was the essence, moderation the principle, and beauty the guiding star, Raphael was in truth the greatest of artists, because the most comprehensive, blending as he did the opposing tendencies of the mystics and the naturalists into a perfect whole by reverent study of nature and of the antique. Bred in a devotional school of art, and transferred to an atmosphere charged with classical ideas, he retained enough of the first, while he absorbed enough of the second, to make him a painter of works Christian in spirit and Greek in elegance and purity of form and style.

J. A. SYMONDS "RENAISSANCE IN ITALY"

IN Raphael there was no perplexity, no division of interests. His faculty and his artistic purpose were exactly balanced, adequate, and mutually supporting. He saw by intuition what to do, and he did it without let or hindrance, exercising from his boyhood till his early death an unimpeded energy of pure productiveness. Like Mozart, to whom he bears in many respects a remarkable resemblance, Raphael was gifted with inexhaustible fertility and with unwearied industry. Like Mozart, again, he had a nature which converted everything to beauty. Thought, passion, emotion, became in his art living melody. We almost forget his strength in admiration of his grace; the travail of his intellect is hidden by the serenity of his style. There is nothing overmuch in any portion of his work, no sense of effort, no straining of a situation, not even that element of terror needful to the true sublime. It is as though the spirit of young Greece had lived in him again, purifying his taste to perfection, and restraining him from the delineation of things stern or horrible. Raphael found in this world nothing but its joy, and communicated to his ideal the beauty of untouched virginity. . . .

Among his mental faculties the power of assimilation seems to have been developed to an extraordinary degree. He learned the rudiments of his art in the house of his father, Santi, at Urbino, where a Madonna is still shown,—the portrait of his mother, with a child, perhaps the infant Raphael, upon her lap. Starting soon after his father's death as a pupil of Perugino, he speedily acquired that master's manner so perfectly that his earliest works are only to be distinguished from Perugino's by their greater delicacy, spontaneity, and inventiveness. Though he absorbed all that was excellent in the Peruginesque style he avoided its affectations, and seemed to take departure for a higher flight from the most exquisite among his teacher's early paintings. Later on, while still a lad, he escaped from Umbrian conventionality by learning all that was valuable in the art of Masaccio and Fra Bartolommeo. To the latter master, himself educated by the influence of Leonardo, Raphael owed more, perhaps, than to any other of his teachers. The method of combining figures in masses, needful to the general composition, while they preserve a subordinate completeness of their own, had been applied with almost mathematical precision by the Frate in his fresco at S. Maria Nuova. It reappears in all Raphael's work subsequent to his first visit to Florence. So great, indeed, is the resemblance of treatment between the two painters that we know not well which owed the other most. Finally, when Raphael settled in Rome, he laid himself open to the influence of Michelangelo, and drank in the classic spirit from the newly discovered antiques. Here at last it seemed as though his native genius might suffer from contact with the potent style of his great rival; and there are many students of art who feel that Raphael's later manner was a declension from the divine purity of his early pictures. There is, in fact, a something savoring of overbloom in the Farnesina frescos, as though the painter's faculty had been strained beyond its natural force. Yet who shall say that Raphael's power was on the decline, or that his noble style was passing into mannerism, after studying both the picture of "The Transfiguration" and the careful drawings from the nude prepared for this last work?

So delicate was the assimilative tendency in Raphael that what he learned from all his teachers, from Perugino, Fra Bartolommeo, Masaccio, Da Vinci, Michelangelo, and the antique, was mingled with his own style without sacrifice of individuality. Each successive step he made was but a liberation of his genius, a stride toward the full expression of the beautiful he saw and served. He was never an eclectic. The masterpieces of other artists taught him how to comprehend his own ideal.

Raphael is not merely a man, but a school. Just as in his genius he absorbed and comprehended many diverse styles, so are many worthy craftsmen included in his single name. Fresco-painters, masters of the easel, workmen in mosaic and marquetry, sculptors, builders, arras-weavers, engravers, decorators of ceilings and of floors, all labored under his eye, receiving designs from his hand, and executing what was called thereafter by his name. The vast mass of Raphael's works is by itself astounding. The accuracy of their design and the perfection of their execution are literally overwhelming to the imagination that attempts to realize the conditions of his short life. There is nothing, or but very little, of rhetoric in all this world of pictures. The brain has guided the hand throughout, and the result is sterling poetry.

When Lomazzo assigned emblems to the chief painters of the Renaissance he gave to Michelangelo the dragon of contemplation, and to Mantegna the serpent of sagacity. For Raphael, by a happier instinct, he reserved man, the microcosm, the symbol of powerful grace, incarnate intellect. This quaint fancy of the Milanese critic touches the truth. What distinguished the whole work of Raphael is its humanity in the double sense of the humane and human. Phœbus, as imagined by the Greeks, was not more radiant, more victorious by the marvel of his smile, more intolerant of things obscene or ugly. Like Apollo chasing the Eumenides from his Delphian shrine, Raphael will not suffer his eyes to fall on what is loathsome or horrific. Even sadness and sorrow, tragedy and death, take loveliness from him. And here it must be mentioned that he shunned stern and painful subjects. He painted no martyrdom, no "Last Judgment," and no "Crucifixion," if we except a little early picture. His men and women are either glorious with youth or dignified in hale old age. Touched by his innocent and earnest genius, mankind is once more gifted with the harmony of intellect and flesh and feeling that belonged to Hellas. Instead of asceticism, Hellenic temperance is the virtue prized by Raphael. Over his niche in the Temple of Fame might be written: "I have said ye are Gods;"—for the children of men in his ideal world are divinized.

E. H. AND E. W. BLASHFIELD AND A. A. HOPKINS, EDITORS "VASARI'S LIVES"

THE study of the works of Raphael is necessarily the study of the evolution of the pictorial art of Central Italy. For two hundred years great painters had been working at problems of suggestion, expression, and technical achievement. Then came Raphael, the grand harvester, and bound up the sheaves of the Renaissance. First were seen the fruits of his native Umbria, as Raphael, still almost a boy, learned of Timoteo Viti, then but a little later gave to the world a new Perugino, with fresher feeling, freer movement, and better architecture. Next came the Florentine period, so rich in influences of the loftiest order, of Leonardo da Vinci, of Michelangelo, and of Fra Bartolommeo. But Rome was the theatre of the main outcome of these influences. In Rome, the world's focus, Raphael declared himself for what he was, the supreme assimilator of all and every material that was fitted for the purposes of art. In the work of the men who had preceded him he saw almost instinctively what was best suited to the needs of pictorial presentation, what was best worth saving, perpetuating, sublimating; and what was better still, in his observation of nature the same instinct guided him. He seemed to perfect each phase of art after investing it with the resources of the new science. . . .

Of the art of composition Raphael was the greatest master of the modern world. His passion for synthesis was so strong that he saw all things in relation, and sometimes forgot detail to such an extent that, for the sake of arranging the ensemble, of finding time for the distribution, he left the execution to the hands that all but ruined his work. In an analysis of Raphael's achievement nothing is so puzzling as this obtrusion of the pupil and assistant between us and the master. In the consideration of Raphael's technique, the critic has constantly to attempt to disentangle the work of the master from that of the pupil. But collaboration, which is potent to blunt outline, to distort modelling, to coarsen color, is almost powerless to affect composition; here, therefore, we always see Raphael for what he was, the supreme master.

It is academic exaggeration and the coarse generalization of collaborators that have made some of Raphael's works even repellent to certain minds, and especially to young art students. The student, eager to study nature as it is, compares some of the figures in the Stanze, more especially some of the figures in the tapestry cartoons or the Farnesina frescos, with the almost impeccable technical work of certain modern French artists, and he is angered. "Is this," he asks, "your boasted Raphael? Are these straining eyeballs, and splaying fingers, and formal curls, and sugar-loaf noses like nature? Am I to learn from them?" To which the answer is: "These are the faults of Raphael, exaggerated by lesser men; and because they are exaggerations they are obvious and seen first of all." The real Raphael must be sought for in his own thought, his studies, the works which he executed himself. Even in those done by pupils the spiritual significance of the master's conception often pierces the envelope, and we see him at once powerful and serene; in the long line of his Madonnas there is no repetition, and no sense of fatigue, and in his frescos he laid down the lines of monumental composition. The same student who has compared Raphael's technique with that of the modern French master may say, for instance, even while admitting their style and character, that the silhouettes of the women in the medallions of the Camera della Signatura are coarse in outline, that the construction of their faces will not bear analysis. But when that modern painter has a medallion to fill and has tried one arrangement after another, he inevitably realizes that it is Raphael who has found the best ordering that could be found; and the modern painter builds upon his lines, laid down so distinctly that the greater the practice of the artist the more complete becomes his realization of Raphael's comprehension of essentials in composition.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS "DISCOURSE V."

RAPHAEL'S materials are generally borrowed, though the noble structure is his own. His excellency lay in the propriety, beauty, and majesty of his characters, the judicious contrivance of his composition, his correctness of drawing, purity of taste, and skilful accommodation of other men's conceptions to his own purpose. Nobody excelled him in that judgment with which he united to his own observations on nature the energy of Michelangelo and the beauty and simplicity of the antique.

BERNHARD BERENSON "CENTRAL ITALIAN PAINTERS OF THE RENAISSANCE"

THERE have been in the last five centuries artists of far greater genius than Raphael Sanzio. Michelangelo was grander and more powerful, Leonardo at once more profound and more refined. In Raphael you never get the sweet world's taste as in Giorgione, nor its full pride and splendor as in Titian and Veronese. And I am calling up only Italian names — how many others, if we chose to cross the Alps! — and it is only as illustrator that he rivals these: for in the more essential matters of figure-painting Raphael is not for a moment to be ranked on a level with the great Florentines; nor does he, like the Venetians, indelibly dye the world with resplendent color.

Ever ready to learn, Raphael passed from influence to influence. At whose feet did he not sit? Timoteo Viti's, Perugino's, and Pinturicchio's, Michelangelo's, Leonardo's, and Fra Bartolommeo's, and finally, Sebastiano del Piombo's. From the last named, Sanzio, then already at the very height of his career and triumph, humbly endeavored to acquire those potent secrets of magical color which even a second-rate Venetian could teach him. And although he learned his lesson well, for in this the Umbrians ever had been distant cousins, as it were, of the Venetians, yet twice only did he attain to signal achievement in color: the fresco, so splendid as mere painting, which represents the "Miracle of Bolsena," and that exquisite study in gray, the "Portrait of Baldassare Castiglione." But what are these beside the mural paintings of Veronese, or the portraits of Titian? At his rarest best, Raphael as a master of color never went beyond Sebastiano. But he has other claims on our attention — he was endowed with a visual imagination which has never even been rivalled for range, sweep, and sanity. When it has been surpassed it has been at single points and by artists of more concentrated genius. Thus gifted, and coming at a time when form had, for its own sake, been recovered by the naturalists and the essential artists, when the visual imagery, of at least the Italian world, had already suffered along certain lines, the transformation from the mediæval into what has ever since been for all of us the modern, when the ideals of the Renaissance were for an ineffable instant standing complete, Raphael, filtering and rendering lucid and pure all that had passed through him to make him what he was, set himself the task of dowering the modern world with the images which to this day, despite the turbulent rebellion and morose succession of recent years, embody for the great number of cultivated men their spiritual ideals and their spiritual aspirations. . . .

We go to Raphael for the beautiful vesture he has given to the antiquity of our yearnings; and as long as the world of Greeks and Romans remains for us what I fervently pray it may continue to be, — not only a mere fact, but a longing and a desire, — for such a time shall we, as we read the Greek and Latin poets, accompany them with an imagery either Raphael's own, or based on his; so long shall we see their world as Raphael saw it, — a world where the bird of morning never ceased to sing.

What wonder, then, that Raphael became on the instant, and has ever remained, the most beloved of artists! A world which owed all that was noblest and best in it to classical culture found at last its artist, the illustrator who, embodying antiquity in a form surpassing its own highest conceptions, satisfied at last its noblest longings. Raphael, we may say, was the master artist of the humanists; and the artist of people nurtured on the classics he remains. . . . He has brought about the extraordinary result that when we read even the Hebrew classics we read them with an accompaniment of Hellenic imagery. What a power he has been in modern culture, Hellenizing the only force that could have thwarted it! . . . He has enshrined all the noble tenderness and human sublimity of Christianity, all the glamour and edifying beauty of the antique world, in forms so radiant that we ever return to them to renew our inspiration. But has he not also given us our ideals of beauty? The Florentines were too great as figure-artists, the Venetians as masters of color and paint, to care much for that which in art, as distinguished from illustration, is so unimportant as what in life we call beauty. . . .

And so the type of beauty to which our eyes and desire still return is Raphael's — the type which for four hundred years has fascinated Europe. Not artist enough to be able to do without beauty, and the heir of the Sienese feelings for loveliness, too powerfully controlled by Florentine ideals not to be guided somewhat by their restraining and purifying art, Sanzio produced a type, the composite of Ferrarese, Central Italian, and Florentine conceptions of female beauty, which, as no other, has struck the happy mean between the instinctive demands of life and the more conscious requirements of art. And he was almost as successful in his types of youth or age — indeed, none but Leonardo ever conceived any lovelier or more dignified. Only for manhood was Raphael perhaps too feeble — and yet, I am not sure.

A surprise awaits us. This painter whose temperament we fancy to have been somewhat languid, who presented ideals Hesperidean, idyllic, Virgilian, could, when he chose, be not only grand in his conceptions, but severe, impassive, and free from any aim save that of interpreting the object before him. And Raphael's portraits, in truth, have no superiors as faithful renderings of soul and body. They are truthful even to literal veracity, perceived in piercing light, yet reconstructed with an energy of intellectual and artistic fusion that places them among the constellations. . . .

But was this, then, all Raphael's merit, — that he was a lovable illustrator, the most lovable that we have ever had? If with the vanishing of that world, offspring of antiquity and the Renaissance, we now live in; with the breaking of that infinite chain of associations each link of which has the power to make us throb with joy, should another culture ever upspring, and in it people capable of appreciating art, what (if by miracle his work survived) would they find in Raphael? As an illustrator he would mean at the utmost no more to them than, as mere illustrators, the great artists of China and Japan mean to us. He would not embody their ideals nor express their aspirations, nor be conjuring up to their minds subtly appreciative sensations, feelings, and dreams, emprisoned, since the glowing years of childhood, in the limbo of their unconscious selves, and needing the artist to fetch them out to the light. They could enjoy him only as we who know nothing or next to nothing of the myths, poetry, or history of China and Japan yet take pleasure in the art of those countries, — as pure art, independent of all accidents and all circumstances, confined to the divine task of heightening our vital and mental processes. And as pure art, what supreme distinction would they discover in Raphael? Such as were wise enough to continue their quest, although they found him lacking in the qualities essential to the figure-arts, lacking also in the gifts which make the great craftsman, would end by seeing that he, Raphael Sanzio, was the greatest master of composition — whether considered as arrangement or space — that Europe down to the end of the nineteenth century had ever produced.

For Raphael was not only the greatest space-composer that we have ever had, but the greatest master of composition in the more usual sense of grouping and arrangement. In the ceiling of the Stanze is a "Judgment of Solomon." Have you ever seen a flat space better filled, a clearer arrangement and better balance of masses? A kindred effect you may see in the Farnesina, where concave spherical triangles are so admirably filled with paintings of the various adventures of Psyche that you think of them as openings revealing scenes that are passing, never as awkward spaces almost hopelessly difficult to deal with.

But hard as it may be to fill spaces like these, it is yet no task beside the difficulty of treating one group, perhaps one figure only, so that, perfectly dominating the space at command, it shall not become too abstract and schematic and fixed, but shall suggest freedom, evoke an environment of air and sunshine. When looking at the "Gran' Duca Madonna," has it ever occurred to you to note that the whole of her figure was not there? So perfect is the arrangement that the attention is entirely absorbed by the grouping of the heads, the balance of the Virgin's draped arm and the Child's body. You are not allowed to ask yourself how the figure ends. And observe how it holds its own, easily poised, in the panel which is just large enough to contain it without crowding, without suggesting room for aught beside.

But great as is the pleasure in a single group perfectly filling a mere panel, it is far greater when a group dominates a landscape. Raphael tried several times to obtain this effect, — as in the "Madonna del Cardellino," or the "Madonna del Prato," — but he attained to supreme success once only — in the "Belle Jardinière." Here you have the full negation of the *plein-air* treatment of the figure. The Madonna is under a domed sky, and she fills it completely, as subtly as in the Gran' Duca panel, but here it is the whole out-of-doors, the universe, and a human being supereminent over it. What a scale is suggested! Surely the spiritual relation between man and his environment is here given in the only way that man — unless he become barbarized by decay or nonhumanized by science — will ever feel it. And not what man knows, but what man feels, concerns art. All else is science.

To resume, Raphael was not an artist in the sense that Michelangelo, Leonardo, Velasquez, or even Rembrandt was. He was a great illustrator and a great space-composer. But the success he attained was his ruin; for, obliged in the later years of his brief life to work hastily, superintending a horde of assistants, seldom with leisure for thought, he felt too pressed to work out his effects either as illustration or as space-composition; so that most of his later work lacks the qualities of either of these arts, over which he was the natural master.

WILHELM LÜBKE "HISTORY OF ART"

THE thing that is most worthy of admiration in Raphael is a certain harmonious combination of all intellectual endowments, such as is but rarely seen even in the greatest artists. While in other men, even of the first rank, one gift or another predominates,— whether it be the gift of strong characterization, or that of producing the highest expression of the sublime,— in Raphael we find all the individual traits of intellectual life incomparably equipoised; and the highest expression of this harmony is perfect beauty. But this beauty does not consist merely of sensuous loveliness or fascinating grace: it is thoroughly permeated by thought, and strongly characterized. Each beauteous form nobly and powerfully expresses one or another feeling of the soul, ranging from the tender to the sublime. . . .

Raphael ranks as high in grand symbolic paintings as in bold historical compositions. He is as great a master in the dignified treatment of Christian subjects as in his graceful and animated treatment of ancient mythology; as great in portraiture as he is inexhaustible and thoughtful in religious painting, properly so called, and especially in Madonnas and Holy Families. And with all this vast creative activity, he recognized only one self-imposed limitation,— beauty. Hence, though his span of life was short, his works are imperishable. He steadily progressed: but he was ever true, beautiful, and pure, and freer than any other master from superficiality and mannerism; and he produced a vast number of works, elevating to men of every race and of every age, and before whose immortal beauty artists of every school unite in common homage.— FROM THE GERMAN BY CLARENCE COOK.

The Works of Raphael

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE PLATES

"THE GRAN' DUCA MADONNA" PITTI PALACE: FLORENCE

IN describing this picture Gruyer says: "Humble, gentle, radiantly beautiful, and full of grace, the Virgin stands before us looking down upon the Child, whom she holds on her arm. The red dress is visible only across her breast, for a full blue mantle falls from the crown of her head over her shoulders and envelopes the rest of her figure. A transparent veil mingles with the bands of her blond hair and comes down over her forehead without detracting from the nobility of her brow. Her features, calm and serene but not impassive, are of a beauty which even Raphael has seldom surpassed."

Towards the end of the last century this picture was in the possession of a poor woman in Florence, who sold it to a dealer for twelve crowns (about twenty dollars). It was afterwards purchased by the Grand Duke Ferdinand III., who prized it so highly that he would never be separated from it, but took the picture with him wherever he went — on all his travels and even into exile. Hence it became known as the "Madonna del Gran' Duca," or "del Viaggio" (of the Journey). It is painted on panel, and is entirely by Raphael's own hand. "It excels," says Kugler, "all his previous Madonnas in the charm of a profound feeling, and is the last and highest condition of which Perugino's type was capable." According to Morelli, however, it is more suggestive of Timoteo Viti than of Perugino, not only in the absence of that dreamy, languishing air characteristic of the later master, but in its flesh tints, which are brighter than Perugino's tone. Eugène Müntz says: "It marks the enfranchisement of the young master. The modelling has acquired a firmness and surety unknown to the Umbrian school; amber-colored though it is, the coloring has become clear, vivid, and brilliant. The type is also singularly different from the types held in esteem in Perugia and its environs."

“MARRIAGE OF THE VIRGIN” BRERA GALLERY: MILAN

THE most interesting example of the first period of Raphael’s development is the “Marriage of the Virgin” (Lo Sposalizio), which is inscribed with his name and the date 1504. “It may be said to mark Raphael’s emancipation from pupildom, his début as an artist;” writes Gruyer. “As a subject for the picture he took a theme which had been a favorite subject for over two centuries. Giotto, Fra Angelico, Ghirlandajo, Perugino,—all the greatest of his predecessors,—had repeatedly depicted the marriage of the Virgin, and beautiful as some of their versions were, it remained for the young Raphael to say the last word, to treat the subject finally, definitively, and for all time.”

It has heretofore been believed that in this composition Raphael had closely followed, though he had greatly improved upon, a very similar picture by his master Perugino, now in the Caen Museum; but recently Mr. Bernhard Berenson has cast grave doubts upon Perugino’s authorship of the Caen picture, believing it not to be by Perugino at all, but by Lo Spagna; and that thus, so far from being the prototype of Raphael’s “Sposalizio,” it postdates and imitates the latter picture.

In his treatment of the subject Raphael followed the accepted legend, in which it is related that there were so many competitors for the Virgin’s hand that the High Priest ordered every unmarried man of the house of David to lay a dry rod on the altar, and declared that he whose rod should give forth buds should be the husband of Mary. Among the rivals was Joseph, an elderly man and a widower, who already had sons and grandsons. His rod alone budded, and as it did so a dove descended from heaven and lighted upon it. Among the Jews marriage was a civil contract rather than a religious ceremony; this explains why the espousals are represented as taking place in the open air outside the temple. In Raphael’s picture, the Virgin is attended by five young women, St. Joseph by five young men. The latter are some of the rejected suitors; and one in the foreground breaks his rod, which has failed to blossom.

“In this work,” writes Julia Cartwright, “the superiority of Raphael’s art to that of his master Perugino was manifest; and when he wrote ‘Raphael Vrbinas, MDIIII’ on the cornice of the temple in this picture he must have felt that he had nothing more to learn from Perugino.”

“MADONNA OF THE CHAIR” PITTI PALACE: FLORENCE

THE “Madonna of the Chair,” which derives its name from the chair (sedia) in which the Virgin is seated, was painted about 1516.

“No picture of Raphael’s,” writes Professor Anton Springer, “is so universally popular; no work of modern art is so well known. The studies for this painting show that its origin was contemporaneous with that of the ‘Madonna of the House of Alba.’ In character also the two are related, and in both Florentine influence is perceptible. The ‘Madonna of the Chair’ is expressive of the tenderest union of mother and child, glorifying, as do so many of the Florentine Madonnas, the joy and blessedness of young motherhood; but instead of a light and tender coloring, its broad manner stamps it as Roman rather than Florentine. The Madonna is seated in a chair, her arms encircling the Child, who nestles close to her, tenderly pressing his little face to hers. Both look out from the picture—the Mother quietly happy, the Child content to be safely sheltered in the protecting arms. Close beside the group stands the little St. John with his reed cross, gazing up lovingly and devoutly, with folded hands, at his companion.”

“The ‘Madonna of the Chair,’” write Crowe and Cavalcaselle, “proclaims Raphael a colorist akin to the Venetians in the glow of its flesh and the crystal purity and brightness of its pigments.”

"PORTRAIT OF POPE LEO X." PITTI PALACE: FLORENCE

RAPHAEL'S greatest achievement in portraiture, and one of the greatest portraits in the world, is this picture of Leo X. between two cardinals, which he painted in Rome between 1517 and 1519. Giuli Romano, by his own statement, executed some of the draperies, but all the more important parts of the picture are by Raphael's own hand. It shows us the Pope who "from the universality of his knowledge and the delicate refinement of his taste was acknowledged to be the supreme patron of arts in the sixteenth century" clad in a robe of white satin embroidered with gold, over which he wears a cape of purple velvet bordered with ermine. Seated at a table, he holds a reading-glass in one hand, and with the other turns the pages of an illuminated breviary. Behind him stand two cardinals, his nearest relations; on the right his cousin Giulio de' Medici (afterwards Pope Clement VII.), and on the left his nephew Lodovico de' Rossi. The likeness of Leo bears out the contemporary accounts of him, as the cultured, pleasure-loving man, kindly and good-natured as a rule, but hard and crafty in his dealings with others, and vindictive and unscrupulous when his own interests were at stake.

"Filled with gratitude to his powerful protector," writes Passavant, "Raphael has almost surpassed himself in this work, which in every respect occupies a unique place in art. Grandeur, truth, style, coloring, execution, all are carried to the highest possible perfection in it." Messrs. Woltmann and Woermann consider that "Raphael can here bear comparison with any portrait-painter the world has produced; typical characteristics are grasped and recorded with truth and dignity; texture and detail are equally masterly, and the portrait-group is at the same time a richly colored composition and a miracle of tone in the treatment of the flesh in contrast with the mass of red drapery."

"Vasari has noted," write the editors of his "Lives," "the expression of surface texture in the brocade, metal, etc., and his admiration is not to be wondered at, for texture as shown by brush-handling had hardly been attempted up to this time in Tuscan art. Again, the working out of a scale of one color is novel to the time, and as always, when it is skilfully managed, is impressive. Here the scale is of red, scarlet, crimson, purple, brown, the only opposition being the white brocade."

"The portraits of Titian and Giorgione may surpass this in color," says Perkins, "those of Holbein in minute rendering of detail, and those of Rubens in freedom of touch; but as combining fine color, admirable drawing, truth to character, and high finish, it ranks above them all."

"MADONNA OF THE HOUSE OF ALBA" THE HERMITAGE: ST. PETERSBURG

THIS picture, which, as Kugler says, was "executed in Raphael's best and most delicate style by the master's own hand," is said to have been painted for Julius II. soon after Raphael's arrival in Rome (1508). It afterwards passed into the possession of the Duke of Alba's family in Madrid, whence its name. It is well preserved, despite the fact that the landscape was at one time completely painted over; for the colors of the new coating were so thick that they were removed without spoiling the original surface. "It is," write Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, "an example of Raphael's most careful work, injured no doubt by abrasion and restoration, yet still in parts exquisite in finish and delicacy of modelling."

"Both in shape and composition," writes Julia Cartwright, "this Virgin closely resembles the later Florentine Madonnas. Mary holds a book in her hand, and is seated in a meadow full of violets and wild flowers, leaning against the trunk of a gnarled oak-tree. The boy-Baptist kneeling on the grass with the cross in his hand, and the Christ clinging to his mother's side, recall the children of the Cardellino, but the Virgin's antique costume and finely draped robes bear witness to the painter's Roman studies, and in the background the Tiber is seen winding through the distant Campagna. Two drawings for this Madonna are in the Lille Museum, and on the same sheet is a sketch for another round panel, the 'Madonna of the Chair.'"

"MADONNA OF FOLIGNO" VATICAN GALLERY: ROME

"THE 'Madonna of Foligno,'" writes Julia Cartwright, "was executed by Raphael for the papal chamberlain, Sigismond Conti, shortly before that prelate's death, in 1512. A native of Foligno, the aged bishop wished to commemorate his deliverance from a shell that had exploded near him during the bombardment of that city. At his bidding Raphael painted the great altar-piece which for fifty years adorned the Franciscan church of Ara Coeli, and was then removed to Foligno. After being taken to Paris by Napoleon and there transferred to canvas, the picture was (after Waterloo) brought back to Italy, and finally placed in the Vatican Gallery. The conception is as original as it is noble. Our Lady appears, no longer throned under a canopy, as in the traditional Umbrian or Florentine type, but floating on the clouds of heaven, encircled by a golden halo of cherub-heads. On the flowery sward below, St. Francis, kneeling at the Baptist's feet, fixes his ardent gaze on the celestial vision, while on the other side St. Jerome commends the donor to the Virgin's protection. Between these two groups, a boy-angel stands looking up at the Madonna, and forms, as it were, a link between the saints on earth and the seraph host of heaven. 'It is not possible to imagine,' writes Vasari, 'anything more graceful or more beautiful than this child.' In the background, on the heights above the Tiber, are the towers of Foligno. The exquisite beauty of the Virgin's face, the playful charm of the joyous Child, above all, the magnificent portrait of the kneeling chamberlain, lifting his worn, wrinkled face to heaven, aroused the admiration of all the painter's contemporaries and have made this work memorable among Raphael's Madonnas."

"The picture," writes Charles Clément, "besides its beauty, is of special importance in Raphael's work, in that it denotes a very manifest preoccupation as regards the processes of execution, especially of color. In 1511 Sebastiano del Piombo arrived in Rome. The exclusive study of Michelanglo's works had not yet modified his manner. He brought with him from Venice the brilliant coloring of his master Giorgione. Raphael appears to have been much struck by the vivacity and brilliancy of his painting, and by the seductive qualities that distinguish the Venetian school, and from this time his brush-work became more free and broad and his color more brilliant."

"THE SISTINE MADONNA" ROYAL GALLERY: DRESDEN

THIS world-renowned picture, called by Symonds "the sublimest lyric of the art of Catholicity," is said to be the last Madonna that Raphael painted, and was executed entirely by the master's hand for the monks of the monastery of San Sisto. In 1753 it was purchased by the Elector Augustus III. of Saxony. It occupies to-day a separate cabinet of the Royal Gallery of Dresden, where it is placed under glass on an altar-like structure, the lower part of which bears an Italian inscription from Vasari which, translated, reads: "For the Black Monks of San Sisto in Piacenza Raphael painted a picture for the high altar showing Our Lady with St. Sixtus and St. Barbara — truly a work most excellent and rare."

"In the 'Madonna of Foligno,'" writes Julia Cartwright, "the artist has represented the Virgin throned upon the clouds and the saints kneeling upon earth. Now he went a step further and painted the holy Mother and Child descending out of highest heaven, adored by saints in glory, and framed in by green altar hangings. The curtains have been drawn back suddenly, and we see a vision that is for all time. On the left, the venerable Pope Sixtus lifts his devout old face to heaven; on the right, a youthful St. Barbara smiles down at the twin boys who have strayed from the angel band, and resting their elbows on the parapet below, look up with big wistful eyes."

"We are all familiar with that wonderful form," writes Lübke, "arrayed in glorious raiment, borne upon clouds,—a heavenly apparition. She seems to be lost in profound thought concerning the divine mystery; for a Child is throned within her arms, whose lofty mission is foreshadowed in his childish features, while the depth and majesty of his eyes express his destiny as the Saviour of the world. It may be said that in this picture Raphael has united his deepest thought, his profoundest insight, his completest loveliness. It is, and will continue to be, the apex of all religious art. His Madonnas, and, in the highest sense, 'The Sistine Madonna,' belong to no especial epoch, to no particular religious creed. They exist for all time and for all mankind, because they present an immortal truth in a form that makes a universal appeal."

Although a Russian scholar, Jelinek, has recently attempted to throw doubt upon the authorship of this picture, his theory has up to now met with scant credence by the most authoritative critics.

"LA BELLE JARDINIÈRE" LOUVRE: PARIS

PAINTED in 1507, this picture may be said to mark the term of Raphael's first manner. It was bought by Francis I. from Filippo Sergardi of Siena, and is generally believed to be the work which Vasari says was entrusted to Ridolfo Ghirlandajo that he might finish "an azure vestment which was still wanting when Raphael left Florence."

"Perhaps the most perfect, and certainly the most famous of the Madonnas painted at Florence," writes Eugène Müntz, "is the 'Belle Jardinière' of the Louvre, in which Raphael has given free expression to his love for the beauties of nature. He has painted the tufts of grass, the plants and flowers of the foreground, with a freshness and precision which the Van Eycks could scarcely have excelled, but, like a true Italian, he does not damage the ensemble for the details." And again: "The composition is so perfect that one does not even think of the difficulties overcome. The most beautiful groups of antique statuary are not composed with greater suppleness or science."

"PORTRAIT OF BALDASSARE CASTIGLIONE" LOUVRE: PARIS

"AMONG the most illustrious of those who surrounded Pope Leo X.," writes Gruyer, "there was no more brilliant figure than Count Baldassare Castiglione. Birth, honors, intellect, grace, fortune, all were his. Raphael was his intimate friend, and painted this portrait about 1515, when Castiglione was thirty-seven, though, perhaps from the stress of a too active life, he looks older."

"He is clad," writes Springer, "in a black garment open over the chest, and a gray mantle is carelessly draped over his arm. A black cap with broad turned-up brim covers his head. The colors are laid upon the canvas thinly and with a broad brush. In the flesh a warm, yellow, transparent local color prevails, with fine gray half-tints. Although apparently an impromptu work, painted, so to speak, at one stroke, this portrait shows the most finished modelling in each and every part, and is distinguished for the perfection of its technique."

Mr. Berenson calls it "an exquisite study in gray," and ranks it as one of Raphael's highest achievements in color.

"THE TRANSFIGURATION" VATICAN GALLERY: ROME

"IN the last work of his life," writes Müntz, "Raphael takes us back to the history of Christ. The origin of 'The Transfiguration' is well known. Wishing to give the town of Narbonne, of which Francis I. had made him bishop, a token of his piety and munificence, Cardinal Giuliano de' Medici ordered, in 1517, two altar-pieces for the cathedral of that ancient Gallic city. One he intrusted to Raphael, the other to Sebastiano del Piombo."

"The picture," writes Knackfuss, "is one of the most powerful. It makes its effect on the spectator by strong contrasts. On the top of the mountain, at some distance, brilliantly lighted in the bright cloud, hovers the transfigured form of the Saviour between Moses and Elias, over the three disciples who have fallen to the ground, dazzled by the brightness. Meanwhile a scene of human misery (based on a passage of St. Matthew, xvii. 16) is being enacted below: the father of the lunatic boy, accompanied by a crowd of people, has entered the presence of the nine remaining disciples. The unfortunate man keeps a firm hold of the boy, who is convulsed with a spasm, and keeps his eyes fixed with a last glimmering of hope on the disciples of Jesus, though he is affected almost to despair by his son's sufferings; two women have thrown themselves on their knees before the apostles; one prays with gentle, mutely eloquent glances; the other, in whom we suppose that we see the boy's mother, cries passionately, almost imperiously, for help; their companions stretch out their hands in supplication. And the nine apostles stand on the other side, deeply moved, seized with compassion, but powerless to help; for He who might have helped has left them and is gone up on the mountain. The contrast is carried through the externals of the picture, too; above there is a harmonious blending of colors and lines, all floating in abundance of light; below there are lines which cross one another roughly, harsh and conflicting colors, and dark shadows. The two persons at the side of the picture, witnesses of the transfiguration, who form an addition meaningless except to the donor of the work, are the patron saints of the Cardinal's father and uncle, Julian and Laurence. Raphael had just finished 'The Transfiguration'—perhaps the last transitions still remained to be added, which would have softened down the overharsh juxtaposition of color in the lower half of the picture—when death overtook him."

"'The Transfiguration,'" write the editors of Vasari, "is not Raphael's masterpiece and is more than equalled by several other works. But it is not in arrangement that it fails; here as always Raphael proves himself a consummate master of composition. The picture suffers from its chronological place in the development of Raphael and of Italian art. In rivalry with Sebastiano del Piombo, the protégé of Michelangelo, Raphael, who could be nobly dramatic, here, in his effort to surpass Michelangelo, becomes declamatory and violent. He has not thought of characterization, but of composition, individual movements, and dramatic effect. Only Raphael, however, could have designed the picture, and it is full of beauties as well as of faults, and therefore is intensely interesting as a study in the psychological development of a master."

THE PRINCIPAL EASEL-PAINTINGS OF RAPHAEL WITH THEIR PRESENT LOCATIONS

BERGAMO, LOCHIS COLLECTION: St. Sebastian—BERLIN GALLERY: Solly Madonna; Terranuova Madonna; Colonna Madonna; Madonna and Saints—BOLOGNA GALLERY: St. Cecilia—BRESCIA, TOSI GALLERY: Salvator Mundi—BUDA-PESTH, ESTERHAZY GALLERY: Esterhazy Madonna; Portrait of a Young Man—CHANTILLY, CONDÉ MUSEUM: Three Graces; Orleans Madonna—DRESDEN, ROYAL GALLERY: Sistine Madonna (Plate VII) — Florence, Pitti Palace: Portrait of Pope Leo X. (Plate IV); Maddalena Doni; Angelo Doni; Portrait of Pope Julius II.; Madonna of the Chair (Plate III); Madonna del Baldacchino; Gran' Duca Madonna (Plate I); La Donna Gravida; La Donna Velata; Vision of Ezekiel; Fedra Inghirami; Cardinal Bibbiena; Madonna dell' Impannata — Florence, Uffizi Gallery: Portrait of Raphael (Page 20); St. John the Baptist; Madonna del Cardellino; Portrait of Pope Julius II. (?) — London, National Gallery: Ansidei Madonna; The Knight's Vision; St. Catherine; Aldobrandini Madonna — London, Owned by Sir J. C. Robinson: Madonna de' Candelabri — London, Mond Collection: Crucifixion — London, Bridgewater House: Madonna with the Palm — London, South Kensington Museum: Madonna di Sant' Antonio — Madrid, The Prado: Madonna del Cordero (Lamb); Madonna del Pesce (Fish); Madonna della Perla; The Visitation; Lo Spasimo di Sicilia; Portrait of Young Cardinal — Milan, Brera Gallery: Marriage of the Virgin (Plate II) — Munich Gallery: Madonna Tempi; Madonna Canigiani; Portrait of Bindo Altoviti; Young Man of the Family of Riccio — Panshanger, Eng., Earl Cowper's Collection: Two Pictures of the Madonna — Paris, Louvre: “La Belle Jardinière” (Plate VIII); Madonna of Francis I.; La Vierge au Diadème; St. Michael; St. George; Archangel Michael Crushing Satan; Apollo and Marsyas (?); Baldassare Castiglione (Plate IX); Joanna of Aragon; Portrait of a Young Man — Rome, Vatican Gallery: Coronation of the Virgin, and Predelle; Madonna of Foligno (Plate VI); The Transfiguration (Plate X) — Rome, Borghese Gallery: Entombment; Portrait of Perugino — Rome, Doria Gallery: Portraits of Navagero and Beazzano — St. Petersburg, Hermitage: Madonna of the House of Alba (Plate V); Connestabile Madonna; St. Petersburg Madonna; St. George and the Dragon — Vienna, Imperial Gallery: Madonna in the Meadow (del Prato) — Volterra, Inghirami Palace: Portrait of Tommaso Inghirami.

Raphael Bibliography

THE literature upon Raphael is so extensive that it would be impossible to list even an adequate selection from it in the present space. An entire volume has been devoted to it by M. Eugène Müntz, “Les Historiens et les critiques de Raphael, 1483–1883” (Paris, 1883), and to this work those who desire an exhaustive bibliography are referred. An excellent catalogue is also given by E. H. and E. W. Blashfield and A. A. Hopkins in their admirably annotated edition of Vasari's “Lives of the Painters” (New York, 1897). The following list names only a few of the more notable works upon Raphael.

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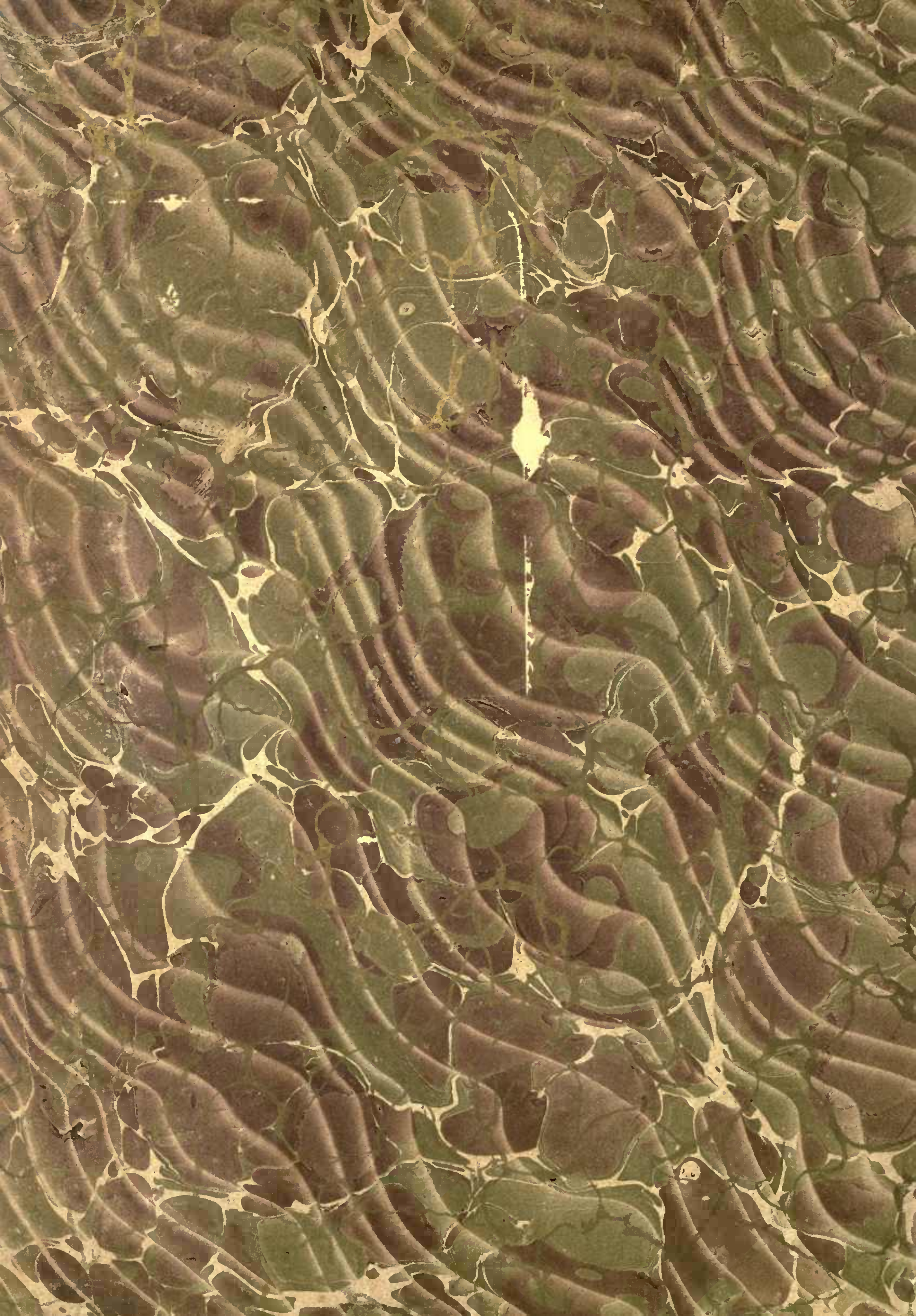

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